
Collier's
April 5, 1952 • Fifteen Cents
Barbarians In Our Midst
How to Drive Hoodlums from Politics
Facts about Our Wonder Weapons



PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

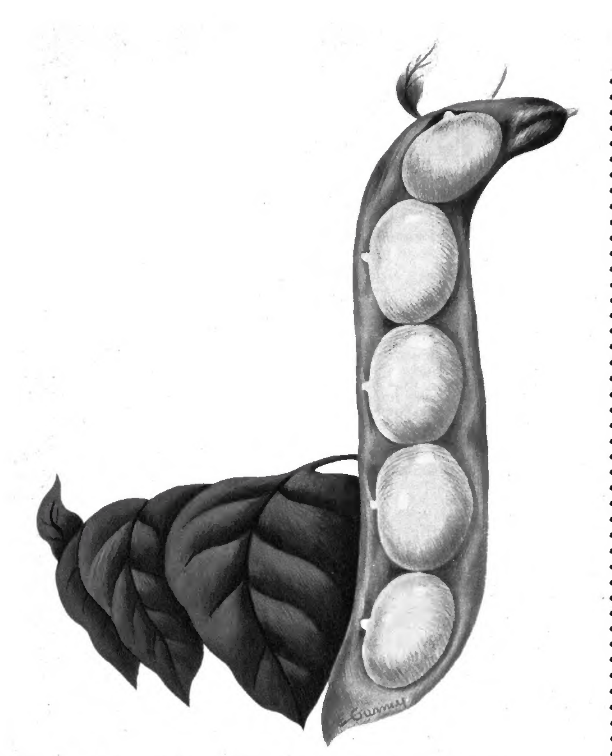
Make your next drink a better drink. Whether you prefer a cocktail or a highball, Lord Calvert offers a *unique flavor* and *distinctive lightness* matched by no other whiskey in the world.

For of all the millions of gallons we distill—only the very choicest are set aside for this distinguished whiskey. So tonight, at home or at your favorite bar, enjoy Lord Calvert . . . the whiskey of distinction.

For Men of Distinction . . . LORD CALVERT

BLENDED WHISKEY • 86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

MR. GEORGE G. BLAISDELL—*distinguished manufacturer. Mr. Blaisdell's successful career can be traced to his boyhood interest in mechanics, which led him to design a wind-proof lighter. He started production in the depression year of 1932 with the help of two employees, some garage space and $260 worth of second-hand equipment. Today his lighter, the Zippo, is one of the world's largest sellers, and has long been a favorite of Servicemen. Mr. Blaisdell devotes much time to philanthropies in his home town of Bradford, Pa. His hobbies are sport cars and—as evidenced by the hole-in-one trophy in the picture—golf.*







There's a big difference between a

lima . . . and a . . . llama

—and there is a powerful difference, too, between gasoline and "ETHYL" gasoline!

TRADE-MARK



You can feel the difference

in extra power . . .



smoother running . . . and more driving pleasure!

Because "Ethyl" gasoline is high octane gasoline, it brings out the top power of your engine. Try a tankful today and see if it doesn't make a powerful difference in the performance of your car. *Ethyl Corporation, New York 17, N. Y.*

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The LION'S ROAR

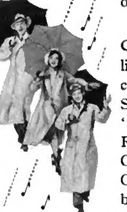
Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

How's your movie calendar shaping up these days?

★ ★ ★ ★

Well, we'd like to date you up for some of the M-G-M Technicolor musical joys of the season!



★ ★ ★ ★

Coming in like a lion all around the country is Leo's Springtime favorite, "Singin' In The Rain", starring Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds.

★ ★ ★ ★

This gay and youthful threesome has plenty to sing about, and to dance to, in a musical about Hollywood musicals!

★ ★ ★ ★

A dozen memorable song hits lend their melody to the romantic story!

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, gay as a Maypole is "Skirts Ahoy!" in which Esther Williams, Joan Evans and Vivian Blaine join the Waves and literally make a song and dance out of basic training.

★ ★ ★ ★

Their flirtatious maneuvers with Barry Sullivan and Keefe Brasselle live up to the Navy's most famous tradition!

★ ★ ★ ★

Sparkling with water revels and new songs (including a torrid number by Billy Eckstine in his first screen appearance), "Skirts Ahoy!" is a hit you'll be hailing.

★ ★ ★ ★

This brings us to summer and the big and beautiful production of "Lovely To Look At", starring Kathryn Grayson, Red Skelton, Howard Keel, Marge and Gower Champion, Ann Miller.

★ ★ ★ ★



Paris is the scene of much of the action, and we can hear the ooh's and ah's already for the colorful fashion show climax!

★ ★ ★ ★

With one of the tenderest romances and some of the most lilting, lovely songs ever to adorn a musical, "Lovely To Look At" is sheer entertainment magic.

★ ★ ★ ★

We just thought you'd like to know that M-G-M is keeping them coming!

—*Leo*

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April 5, 1952

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FICTION

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

The masked men on this week's cover are American GIs working on one of the Army's fantastic new Wonder Weapons, an antiaircraft missile which unerringly seeks out and destroys its target, guided by ground-operated radar. Photographer Ralph Royle has caught the men in the act of completing the dangerous fueling of the missile—dangerous because the fuel's ingredients are separately harmful on contact and highly explosive when mixed. For the complete story of America's amazing new Wonder Weapons and the Whiz Kids who assemble, launch and control them, see Bill Davidson's article, starting on page 15 of this issue.

Week's Mail

Simple & Informative

EDITOR: I want to compliment you on the excellent article 50 Little-Known Facts About the Atom (Feb. 16th).

Filled with the type of questions that the layman *would* ask and *want* to know about atomic energy, it is nevertheless blessedly free from the usual scientific mumbo jumbo, which only confuses the average reader while attempting to explain, that is likely to be found in such pieces.

RALPH COLUCCO, New York, N. Y.

. . . I am grateful for the timely and informative article by Dr. Ralph E. Lapp. A large percentage of average Americans are lacking in knowledge of this new phenomenon.

On many other subjects, such as bacteriological warfare, radar, nuclear fission, the American reading public could stand more simple, informative articles such as this one.

KAY JAMESON, Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sweet Teeth & Aching Backs

EDITOR: In the article on candymaking, Catering to Your Sweet Tooth (Feb. 16th), I read: "Tart wintergreen still is a Yankee favorite, though most of the rest of the country tends to associate it with liniments for aching backs."

I fear the writer of the article has confused wintergreen with witch hazel. I have never previously heard of wintergreen being used other than as a flavoring for cooking purposes or for candy or soft drinks.

STANLEY L. ROBINSON, Barre, Vt.

A quick canvass of the office reveals that liniment containing oil of wintergreen is a pungent childhood memory for many of our non-Yankee colleagues.

. . . I turned the pages of Collier's trying to make up my mind which article to read first. When I came to Catering to Your Sweet Tooth, I stopped right there. Honestly, for a minute I thought I could smell the rich aroma of that candy coming right out of Collier's. I felt like eating a hole right through the page—it looked that real!

MRS. J. B. CATCHINGS, Rockdale, Texas

Truce Team

EDITOR: The article Brother Act at the Truce Talks (Feb. 16th) points up the necessity (particularly in the Orient) for truly bilingual interpreters. Much of our too evident diplomatic failure in the Orient may undoubtedly be laid to faulty interpretation and translation.

The Underwood family has been an outstanding one among our missionaries in the Far East. They not only tried but succeeded in understanding the people among whom they lived. And that, unfortunately, cannot be said of many of our missionaries in the East.

To understand and treat with Oriental

"LISTEN! THERE IT IS AGAIN! IT'S LOST!"



The Call that Saved a Plane

How an alert telephone operator helped a military transport plane land in a snowstorm in the dead of night

A heavy snow was falling in the winter darkness when Mrs. Lucille Wilson, night operator at Alamosa, Colorado, heard the sound of a low-flying airplane. It was well past midnight and Mrs. Wilson knew that the last scheduled airliner had gone over many hours before.

Then she heard the sound of the low-flying plane again as it circled back over the town.

A light flashed on Mrs. Wilson's switchboard. Soon as she said "Number please" an anxious voice said—"This is Ralph Zook, the dispatcher down at the railroad depot. Did you hear a plane? Didn't sound right, somehow. It's flying pretty low."



The landing lights were turned on and the big C-46 came safely to earth.

"I heard it, too," said Mrs. Wilson. "And there's no plane scheduled this time of night."

"That plane could be in trouble," said Mr. Zook. "We ought to do something about it."

"I'll try to reach someone to turn on the lights at the airport," said Mrs. Wilson. "Listen! There it is again! It's lost!"

Quickly Mrs. Wilson went into action. She called the airport, the government weather station, and a private flying service. But no one answered.

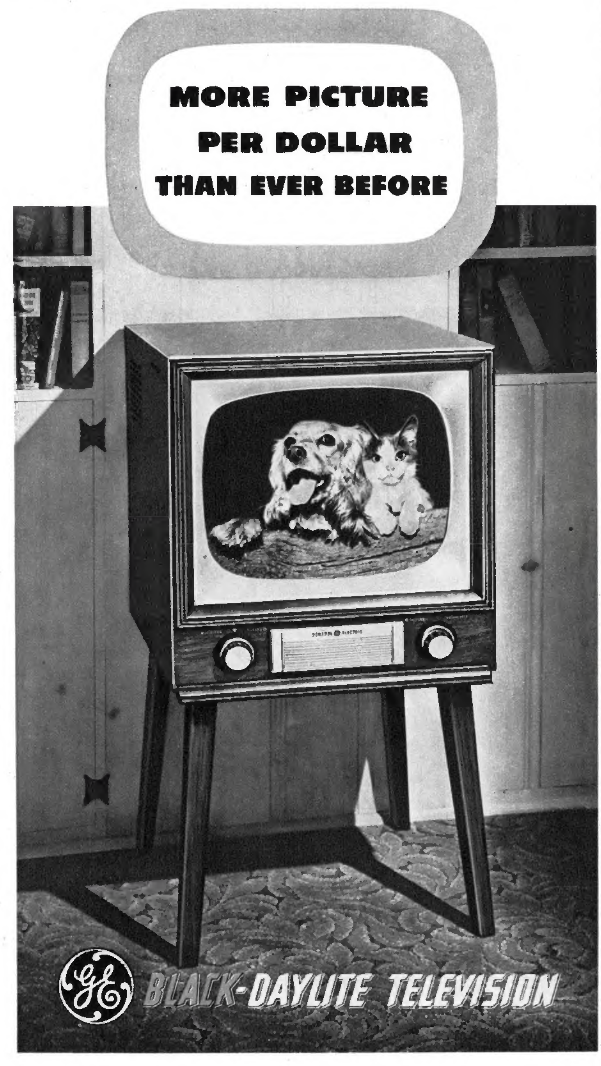
Then she reached Stamy Edmisten, an airline employee, at his home. He rushed to the airport and turned on the landing lights. A few minutes later a C-46 military transport loomed out of the snowstorm and came in for a safe landing. Thirteen men stepped from the plane, none the worse for the experience.

What could have been tragedy was prevented by quick-acting Ralph Zook and Stamy Edmisten and the alert, cool-thinking operator, Mrs. Lucille Wilson—one of about 650,000 telephone men and women guarding and serving America, twenty-four hours a day, in every kind of weather.

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G-E 20-inch $299.95*





World's first home TV set was a G-E... built in 1927!

You can pay more—but you can't buy finer TV. You can pay less—but you can't get G-E quality. Look what this new General Electric 20-inch consolette offers you. Biggest picture per dollar in G-E history. Reserve power for top "fringe area" reception. Performance proved in side-by-side comparisons. Lowest service costs, according to *independent* service companies. Fine furniture, veneered in genuine mahogany, not plastic or metal. See how much more $299.95* buys you—when your TV is G-E! See Model 20T2.

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York

**Includes picture tube and parts warranty, but not Federal Excise Tax. Prices and terms subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West and South.*

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

people we need more like the Underwood boys. But where are we going to get them?
C. S. ANDERSON, New York, N.Y.

. . . Congratulations on your interesting and informative tribute to the Underwoods.

What you probably don't know, however, is that you were "scooped" on the article by the January issue of the Hamilton Review. A featured article by Dick Underwood (Hamilton, '51) gave substantially the same material as did your correspondent.

Their alma mater is especially proud of the Underwoods—four are Hamilton men.
LIONEL D. WYLO, Philadelphia, Pa.

Borglum's Lincoln

EDITOR: Lincoln received many tributes this 143d anniversary of his birth, but none more eloquent or more timely than Collier's cover picture (Feb. 16th) of Borglum's statue of Lincoln flanked by the shining faces of two girl playmates, the one white, the other colored—fitting symbol of America's progress toward a more perfect brotherhood from sea to shining sea.
CARLTON F. WELLS, Ann Arbor, Mich.



. . . As president of the National Council of Jewish Women of Canada, I should like to express to you our appreciation of your cover.

Our council has so often protested discriminatory laws and practices that it is a pleasure to be able to commend anything so wholeheartedly as we do your graphic presentation of happy, healthy American childhood, white and colored, halted companionably by the Great Emancipator's statue—a picture of his dreams come true.
MRS. HAROLD LORIE, Toronto, Ont.

. . . May we congratulate you on your excellent cover of February 16th, and your thoughtfulness in including on your index page both the name of Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor of the famous Lincoln statue in New Jersey, and pertinent facts regarding the monument.

It is seldom that magazines or the press will take the time or trouble to ferret out the name of a sculptor whose work they are reproducing in print, and include proper credits—especially when the work is in the public domain. We earnestly hope that your fine example will start a trend in this direction.
WHEELER WILLIAMS, President, National Sculpture Society, New York, N.Y.

New York's Labor Priest

EDITOR: I was delighted to note your cover caption of another excellent Collier's story, A Waterfront Priest Battles the Big Port's Big Boss (Feb. 16th). It is my happy privilege to know the Reverend John M. Corridan, and thoroughly agree with you and your lead caption, describing him as smart, fearless and hard-working, with a deep spirituality and a passion for justice.
PAUL P. MILLING, New York, N.Y.

. . . Congratulations on your article concerning the Reverend John M. Corridan, S.J., the labor priest of New York, and his fights along the water front. I hope this will help to awaken members of all unions to the fact that there are labor schools all over the country.

In Philadelphia the labor priest is the Reverend Dennis J. Comey, S.J., who heads the Institute of Industrial Relations, connected with Saint Joseph's College.

Coincidentally, Father Comey recently helped settle the dock strike in Philadelphia.

If more union members could learn of the schools and the value of them, they would realize the advancement that could be made on the side of labor in fighting not only Communism, but also corruption in the unions of the United States.
MARYGRACE C. KELLY, Drexel Hill, Pa.

Chinese Chuckles

EDITOR: Please tell Irving Hoffman I got a Chinese chuckle out of figuring out (with the aid of a magnifying glass) the Chinese lettering on his suitcase in the left-hand illustration to his article.

The inscription read: "When you enter a neighborhood, ask what is forbidden; when you enter a country, ask what the customs are."

I also got about 80 chuckles out of the piece, which was truthfully titled It's a Smile World (Feb. 16th).
GINGER LOU, New York, N.Y.

Nonsuccession

EDITOR: A few years ago, the editorial page in Collier's published editorials relative to changing certain elective national offices, including the Presidency, to a basis of nonsuccession in office.

I am not a politician in any sense, but I do vote at every opportunity, and in my humble opinion this would be the logical time to have someone announce his candidacy on the platform of nonsuccession. Again, in my humble opinion, men of superior capabilities could be attracted to run for such offices by placing the remuneration on a much higher plane than at present.

A salary of $500,000 plus an expense account of like amount, with a lifetime pension of 10 per cent of the salary for the President, and $100,000 salary for Senators and $50,000 for Representatives, with a like pension, would not place a burden on any person who would leave his personal business to serve his country. I think it would also be well to have the terms overlap so that the new men would have the guidance of the outgoing officials.
CHESTER P. TINSLEY, Lexington, Ky.

All in Fun

EDITOR: We feel very badly that your February 2d cover shows a picture of a snow-bound oil truck outside, while indoors there is a family all bundled up, presumably without heat.

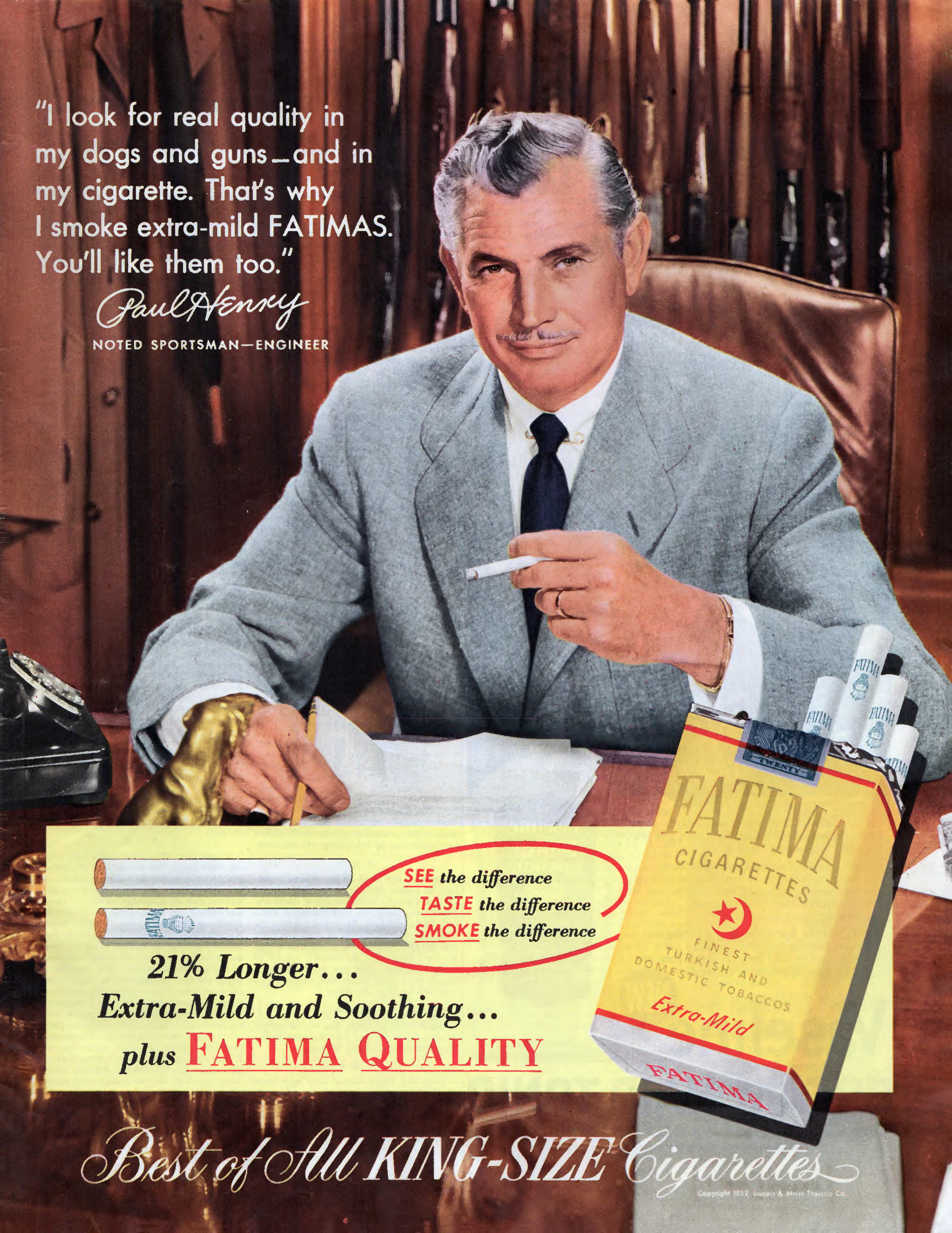
It's very funny but it isn't true in this day. All automatic oil deliveries are made by figuring degree days for each consumer of fuel oil. This automatic delivery system, in use almost 100 per cent today, would never allow this condition of shortage of oil to exist. It makes a very funny cover, we'll agree, but the circumstances implied are very detrimental to the sale of automatic oil heating.
R. H. L. BECKER, Oil-Heat Institute of America, Philadelphia, Pa.

In spite of our lighthearted and unintended "detriment," we feel sure that oil heating is here to stay.

Obituary

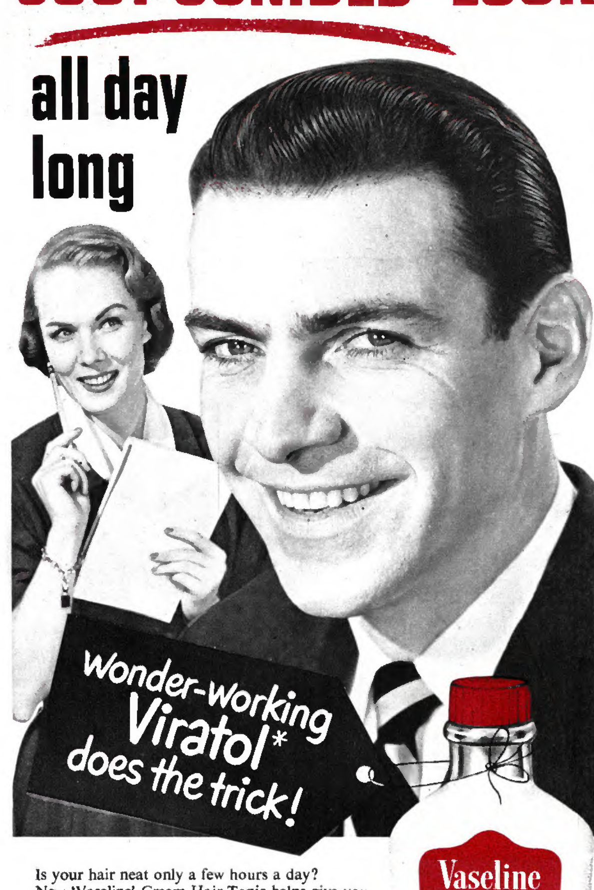
EDITOR: It was with profound sorrow that I read of the presumable death of Major George A. Davis (MIGs Are Down His Alley, Feb. 16th), who was shot down over MIG Alley just six days before the date of the issue which carried his story.

I am confident that my sorrow is shared by millions of Americans who had come to know him through Collier's.
WILLIAM HOLLISTER, JR., Baltimore, Md.


"I look for real quality in my dogs and guns—and in my cigarette. That's why I smoke extra-mild FATIMAS. You'll like them too."
Paul Henry
NOTED SPORTSMAN—ENGINEER
SEE the difference
TASTE the difference
SMOKE the difference
21% Longer...
Extra-Mild and Soothing...
plus FATIMA QUALITY
FATIMA
CIGARETTES
FINEST TURKISH AND DOMESTIC TOBACCOS
Extra-Mild
FATIMA
Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

give your hair that "JUST-COMBED" LOOK

all day long



Is your hair neat only a few hours a day? New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic helps give you a fresh, "just-combed" look *all day long*.

That's because 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic contains new VIRATOL . . . an exclusive, wonder-working compound which makes your hair look *extra-neat* . . . and *naturally* soft-feeling, too.

This wonderful new aid to good-grooming also contains Triple-A Lanolin . . . and it's homogenized for easy flow. Try some. Then, see what an amazing difference it makes!

NEW

Vaseline TRADE MARK ®

CREAM HAIR TONIC

* *A special compound (with lanolin) that helps keep hair in place . . . gives it natural-looking lustre.*

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Colonel Purdy Lackmyer writes from Brattleboro, Vermont, that he has accepted the chairmanship of the Three Faults International. Under the TFI code everyone is allowed three faults before being judged. You meet a guy. He probably represents at least three reasons why you shouldn't like him. And you do to him. You both start from there, paying no attention to each other's three conceded faults. Don't even bother about identifying them. None of your business. Result: friendship. We asked the colonel about citizens who haven't any faults. Shook his head. Said the TFI admits no dead people.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Claude Leau, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, has written to Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan. The governor has offended Mr. Leau. Governor Williams, objecting to the government's award of a large defense order to an automobile manufacturer, to be filled in Louisiana, said: "That means that they're going to have to train a lot of shrimp fishermen to do what Michigan workers have been doing for years." Wrote Mr. Leau to Governor Williams: "It would be inadvisable for you to come to Louisiana. We would not like to see you caught in one of the nets of our despised fishermen."

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours dropped in to say he was going to be in a debate. The argument:



IRWIN CAPLAN

Which would you rather do—play poker three nights a week or get married? Asked him which side he was taking. He said both.

★ ★ ★

We have the word of Mr. Seven Anderton, of Edgar, Nebraska, that he dropped in at a Chicago coffeepot for a sandwich. Consuming same, his teeth chomped down on a piece of metal. He and the fellow sitting next to him looked it over carefully and decided that it was a piece of a carburetor. Said Mr. Anderton's neighbor: "And I betcha there are still some old-timers who don't admit that the automobile will replace the horse."

★ ★ ★

Don't know why it is, but we like people to come right out and say what they think, especially if they agree with us.

★ ★ ★

Naturally, there weren't any motorcars on the road then. In fact, there weren't many roads. The old homestead wasn't heated by oil burners and, for fairly obvious reasons, there was no talk about Diesel-powered trucks and locomotives. Nevertheless, Dr. John Croghan set up a homemade churn drill rig on Lemuel Stockton's farm in Burkesville, Cumberland County, Kentucky, and started to dig. The year was 1829. Actually, the doctor was prospecting for salt brine, which would come in very handy for pickling meats and such. No salt brine. But at 200 feet he struck what Cumberland County claims to have been America's first crude-oil gusher. Whether that's so is not the present point. The doctor had an idea what it was that whooshed up from the hole, spreading over the surrounding countryside, burning like the pit of Satan's kingdom, but didn't know what to do about it. Three energetic American businessmen—the Messrs. Trabue, Reed and Hall—took a long sniff and came running with wagonloads of bottles. They put up the stuff in half pints, labeled it American Oil, hawked it up and down the country for 50 cents a bottle—assuring the public that taken either internally or externally it would cure practically every disease of man and beast. For example—colic, rheumatism, scalds, bots, sore backs, string-halt, tuberculosis, Bright's disease, head noises, catarrh, toothache, chilblain, spavin and baldness. In brief, anything. And if you don't believe it (and it's foolish to doubt anything these days) you can see the marker placed on the very spot by Kentucky's legislature and an original bottle owned by Mrs. Curtis McGee, of Burkesville, preserved for posterity.

★ ★ ★

So far as we've been able to learn, there were no strangers in the congregation when recently the Reverend H. B. Kuhnle preached an extraordinarily fine sermon in the Third Baptist Church in Owensboro, Kentucky. His subject: "Why Do the Wicked Prosper?" Anyway, somebody answered him almost immediately. Blew the door off the church safe that evening and made off with $2,500.

★ ★ ★

Knowing how fond old Forty-eight is of working on serious problems, Mrs. Dolly Fethersnap, of Los Angeles, hands us one warranted to rob us of sleep. "Why is it," asks Mrs. Fethersnap, "that a man looking over a new car always kicks the tires?"

★ ★ ★

If you men will please move back a little, we'd like a few words with the ladies. We'd like to tell you women that you're spending entirely too much time at the propulsion end of a broom handle. There's too darned much sweeping going on. We speak on the authority of Dr. Elaine Knowles Weaver, who is not only her own housekeeper but the mother of two children and associate professor of home economics at Ohio State University. She says that if you'll put that besom away and take a machine to your floors and walls, you'll annually save the equivalent of a two-week vacation. We suppose the doctor is talking about vacuum cleaners, but you'd know about that better than we do. Dr. Weaver studied 24 housewives for several weeks. Found that they spent an average of almost six hours a week cleaning the house. Three quarters of it was done with mops, brooms, rags, brushes and whatever else you ladies use. This, in Dr. Weaver's opinion, is utter nonsense. She got her 24 backaching demon housekeepers together and lectured on what a vacuum cleaner plus all its gadgets can do. Three months



"We've had our G-E Freezer for 4 years now and save an average of $132 each year." Mr. H. O. Taylor, Lakewood, Ohio.



"Our G-E Freezer saves us $156 a year. And our meals are more enjoyable." Mrs. E. M. Lounsbury, Andover, Massachusetts.



"There are only three in our family, but we nevertheless save from $135 to $150 a year." Mr. M. Naretti, New Orleans, Louisiana.



"We own two G-E Freezers and save about $288 each year. We wouldn't be without them!" Mr. L. Huch, Chicago, Illinois.



"We entertain a lot and find that our G-E Freezer saves more than $120. It's so nice to have." Mrs. A. W. Buehl, Clayton, Missouri.



"We're pleasantly surprised to find that we saved *over* $120 the first year with our G-E Freezer." Mrs. M. S. Broder, Los Angeles, Cal.

Many families say that they save $120 each year with a General Electric Food Freezer



Takes no more space than a desk. This full 11-cu-ft G-E Food Freezer measures only 48" in length and it's 32" wide—yet it holds 389 pounds of frozen foods. (*Trim and specification subject to change without notice.*)

People who have owned G-E Freezers for some time say that their investment is helping to pay for itself. Many report savings of $120—and more—each year.

Furthermore, think of the convenience of having the food you want right at your elbow at all times. No more peeling, paring or washing of foods just before mealtime.

See the new G-E Food Freezer!

Built into the new, spacious G-E Freezer shown at left are *new* engineering advancements and *new* convenience features that are not available in any other freezer.

Be sure to see it at your G-E dealer's now. General Electric Company, Louisville 2, Kentucky.



20 per cent quieter

G-E puts nature to work—uses a *natural* draft instead of fans. The freezer operation is as silent as a soft breeze.



So easy to reach everything

Even a small woman can reach into every corner of the G-E Freezer. It is only 25 inches deep and yet it holds so much.



Dependable as a G-E Refrigerator

The G-E Food Freezer has the same type of dependable refrigerating system as the General Electric Refrigerator.



13 per cent less to operate

G-E Food Freezers cost 13 per cent less to operate than former models. G-E Freezers are *fundamentally* economical.

GENERAL ELECTRIC



the genius I married

sews everything to perfection . . . Her Domestic Sewmachine makes buttonholes, hems, darns and ruffles easily . . . just right, too, with timesavers designed for the job instead of makeshift changes in stitching action. Domestic sews forward, backward and over pins with a firm, straight stitch . . . that's really important to 90% of all her sewing!

expects a lifetime of trouble-free sewing . . . Smart gal! She asked the mechanical genius in the family about Domestic's full rotary action and tamperproof timing. Believe me, Domestic is built to stay in adjustment . . . and to last and last. No wonder it's guaranteed forever!

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later she surveyed them again. Labor time reduced to three and a half hours. Seventy per cent of the work was being done by machine; the rest by hand. That's all, ladies. Hope we've been helpful.

★ ★ ★

There are 17,000 high-school students in Toledo, Ohio. The board of education has just ruled that any of the lads and lassies joining a fraternity or sorority shall be fined as much as $25. Any of you readers who know of a better way to tempt kids to enter a secret society will please speak up. And when you've worked on that, you might tell Toledo's board of education how to collect the fines.

★ ★ ★

And Mr. W. H. Bradley, of Gold Acres, Beowawe, Nevada, invites us to come out to have a little something with him at the Desert Saloon in Tenaho. That's in Nevada, too. Mr. Bradley says it's worth the trip. For example, he heard a customer, Manuel Ortego, bragging to Ed Kelley, the bartender, about his sheep dog. Presently Mr. Kelley bet Mr. Ortego ten bucks that his sheep dog could not go out and fetch in a large, truculent rooster which was sunning itself on the sidewalk. Mr. Ortego spoke to his dog in Spanish. The dog—Jarboe—solemnly shook hands with Mr. Ortego and sauntered out. Jarboe spoke to the big rooster. Mr. Bradley says it was a bark with a Spanish accent. The rooster replied in straight barnyard American. After a few more words, the rooster entered the saloon, walking with dignity up to the bar, with Jarboe immediately behind. Things like that happen every day in the Desert Saloon, Mr. Bradley says. Maybe we'd better go and see.

★ ★ ★

Got quite a jolt from a patriot in Birmingham, Alabama, who notifies us that he's going to run for something or other. Hasn't made up his mind yet. But he's got a crop of speeches ready to bang the ears of his fellow citizens with. All about the same thing, to wit: the law is violated 31,536,000 times every year in Birmingham. He will promise to put a stop to that sort of thing. Naturally we had to look into this, having been in Birmingham a number of times without having been murdered or otherwise inconvenienced. In fact, we've always thought of Birmingham as a calm and collected place populated by a hospitable and law-abiding people. So we called up Birmingham's police chief, Marcus Hancock, and were assured that there was nothing to worry about. Told us that somebody had figured out that some local, state or federal law was broken every second in Birmingham. Overwhelming majority of such violations are traffic sins which the cops never see or hear about. Anyway, only 30,000 cases a year get as far as a court—and most of them result from tickets for parking overtime and making illegal turns. We asked, too, about the office-hungry patriot. Mr. Hancock said he'd never heard of him, but if it weren't illegal to gamble, he'd give us attractive odds that even the fellow's wife wouldn't vote for him.

★ ★ ★

One day some years ago Dr. W. H. Burritt was trudging across a Missouri farm. It was hot—112 degrees or thereabouts. He sat down in the shade of a large heap of straw and to his entire satisfaction shortly felt much better. In a few minutes he was comfortably cool, arose and started walking again. For quite a while after that, something threatening to become an idea rambled back and forth in his head. And presently, when he moved to Huntsville, Alabama, the idea matured and the doctor went to work on it. He built himself a house of straw. Twenty tons of baled straw laid like huge bricks, coated inside and out with a half inch of plaster, form the walls of a stately 11-room home. Four fluted columns (concrete, not straw) frame the fine Georgian entrance and support the second-story balcony. Doctor says he wouldn't think of living in anything but a straw house. Average temperature inside is 65 to 70 degrees the year around. So, save your tall grass, customers, and maybe you too will be hitting the straw someday, like Dr. Burritt. But hurry. The government housing authorities haven't heard of this yet.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Nick Pricetree, of Tulsa, says this farmer in Oklahoma took his cotton to market. Came home minus his cotton and duly reported to his wife: "Well, hon, I didn't get as much as I expected to, but I didn't expect to." Mr. Pricetree advises all of us to keep the farmer's words in mind because, says he, this is an election year and we'll all be saying that next fall.

★ ★ ★

Just a moment while we make a correction. Miss Margaret Ann Roberts, of New Orleans, is the national Yam Queen and not, as we had it, Miss Knotty Pine. Miss Roberts is also Miss Nawga, chosen for that honor by the National American Wholesale Grocers' Association.

★ ★ ★

Wes Izzard, in Amarillo, Texas, says he heard a radio evangelist say that there are 726 sins. Mr. Izzard reports that the preacher's mail is now enormous; thousands of his hearers are trying to find out what they have missed.

★ ★ ★

Things you probably don't know about police night sticks. If they're fashioned by Mr. Stanley Wallach, in Boston, Massachusetts, they're made of cocobolo wood. Mr. Wallach is one of the country's largest manufacturers of police clubs. Cocobolo wood comes chiefly from Central America. It's a dark reddish-brown wood with black stripes. It's about as heavy as ebony, will just about float in water and will do you no good whatsoever if it comes in contact forcibly with your skull. There was something else instructive we were going to say about cocobolo wood, but we've forgotten it. Oh, yes, it was named for Chief Cocobolo, mythical boss man of a native tribe in Nicaragua, who normally had only two arms and two legs like the rest of us but who in an emergency immediately grew extra arms and legs as needed—10 or 12 of the former if the pickings were good, and as many as necessary of the latter if he deemed it expedient to get away from there in a hurry. We don't see the connection between Chief Cocobolo and Mr. Wallach's art, and nobody asked us to anyway.

★ ★ ★

From Oregon we hear about a difference of opinion that developed in a restaurant in Salem. Ought to be ashamed of ourself for mentioning it, but a jury acquitted a waitress for hitting a diner with a steak. Diner's name was Plank. There was something else Mr. Roy M. O'Mara, of Corvallis, Oregon, suggested saying about this incident, but we can't remember what it is.

★ ★ ★

We conclude with congratulations to Annie the Paddle Stacker. Her triumph is complete. Annie worked for a company in North Carolina which made Ping-pong paddles. She was a stacker of paddles—arranging them in neat piles as they came off the line. Annie couldn't stack them fast enough to suit the boss and got fired. She applied for unemployment compensation, saying that maybe she wasn't the fastest paddle stacker in the world but that she hadn't held up the country's supply of paddles. Her former employer said she didn't rate compensation. Her lawyer said she did. Judge Susie Sharp, who knows a reliable paddle stacker when she sees one, agreed with Annie. So did the Supreme Court. So until somebody needs a certified paddle stacker, Annie will eat regularly—a bit of information we are always glad to hand out about anyone.

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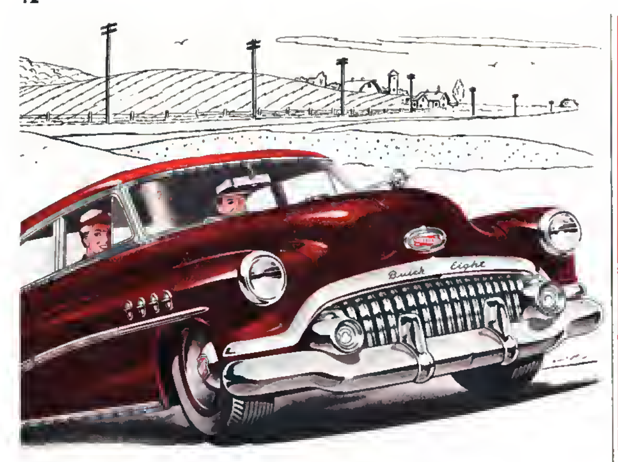
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Stop Rocking My Dreamboat

By PAULINE GALE

I COME from a long line of nigbt-mares. What am I *saying?* I mean, all of my family were subject to had dreams, including myself. When Shakespeare said: "to sleep: perchance to dream—", he didn't mean us. There was no percbance about it. Not only did my mother and father and myself dream, but our dog and cat twitcbed, whined and lashed tbeir tails in their sleep. When the lights were turned out and our bouse composed itself to fitful slumber, we tben became the busiest home on the block. To us, the arms of Morpheus often produced a balf nelson.



He was always fighting a lion

When I was a child my grandfather lived with us, and he was a prodigious dreamer, given to nightmares in which he was always fighting a lion. (Tbe same lion.) When Grandfather started his lion fight, bis roars shook the bouse as he charged about the bed in his fight for life. My father, a small man, would go down to Grandfatber's bedroom off the study and I would bear bim say:

"Fatber—Father! Wake up!"

Grandfatber would gulp, snort, turn over and say: "Ob. What? Oh. Allen. Wazzamatter?"

My father would tell bim, and Grandfather would give a groan. "That confounded lion again. I'm sorry."

My fatber would then return upstairs and Grandfather would sink into uneasy sleep. Grandfather was a very large man and when he started to wrestle a lion in his bedroom it was a hot battle.

My own especial terror in the night was a buge, black, shapeless Thing tbat flowed toward me, causing my yelps to produce a soothing parent; unless, however, the parent was busy with bis or her *own* Thing. Mother loatbed spiders, so ber bête noire was a gigantic, hairy one, heading straight for her. My father, being a war veteran, always ran out of ammunition at a crucial stage in the battle, so his mutters would be audible from their bedroom: "Wbere is the ammunition? *What* did tbey do with the ammunition? WHERE IS THE DAMN' AMMUNITION?" When it got to this yelling stage we woke bim. (He woke us, too.) Needless to say, be never did find the stuff. He sure tried, though.

What bedeviled the dog and cat we didn't know, but they joined their nighttime terrors witb ours, and I don't doubt that they could bave added a great deal to our breakfast-table recapitulations, providing they could bave talked. We knew the dog hated the Airedale down tbe street, and the cat bad an unnatural horror of mice, so I suppose tbese baunted them.

In reading this over, it rather sounds as though we sbould all bave been sent off for long vacations forthwith. But tbat is certainly not the case. We were a very happy family, and rather proud of our ability to dream, because we didn't dream of horrors too often. But we *did* dream every night.

All of us could make dreams return again and again if we wanted to. We could also have continued-story dreams. Easy. Just a little will power and concentration. I took a delightful trip through a strange and beautiful desert country one night. The air was clear and soft, tbe country pinkisb desert, and the fascinating rock formations and old trees intrigued me. I willed the dream to return and for seven nigbts I explored a lovely never-never land, enjoying every minute. Dad, wben not hunting for ammunition, liked to wander through Paris. Mother preferred London and a strange country filled witb lakes and buge birds. Grandfather, of course, was stuck with Africa, never knowing, poor man, wben That Lion migbt not sbow up.

In comparing notes, we discovered that our dreams were in full color, with good sound and perfect clarity. Taste, smell and toucb were also added until our dreams were just about the best productions you could find, and Hollywood might well envy us our producers and directors, whoever they were. We ignored the writers. The scripts were often sloppy and badly co-ordinated.

Sometimes we got practical help from the Outer Reaches of our subconscious. Once I dreamed of a pale-gray, plain wool dress, with deep collar and cuffs of delft-blue linen baving a saw-toothed edge. I sketched it from memory next morning and Motber, who sewed beautifully, made the dress. It was lovely and I received many compliments on it, but didn't dare tell wbere the design bad come from.

At breakfasttime some years ago



Dad usually dreamed of Paris

Mother said she bad dreamed sbe was frying cbicken, and had put a bit of honey over it, a dash of Angostura bitters and some soya sauce. It sounded crazy, but we were having fried chicken for dinner so Mother tried out her dream-recipe. It was absolutely delicious and now I never fry chicken myself witbout tbese ingredients. Evidently, Somebody is a Cook, in the void of night. And a good one, too.

Now that I am grown and married, my dreams continue. And my husband, who had always claimed that be dreamed very seldom, has suddenly begun telling me of odd and even astonishing nocturnal experiences over the morning coffee. Could it be catching? ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MCKAY

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I'd heard Jim rave about his Chrysler power steering. Never saw him so keen about anything. Yesterday I discovered why! Believe me, you can't imagine what it's like till you *feel it yourself* . . . as I did when Jim dropped by and said "Want to drive her?" *I sure did* . . .



I hodn't gone 100 yords, before I knew I'd never had such *control* of a car! Coming to a turn, I just *eased* that big car around it by nudging the wheel spoke with the side of my finger. Jim explained how 4/5 of the *work* of steering is done hydraulically, only 1/5 by your hand.



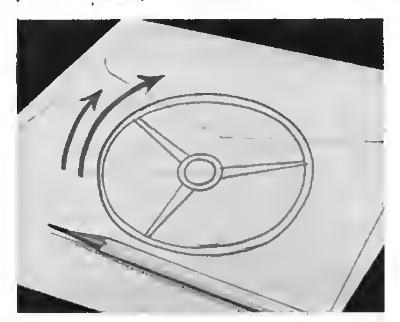
It's o for safer new feeling, too! Our West End Road's a real bad one. But "Just hold it easy," Jim said. "See how steady she keeps herself." It was amazing. No wheel fight at all . . . just the wonderful sense of this new power helping you *hold* the wheels, as well as steer!



Even stonding still, you can turn the wheels with just your fingertips. We pulled up to a stop, and I turned the wheel from right to left and back with only one finger. Not just parking, but all the time, this Chrysler Full-Time Power Steering gives you *5 times* the normal control!



And what a blessing in sudden pinches! A fellow unexpectedly stepped out, just as we came by. Instinctively, I flicked the wheel—*and hoped!* But that power steering responded *instantly*. Easy and sure as pointing a finger, we swung around him and back into line!



Later, Jim sketched this point out for me. With this power the *amount* of wheel-turn is cut about 1/3. Jim's Chrysler's steering has only $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 turning ratio. Most cars are 5 or more to 1. That's extra safety every moment, for the car can always react faster.



But o long trip, Jim says, is the real pay-off. He drove close to 700 miles one day, yet says he felt no shoulder strain, and never felt so secure. I can see why! With this full-time power steering, you just sit back and *pilot* the car with your hand in command every instant!



"Try it yourself . . .
nothing else compares with it!"



OUR WONDER WEAPONS

Here, for the first time, are the facts about our fabulous guided missiles—an almost unbeatable combination of rockets and radar operated by a new breed of soldier-scientists dubbed the Whiz Kids

By BILL DAVIDSON

NEARLY every day, strange occurrences take place in the vast desert east of Las Cruces, New Mexico. All roads into the area are blocked off for bours by U.S. Army MPs, and the few natives and wayfarers on the fringe of the wasteland hear noises like the rumble of thunder across tbe sky. Occasionally, they see a tiny orange light streak up from the horizon, and they spot huge clouds of dust stirred up by some unknown phenomenon miles off in tbe desert.

Behind these mysterious doings are scenes wbicb outdo science fiction.

A pilotless target plane is fired from a catapult and, tbousands of feet in the air, is maneuvered by a man with an electronic control box on the ground. Miles away, soldiers huddled in a concrete blockhouse pick up the target plane by radar. A terse order goes out by phone. Other men huddled in a concrete-protected station nearby press a series of buttons. Motors whir, lights flash, and, seconds later, a slim, winged missile roars into the air in a great burst of flame. The missile disappears almost instantly in the direction of the target plane. It is rocket-propelled at speeds in excess of 1,000 miles per hour, and the human eye cannot follow it.

But back in the blockhouse, radar information is fed into an electronic computer similar to the "electronic brains" that solve monumental mathematical problems at Harvard, tbe Massachusetts Institute of Tecbnology and other institutions.

The "brain," calculating thousands of times faster than the most brilliant mathematician could, plots the route the missile must follow to intersect the course of the target. Then the computer automatically sends out electronic commands to put the weapon on the path it has selected. The target tries to take evasive action, but every time it changes course the "braio" calculates and changes the course of the missile, too. Missile streaks toward target, and in a matter of seconds—without a human band touching the controls—inexorably, almost supernaturally, the missile (unless it is intentionally deflected or destroyed) hits tbe target in mid-air.

But this type of missile is not the only mystery flashing across the New Mexico skies. On other days, other amazing projectiles are fired in that remote corner of the desert. There are deadly "Beam Rider" rockets which literally climb up a radar beam fixed on a flying target by radar crews on the ground; and there are "Seeker" missiles which are attracted unwaveringly to the heat of a plane's exhaust. Another type of missile carries a device which picks up the image of a target and automatically heads the projectile in the right direction; and huge artillery-type missiles are guided by radar at supersonic speeds, enabling them to hit distant ground targets with uncanny accuracy and the impact of a blockbuster.

As all this indicates, the Age of Wonder Weapons is near—and not just in the blueprint, artist's-conception stage. What's more, a device needn't be rocket-powered to be a Wonder Weapon, as is demonstrated by the technique being developed to help the infantryman conquer his most dangerous enemy, the mortar.

In the past, the mortar always had a certain invulnerability, for it could unload a salvo of its silent, deadly, high-trajectory shells from behind cover, and then, because of its lightness, be hauled away before it could be located and attacked by retaliating artillery. It did more damage in some theaters than any other weapon in World War II.

Now, however, our close-support artillerymen have front-line radar so sensitive that it actually picks up the tiny mortar shell in flight. The radar has a synchronized attachment that simultaneously draws the path of the shell on a sheet of paper. In a system called "Kill 'Em Quick," expert plotters then trace the trajectory of the mortar shell back to its source. Tbe radar guides our own artillery to the spot, and hundreds of shells can be dumped on the enemy mortar in less than five minutes from the time it first fires.

Startling as these new devices are, the changes they have wrought within the Army are almost equally amazing. Eleven years ago, for instance, when Master Sergeant Dudley Hunt, of Waco, Texas, enlisted in the Army at the age of twenty-four, he was a runner in a regimental headquarters company in the 36th Infantry Division—an occupation which required little more than the ability to keep higb ground between himself and the enemy. Later, he became a wire crew chief in the infantry, and even then, as he puts it, "the most complicated thing I had to do was fix a bell on a telephone."

Today, Hunt is stationed at Army Ordnance's White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico with the First Ordnance Guided Missiles Battalion, and he has gone through years of advanced radar schools in which he learned almost as much electronics as a graduate electrical engineer. He works side by side with some of the nation's leading scientists, and he commands a crew of enlisted men wbo, from a blockhouse on the ground, electronically control one of the new supersonic missiles while it is in flight. For six hours before a missile is fired, he must help check every component of the amazingly complicated computer that sends electronic commands to the missile. He must know intimately all of its hundreds of vacuum tubes and its thousands of electrical connections.

But Hunt's metamorphosis from doughfoot to soldier-scientist is only one example of what General J. Lawton Collins, the Army Chief of Staff, meant when he said, after a recent trip to the guided missiles installations at Fort Bliss, Texas, and White Sands:

"I never have come across such soldiers. There were recently inducted Pfc's who were electrical engineers in civilian life, sergeants who have their master's degrees in engineering, and officers with Ph. D.s in physics. Why, when they pulled out their best lecturer to brief me in basic electronics, it was a corporal! Our program to put the best-qualified enlisted men in the required slots is really paying off." (The corporal who lectured the General was Marvin J. Durham, of Toluca, Illinois, now a sergeant.)

The Army has bestowed the unofficial name "Whiz Kids" on tbese highly educated young men who handle the new weapons, and nothing better illustrates their emergence than the first all-military firing of a supersonic missile, which took place at White Sands last August.

The missile was a 46½-foot, 14-ton German V-2 captured toward the end of the last war, one of a stock we brought over for test and experimental purposes. All of the previous V-2 firings had been under the control of a civilian contractor, the General Electric Company, and GE had assigned to the project some of its top scientists, including famous electrical and mechanical engineer Harold A. Krieger, who served as Co-ordinator of Assembly and Firing. When GE's contract ran out on June 30, 1951, the Engineering and Development Division of Army Ordnance at White Sands took over the firings; Lieutenant Colonel Matthew Collins' First Ordnance Guided Missiles Support Battalion was asked to supply tbe GIs to handle the first noncivilian "shoot."

Colonel Collins is a Regular Army officer who holds a B.S. in engineering from Lehigh University and the newly created master's degree in aeronautics and guided missiles from the University of Southern California; of his enlisted men, 75 per cent are drafted Whiz Kids in their early twenties with college degrees in physics, mathematics and engineering, including six M.A.s. He finally se-

BECAUSE RIGHT NEEDS MIGHT

The weapons described in this article, many of them previously under close security wraps, are truly fantastic machines of war. Carrying a fearsome load of destruction, they relentlessly seek out a wide variety of targets. Only vast expenditures and brilliant minds could have produced such mechanisms; into their making has gone a sizable part of this nation's budget, plus all the mechanical and scientific genius for which America is noted. The degree to which the cream of our intelligence has been lavished on these projects may be judged by the fact that the weapons are operated by GIs who are graduates of our best engineering schools; and many of their officers hold master's and doctor's degrees.

This is a tragic commentary on the world we live in. It is a world of fear, a world in which free men are forced to adopt the principle that right, if it is to survive, needs might. It is a world which has attained the highest degree of civilization man has ever known—and which is using the best fruits of that civilization for the creation of the most terrible machines of war in all history.

Few thinking Americans will fail to be dismayed at this situation—but few will argue that the making of the best possible weapons is not a necessity at a time when the life and liberty of mankind are threatened. It is the belief of our top diplomats and strategists that only the presence of such weapons as these bas saved the world from a third major war, a war that might destroy civilization as we know it.

So long as they serve as a powerful deterrent to Soviet aggression, America's Wonder Weapons cannot properly be called weapons of war; they are weapons of peace. Whether they must someday be turned loose to do their terrible worst is for the men in the Kremlin to decide.

—THE EDITORS

A missile roars skyward on a test shoot at Fort Bliss, Texas, where soldiers learn to operate these weapons under combat conditions. Force of

lected twenty-four-year-old Corporal (now Sergeant) Robert P. Alley of Homer, Michigan, an electrical engineer from the University of Michigan, to take over Krieger's key spot as co-ordinator.

Alley, a slim, bespectacled youth with a crew haircut, did an incredible job of supervising the 40 fellow Whiz Kids who assembled all the delicate parts of the huge rocket. "If anyone became confused," he says, "it was my job to try to unconfuse them." When the rocket finally was assembled, he and the other Whiz Kids decided to take a crack at the V-2 altitude record of 114 miles set by the GE engineers. With a good deal of study and skill, they shifted about and even eliminated components of the missile, to give it lighter weight and better balance.

Finally, after weeks of work, the Whiz Kids were ready. The ponderous missile, as tall as a four-story building, towered vertically in place, and a collection of military personnel with a total of some 65 college degrees looked on. Among them, for instance, were Regular Army officers like thirty-four-year-old Lieutenant Colonel William Pohlman, of Little Falls, New Jersey, with a Ph. D. in physics from MIT, and thirty-five-year-old Lieutenant Colonel W. P. Patterson, of Baltimore, Maryland, and twenty-nine-year-old Captain M. S. Hochmuth, of Augusta, Georgia, both with M.A.s in engineering from that same university.

With all this scholarship in the vicinity, young Alley calmly stood in the co-ordinator's slot behind the firing desk in a blockhouse with a concrete roof 16 feet thick. To Alley's left, sitting at the electrical controls, was twenty-four-year-old Pfc Donald H. Estabrook, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who has a B.S. in electrical engineering from MIT. To Alley's right, handling the Missile Control Monitor's side of the firing desk, was twenty-five-year-old Sergeant Arnold L. Crouch, of Dayton, a graduate of Ohio's Miami University.

As the seconds ticked off, and the time of firing neared, Alley kept checking a score of dials and indicators. If either Estabrook or Crouch hit the wrong sequence, Alley had the power to push a button which would cut all the circuits and stop the firing then and there. But nothing went wrong, and soon it was "x-minus-20"—20 seconds before the missile was to take off. Estabrook pushed buttons in sequence and Alley continued to scan six crucial meters and lights to make sure that everything was operating correctly. Then it was "x-minus-one." A second later, Estabrook pushed the final button.

There was a thunderous roar, and outside the building, the flames from the V-2's tail turned the concrete surface of the firing platform into molten glass. Ponderously, the rocket left the earth, slowly at first, and then with such a tremendous burst of speed that it swiftly disappeared into the bright blue sky. Inside the blockhouse, Alley sat down, exhausted. He didn't learn until later that the V-2 had soared to the almost unbelievable height of 132 miles. The Whiz Kid corporal had shattered the V-2 altitude record!

Where Guided Missiles Are Tested

Today, there are Whiz Kids and Wonder Weapons spread over a good portion of the United States. Just as the nation's atomic research centers are scattered about from Long Island to the state of Washington, so are the guided missiles bases widely dispersed.

The Navy, which fires ship-to-ship and ship-to-shore missiles, among others, uses the Army's White Sands Proving Ground. So does the Air Force, which has long-range missiles easily capable of flying from North America to Europe, plus a variety of surface-to-surface, ground-to-air, air-to-air and air-to-ground missiles. In addition to White Sands, the Navy has its own guided missiles installations in California, and the Air Force has *its* own at Alamogordo, New Mexico. The Air Force also operates a long-range proving ground which is available to all the services at Banana River, Florida, where long-distance missiles are fired out to sea and are observed in flight from remote bases in the Bahamas.

All this, of course, has led to interesting squabbles among the services as to where the jurisdiction of each begins and ends.

A few years ago, there was talk of limiting the Army's missiles to targets within 150 miles, and assigning everything beyond that (except those used at sea, of course) to the Air Force. But since Army missiles can be souped up to fly incalculable distances and Air Force missiles can be underfired to hit targets just over the next hill, a certain amount of overlapping now is accepted. (Facetious Army lecturers tell their students, "Our missiles have a range of 24,860 miles, the circumference of the earth. So duck after firing—if you don't want to get hit in the seat of your pants.")

The jurisdictional yardstick generally used is this: if the target can be hit with a missile that doesn't have to be controlled by a pilot, it comes within the Army's scope. Thus, in the event of war, Army field artillery will be firing missiles at the enemy's ground forces; Army antiaircraft artillery will be firing missiles at the enemy's air forces; Army coastal artillery will be firing missiles at the enemy's naval forces; and all three services will be firing them at the enemy's guided missiles. So there seems little doubt that the Army and its Whiz Kids will bear the greatest share of the burden of delivering the new Wonder Weapons to the enemy—if and when we have to use them.

Most of the Whiz Kids are at White Sands, a base set up in 1945 for testing the German V-2 rocket, after some experts decided Hitler could have won the war with it if it had been produced sooner. At

Sgts. Robert P. Alley (l.) and Norri Sirri, both engineering grads, check firing panel



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

take-off was such that blast destroyed one of the six cameras (three of them remote-controlled) which photographer was using to film launching

that time, GIs with radar and technical backgrounds were hastily collected throughout the Army and assembled in an outfit called the First Guided Missiles Battalion. Their main purpose was to help the General Electric scientists who were analyzing the V-2 for the Army at the closely guarded desert base.

The First Guided Missiles Battalion still is there, but now its main chore is to assist a new outfit called the First Ordnance Guided Missiles Support Battalion. This is the unit which set the altitude record for the V-2 last August. It was recently described by Acting First Sergeant Aniceto I. Bagley, a veteran of the Philippine Scouts, as "an outfit without discipline problems, and probably the only Army unit in history where men in the barracks consistently play symphony records alongside their bunks."

The new Army missiles are developed by the scientists of civilian organizations—General Electric, Cornell Aeronautical Laboratories, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Douglas Aircraft, and the Jet Propulsion Laboratories of California Institute of Technology. GIs of the support battalion are sent on temporary duty to learn the complicated electronics and aeronautics of each missile in the contractor's factory. When the civilian scientists feel that a new missile is ready to be test-fired, they bring it to White Sands; again, the Whiz Kids work alongside them during the entire test phase.

Finally, the GIs fire the missile themselves—a process which sometimes involves as much danger as if they were functioning on a battlefield. They are working with the unknown, and they never can be sure that their lives won't be snuffed out by an unexpected malfunction. A few months ago, for example, a man was handling a hose feeding compressed air into a missile at the dangerously high pressure of 2,100 pounds per square inch. Suddenly the hose broke loose from the missile and, with air still blasting through it, snapped around like a giant whip. Unable to dodge the thrashing hose, the man literally was beaten to death.

In time of war, the members of the First Ordnance Guided Missiles Support Battalion, and other units like it, will be the ordnance men who will assemble and service the missiles and deliver them to the battlefield. The combat men to whom they will deliver them are training now at Fort Bliss. These GIs are in the First Guided Missiles Group, a unit that can be expanded to any number of battalions, as is attested by the fact that 32 large classrooms and shop buildings currently are being erected for it in a closely guarded section of the fort.

This combat force is not so much interested in what makes the missile tick as in how to shoot it—although the group does have Whiz Kid instructors like twenty-three-year-old Cpl. Alan M. Trax, of Hornell, New York, a B.S. in mechanical engineering from Alfred University, who lectures lieutenant colonels on aerodynamics and propulsion. But the main objective of the group right now is to train crews to fire a remarkable weapon which has been procured especially for training purposes.

This new weapon is a slender, 1,000-pound guided missile that serves the same function as the training plane used by the Air Force in making pilots out of raw cadets. A major difference is that when it is fired, it seldom if ever can be used again. It is such a superb piece of machinery, however, that once a crew learns to send it winging away toward a target, it will be comparatively easy to switch over to any secret new combat missiles which may be intended for actual firing against an enemy.

This training firing has its dangers, too—just like the more complicated *(Continued on page* 71*)*



Enlisted men prepare a missile for launching. Training weapon, once fired, can't be re-used



Cpl. Alan Trax lectures class on electronics. Note students include high-ranking officers



M/Sgts. Richard Kidwell (l.), Doyle Vinson at complicated control board during launching


HAWES

Think It Through, De Lucie

By MARGARET CHASE

A new adventure of the unpredictable Iredales, told by their chief cook and bottle washer. This time—disguised as a private eye—the missis shadows a human rodent

At the Iredales'
Sunday

Dear Rocky, dear husband:

It is very one-sided for me to do all the writing. I have not gotten a letter from you yet. I do not know where the Army is taking you, but you know our secret code: I L Y, wherever you are, whatever you are doing.

The Iredales are glad I came back to work. When I got out of the taxi, Cherry was sitting on the front steps in the cold spring afternoon, waiting for me. She yelled, "De Lucie is back!" and came a-running, and gave me a bear hug. Being hugged by Cherry is quite a dose, though she is small for seven. She goes fully armed, and her weapons are sharp—two six-shooters, a wooden dagger, and a plastic hatchet hanging from her belt, a metal police star on her sweater, and a lollipop sticking out of her teeth.

I could hear a steady bop, bop, bop, and Stuart's voice called, "Hey, De Lucie! Look over here, De Lucie! Watch me stab him right in his foul heart!"

You know how the Iredales' garage is, at one side of the house, with two big wooden doors. Stu was standing on the gravel driveway, throwing darts at a weird crayon picture nailed up on one door.

"Nice marksmanship. Who was the foul victim?" I asked politely.

"Interplanetary man. Come to earth to destroy. The picture is a little thing of my own." He insisted on lugging my suitcase into the house, all bent over to one side with the weight. He's thin.

We three sat down at the old familiar kitchen table, and I gave the kids their presents—a doll for Cherry, with a box of clothes, and a croquet set for Stu. Stu looked doubtful. "Toys! We don't play much with things like that any more. Thanks a lot anyway. Want to see what I bought myself? You must promise not to tell my father." He took a knife out of his pocket and pressed a button. A sharp blade sprang out.

"Switch knife! That's no toy. What's it for? Murders?"

"It's called a shiv. That's a thieves' word. I need it to put under my pillow when I go to bed."

"The catch on my suitcase is bent, Stu. I have to pry it up before I unlock it. Could you slip that nice thin blade under the metal edge?" I hoped the wicked little blade would bust.

"No, no, it might break off. I need a shiv." He's just eleven. "Now don't tell Pa or Mother. You promised, De Lucie, and I trust you. We had fifteen cooks in the last year, since you got married, and I couldn't trust any of them. How come you aren't busy perpetrating the human race?"

"Time for that in the future years to come."

"Rocky walk out on you?"

"He did not. He's in the Army. That's why I wrote to ask your mother if I could come back."

"Couldn't he get out of the draft, being a cop?"

"Probably. He didn't try. It's all working out the way my Rocky hoped. He hoped the Army would send him to see the nature of the world, so he wouldn't be a cop in a village all his life."

"Don't cry, dearie," said Cherry, getting on my lap to give me another of those porcupine hugs. I patted her hair, still baby-soft, and it was all matted in back.

"I and Cherry won't talk about Rocky if it makes you feel all chopped up," Stu said. "My father has a radio program at ten at night now, besides his program at ten in the morning. I and Cherry are mostly alone nights. Mother makes me sleep with my windows and door shut, because I get nightmare and holler and wake Cherry up. It's hilarious."

I made custards for dinner, and peeled the inner lining out of an eggshell and put a piece on each cheek. "What's it for?" asked Cherry, pleased, taking the membrane out of another eggshell and plastering her face.

"I read it in Beauty Hints for the Thrifty Bride. Put it on dimples so they won't hatch into rugged wrinkles."

Then Mr. Iredale came home and said, in his kind way, "This is a wonderful break for us, De Lucie, to have you live with us again. Nice to see Cherry happy in the kitchen again. What has she on her face?"

"A smile? Oh, the egg lining. It tightens flabs and prolongs provocative youthfulness."

"Sure it isn't too late for Cherry?" The Mister took out the ice cubes. "We will have to wait dinner until Mrs. Iredale gets home."

"Where is she? Playing golf?" I said.

They all looked at me funny.

"Mommie is at work," said Cherry, in her little high voice.

"Work? The Missis? Work? The Missis?"

"It's hilarious," said Stu.

"What doing?" I asked feebly.

"Mother is a paid detective. It's awful to think my beautiful young mother is hunting down criminals, De Lucie. But it's all for noble purposes. Her Women's Club insists that the members should do lovely things, not dream them all day long."

"How nice."

"So Mother insists on doing good. She wants Pa to finance the club, which is trying to buy a boat to take poor children on outings in the Sound this summer. But Pa won't. He's a miser. Regular Scrooge."

"The Missis is my ideal," I said. "I wish I had time to do good, too."

"Mother is going to show Pa up by buying a boat that's for sale at the Town Dock and giving it to the club. It's a bargain."

"It isn't the money, it's the fifty-two hundred," the Mister murmured, stirring his highball.

"Fifty-two hundred! Is it the Queen Elizabeth?"

"No. It's a sloop called the My Wife."

"Mommie cut an ad out of the Sunday paper," Cherry put in, "for a lady with a car, to work for a detective agency. And Monday she went to the city and got the job. And this morning her alarm clock went off early, and she drove away at *seven o'clock!*"

"The Missis got up before nine, honestly?"

"She might as well take a paper route too," said the Mister. "Stu could lend her his bicycle."

"The boat is for purr kids," Cherry explained earnestly, "for purr little children to get a breath of air in. I wish I was a purr kid. I like to see Mommie."

Pretty soon Mrs. Iredale came home. She looked pretty and excited and had on a new spring suit and her mink stole.

"What did you do, Mommie? Did you buy the boat yet?" Cherry rubbed her cheek on the soft mink.

"Not yet. I spent the day shadowing a little human mouse named A. A. Sixmith. His wife flounced out of the house after a fight and went home to her mother, after a happy marriage of eighteen years. It seems women call him up."

"Why, the mouse is a rat!" the Mister said.

"Or anyway, one woman called him up at two o'clock at night. She pretended she wanted him to explain *(Continued on page 53)*

The beauty column said for soft and attractive elbows to soak them for fifteen minutes in grapefruit rinds. Now while I write I am soaking my elbows in the empty halves, and Cherry is soaking hers too

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



With Jackie Gleason, Carney works out finer points of sketch for weekly Du Mont program

Comedians' Comedian

TELEVISION has, among other accomplishments, disrupted a few traditions. One is the theatrical axiom that a supporting player must never steal the spotlight from the star of the show. For TV's roving camera eye and close-up techniques have brought the character actor into focus, and have added a new dimension to the role of the supporting comic, or comedians' comedian.

Charting a tactful course through a star-cluttered medium, thirty-three-year-old comic actor Art Carney is becoming as familiar to televiewers as the 30-second station break. And because of his skill in handling the delicate assignment of runner-up to a star, he is sought out by topflight comics as the outstanding secondary comedian on the air.

Art Carney broke into the limelight more than a year ago in weekly comedy sketches with Jackie Gleason on Du Mont's Cavalcade of Stars. These characterizations swing a wide gamut from Clem Finch, the long-suffering victim of The Loudmouth, through the irate parent of Reggie Van Gleason, to Ed Norton, The Honeymooners' bumbling upstairs neighbor.

Carney's characters are the product of a genuine acting talent, an unleashed imagination and "a good supply of mustaches, beards, false teeth and eyeglasses." They have worked their way into the programs of such leading humorists as Fred Allen, Martin and Lewis, Abe Burrows, Herb Shriner, Milton Berle, Garry Moore, and have been heard with Morey Amsterdam, Goodman Ace, Monty Woolley, Henry Morgan and the late Colonel Stoopnagle. At the flash of an eyebrow pencil, Carney, who does all his own make-up, can switch from his everyday role of a good-looking man-about-the-suburbs to that of a goggle-eyed explorer or tattered citizen of skid row.

The youngest of six boys, Carney was born in Mount Vernon, New York, where he developed into a parlor mimic of considerable standing. He has since beaten his way steadily to his present pinnacle from a turn as impersonator with Horace Heidt in 1937, to a year in vaudeville, a string of radio impersonations, through soap opera and whodunits to comedy.

Carney is a professional whose business just happens to be acting. Like many another businessman, he lives quietly in a New York suburb with his wife Jean, and his two children, Eileen, nine, and Brian, six.

Apparently, like television, Art Carney is here to stay. But when, as appears likely, he is nudged from his comfortable niche as the comedians' comedian and given a show of his own, his fans feel that he will be hard put to find himself a supporting comic who will measure up to his own standards. EVELYN HARVEY

Art Carney plays backwoods character with sock full of cash, leers at chorus girls and says he's planning to produce a show. False fangs Carney uses for such roles are made by dentist brother

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO



As Clem Finch, Gleason's unhappy foil in The Loudmouth routine, Carney is told, "Your wife was at the party last night. She was swingin' from the chandelier"



Carney tries psychiatry on NBC's Milton Berle show. As Dr. Sylvester Peabody, he says to Berle, "There's nothing that can be done for you. But don't worry"



A man of many types, comedian puts final touches on make-up for his role as the after-dinner speaker, author and world traveler, Professor James D. Genright



Mailman Percy Crumpp (Carney) tells ABC's Herb Shriner, "Penny due. I'll take a look and skip the penny"



Carney, as highly nervous Knight of the Road, reports a harrowing experience to "newsman" Garry Moore, CBS

BARBARIANS in

A veteran foe of crime calls on decent people to STAND UP

A FAMOUS Anglican prelate, William Ralph Inge, once observed that while "ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians, we breed our own."

It should be a disturbing fact to all decent citizens that in most of America's large cities the racketeering element has developed into a major political power—a power without any responsibility to the electorate and beholden only to the enemies of the community. Frequently the actual political rulers of cities and states are underworld bosses who possess the instincts, traditions and methods of barbarians.

Breaking the grip which organized crime has fixed on municipal politics is a vital American problem.

During the past several decades the influence of a relatively few cities on national politics has been growing steadily. Huge pluralities rolled up in as few as 13 of our largest municipalities have been sufficient to decide most national elections. In several of these cities the political influence of the underworld has been the strongest. Too many congressmen and senators sent to Washington to guide our national affairs are the products of local machines that are closely allied with the racketeering element. A few of our statesmen selected to represent this nation in its relations with foreign countries owe their rise to political eminence to the power of the underworld. The breakdown in political morality which has been in evidence everywhere is a matter of grave concern to many of our leaders. But how could it be otherwise when so many officeholders owe their positions to an immoral underworld?

About 20 years ago, the famous Wickersham Commission, which investigated prohibition, pointed out that: "In the main the funds which make successful campaigns possible come from the owners and habitués of vice, gambling and bootlegging resorts . . . Nearly all of the large cities suffer from an alliance between politicians and criminals."

This is equally true today. In virtually every section of the country the underworld has become part and parcel of political organizations that rule over cities and sometimes states.

There is no mystery surrounding the menacing political power of America's underworld—a power which enables criminal groups to elevate men of their choosing to governorships, to the mayor's chair in some of our largest cities, to city councils, to the legislative chambers where they influence the laws of the state and to the judiciary which passes on the guilt or innocence of those charged with crime. It is a power which in many places has made it possible for law violators to control the law enforcers and to formulate law-enforcement policies. The Capone gang of Chicago, the Costello-Adonis syndicate of New York City and the Kansas City organization once headed by the slain Charles Binaggio are natural products of a political system that has become commonplace in almost every large city in America and many rural areas as well.

The underworld as an important source of political power has frequently been completely ignored or greatly minimized by students of government and politics. But the practical men who control the party machinery and name the slates of candidates for public office fully understand the importance of the gambling, vice and liquor interests as a means of political strength. From these sources, the very backbone of the underworld, they obtain regular financial support to maintain their political organizations on a year-round basis and, at election time, huge campaign funds not readily available elsewhere.

Of equal importance, the racketeering element can be depended upon to recruit an army of campaign workers to deliver the vote at the polls. The underworld, in return, is in a position to exercise influence on the selection of candidates, to have its friends placed in appointive offices including important posts in the field of law enforcement, and to exert pressure on the policies of the administration it has materially helped to elect.

It is commonly believed that underworld organizations develop and grow to power only because corrupt officials are elected to major city offices. The solution, it is claimed, lies solely in the election of honest public officials to places of authority in municipal government. Both the premise and the solution are only partially true, however, and they fail to strike at one of the vital phases of the organized-crime problem. Naturally, personal honesty is an essential qualification for men who manage the affairs of the city. But personal integrity alone on the part of mayors and other key city officials will not eliminate organized crime. In fact, unless honesty is accompanied by great independence and courageous leadership, it will scarcely make a dent on organized crime as it exists in Chicago, New York and elsewhere.

The power of the underworld stems from the fact that the racketeering elements have become an integral part of the political machinery which places men, *both honest and dishonest*, in public office. Substantially honest and well-intentioned men who aspire to political office usually find it expedient to accept the support of strong ward organizations even though they are aware that such political units rely heavily on gambling and vice interests for money and votes.

It is extremely rare, in fact, for candidates to repudiate the leaders of even the most corrupt ward organizations of their party. Not infrequently, wards in which the underworld is the most deeply entrenched are those that deliver the largest pluralities at the polls—and, at times, the outcome of city elections hinges on these very wards. Following election, mayors and other high officials, notwithstanding their original good intentions, usually find it inexpedient to ignore completely the wishes of these ward leaders in matters affecting law-enforcement policies or appointment of personnel.

In the normal course of events, police captains who are friendly or at least acceptable to the ward leaders are assigned to their districts.

Those who might disregard a ward leader's wishes and vigorously wipe out gambling and vice are seldom placed in command of precinct stations within the politician's jurisdiction. Consequently, except on very rare occasions, the underworld is not seriously injured or its organization appreciably disrupted even during administrations headed by men who are personally honest.

In some of Chicago's most powerful wards, many of the taverns are owned and operated by individuals closely allied with the underworld. A large number of these places are hangouts for criminals and racketeers of every description, and in many instances the tavern serves as a focal point for the operation of vice rings.

Tavern owners and night-spot proprietors are particularly anxious to remain in the good graces of their ward committeeman, who possesses such great power over law enforcement in his district. A word of disapproval from the ward committeeman may prevent the issuance of a liquor license in the first place, and after the license is issued it can be revoked on the basis of one or more of the countless regulations which govern tavern operations.

At best, the liquor business is a precarious one that readily lends itself to political shakedown. Even taverns operated on a legitimate basis by reputable persons find it expedient to become a part of the political system. It is much cheaper to contribute to the ward organization than run the risk of constant harassment from officials for real or alleged violations of the liquor license laws.

During the past century, the saloon and liquor distributing interests have been highly influential in municipal politics. It is the gambling business, however, above all others, that is peculiarly adapted to the requirements of corrupt machine politics. Existing solely to prey upon emotional weaknesses which defy all forces of logic and common sense, and operating on a percentage basis which assures huge profits, the gambling business has always appealed to the criminal classes.

In recent years, the entire nation was shocked when it was revealed that professional gamblers had bribed youthful college athletes in order to fix basketball games. Generally overlooked was the fact that activities of this nature are part of

The Man Chicago Hoodlums Fear

As operating director of the Chicago Crime Commission for the last decade, Virgil W. Peterson has led a relentless drive against the racketeering elements in the municipal government of America's second largest city. His entire career, in fact, has been directed against the forces of crime. After graduating from Northwestern University Law School in 1930, he became a special agent for the FBI, and held this job until 1942, when he took over his present work. Two months ago, Newbold Morris, who was appointed by President Truman to direct a probe of corruption in the federal government, asked Mr. Peterson to head up his staff of investigators. Mr. Peterson turned down the offer so he could continue his efforts to clean up Chicago's own gang-politics evil. Most of the ugly examples of criminal-political alliances in this article were drawn by the author from his Chicago investigations. But similar conditions are to be found in many other large U.S. cities. This article was excerpted from Mr. Peterson's forthcoming book, Barbarians in Our Midst, to be published in June by Little, Brown & Company

Our Midst

By VIRGIL W. PETERSON

the gambling business. It deals only in certainties—the certainty of large profits for the gambling-house proprietor and the certainty of loss for the patron. The gambling business always has been and always will be under the control of the underworld. It can afford to pay handsomely for protection. To a greater extent than almost any other type of business, legitimate or illegal, it is an excellent source of political funds on a year-round basis.

In addition to adequate financing, tbe strength of a ward organization rests largely on patronage. The number of jobs which the average ward leader may have at his disposal for rewarding faithful party workers is limited. It also frequently happens that some of the most vigorous and effective workers in a ward are those with criminal backgrounds. The gambling business serves as an ideal outlet for patronage of this type. Gambling establishments need doormen, cashiers, bouncers, dealers or croupiers. Handbook and policy-station employee requirements are numerous. A criminal record is no handicap.

Bartering for Gambling-House Jobs

A ward leader who makes it possible for gambling establishments to operate with impunity in his district obviously is in a position to insist that tbese places afford employment to many people of his selection. In some wards, the number of gambling-house jobs at the disposal of the ward committeeman may reach several hundred. The power from this added patronage has made some ward leaders the most influential political figures in their cities.

The ward committeemen and other politicians who make up our ruling political class—the slate makers and string pullers—are for the most part political opportunists. This is true because municipal politics, particularly at the ward level, does not easily attract men of both integrity and ability. Such men find the professional or business world a much better place in which to develop their talents. Political jobs rarely provide salaries which will attract able men of high character. Likewise, there is little honor attached to the position of ward committeeman or most of the other elective or appointive offices.

Hence, there is little or no inducement for able men to seek such offices, other than the opportunity offered to render public service. And as the historian James Bryce pointed out, "To rely on public duty as the main motive power in politics is to assume a commonwealth of angels. Men, such as we know them, must have some other inducement."

But for the man who is not troubled by an oversensitive conscience, many political offices with meager salaries are highly attractive. The unofficial emoluments of public office can be extremely lucrative. In Chicago, men have spent thousands of dollars to become elected ward committeeman, a position which carries with it no salary whatever and confers little, if any, honor. The job is one of great political power, however, and when used to exploit government it becomes a source of wealth, as the fortunes of many Chicago political leaders have fully attested. The prospect of illicit profits, said Bryce, "renders a political career distinctly more attractive to an unscrupulous man."

The first requisite, however, is to remain in power, an objective which can be attained through the financial support and campaign workers made available by the gambling, vice and liquor interests. And although it is a disgusting and revolting spectacle, it is not surprising that we find men who have ambitions to become mayor or who aspire to the judiciary on bended knee, making their petitions to notorious gangsters such as Frank Costello or Joe Adonis.

If it were possible to eliminate the underworld as an essential source of power to local machines, both the city and national governments would be strengthened. But there is no single device or mechanism which can accomplish this end. Under our form of government there is no substitute for eternal vigilance on the part of the citizens, along with an active interest and participation in political affairs. To most people, that is a totally unsatisfactory answer—trite and meaningless. It is nevertheless true.

There is no gadget or scheme that can relieve the citizen of his responsibility. The average citizen complains with justification, however, that city government is too large, too complex and too impersonal for him to exercise vigilance or to make his voice heard. He feels it is impossible to appraise the merits of rival candidates accurately.

Some of the obstacles presented by the bigness and complexity of the city can be overcome if the individual citizen keeps in mind the true nature of his municipality. A city is not just a city—it is a collection of communities. There are, of course, areas in which it is virtually impossible to arouse any community spirit or interest. In general, however, the most effective approach to big-city government is at the community level. Almost all citizens have a good knowledge of conditions prevailing in the neighborhood in which they reside. They usually know whether their community is infested with gambling establishments, vice dens, narcotic peddlers, or taverns and night spots which make mock of the law and serve as breeding places for crime and delinquency.

If any of these conditions exist, the citizen can rest assured that the underworld has a foothold in his neighborhood. He can also fix the responsibility. His neighborhood will never become a stamping ground for the underworld unless his ward committeeman, alderman and police captain either are in league with the criminal elements or are totally incompetent to represent the district.

There are at least two vital reasons why every citizen should insist upon the elimination of all racketeering activities in his community. Once a neighborhood tolerates gambling, vice or disorderly taverns, property values begin to deteriorate. The presence of racketeering is thus costly to the legitimate property owner when measured in plain dollars.

Such conditions present a threat to the security of families residing in the locality. Vice, gambling and bad taverns exist only through official protection, which invariably extends far beyond that afforded the handbook proprietor and the brothel owner. Murderers, robbers and burglars who are allied with the gambling or vice lords also become untouchables in so far as the police are concerned, and it is a well-known fact that criminals and racketeers of all types are attracted to gambling houses and vice centers.


INTERNATIONAL

Virgil W. Peterson

The security of his family and his economic welfare are perhaps the most vital concerns of the average citizen. The powerful motive of self-interest should therefore cause citizens to band together for the purpose of attempting to eliminate bad conditions. In many instances, the prevailing citizen inertia results from an absence of leadership and a failure to understand how efforts may be directed to improve conditions. But the residents of any locality should bear in mind that to the average politician they represent a valuable commodity—votes.

When gambling, prostitution or bad tavern conditions exist in a neighborhood, the citizens should present a solid front and through able spokesmen proceed to the offices of the ward committeeman and alderman, where they should demand a neighborhood house cleaning. The responsibility should be placed squarely on the shoulders of these political leaders, who are definitely in a position to alleviate underworld racketeering in their district. They should be made to understand that if they refuse to take action, the respectable citizens of the locality will hold them accountable at the next election. This is a language they will not fail to understand, provided the citizens' group is well organized and under capable leadership.

Constant Pressure Must Be Applied

Simultaneously with appeals to the ward leaders, a demand should be made of the police captain to enforce the laws in his district, and if he fails to do so, the mayor should be requested to remove him. With constant pressure applied on these responsible leaders by respectable citizens, the power of the underworld can be broken. Unfortunately, in the past, virtually all of the pressure on ward leaders and police captains has originated with the racketeers.

If it were possible to obtain vigorous community action throughout the city, it is obvious that the political power of the underworld would be destroyed. As a practical matter, however, it is equally apparent that community action is impossible in many localities. Even in good communities, effective leadership is frequently lacking and too many citizens are fearful of either political or underworld retribution. And the very nature of some areas—usually those in which the underworld is most deeply entrenched—makes group action highly improbable.

The Near North Side of Chicago, for example, has been aptly pointed out as an area where there is a total indifference to community issues and interests. There are few protests from the residents of North Clark Street *(Continued on page 46)*

AND FIGHT *hoodlums who hold political power in big cities*



The Old Goat

By ALLAN SEAGER

Lydia was sorry about poor Mr. Barnes, but she was fascinated by the new ideas that he had given her—about herself and about her domineering old Aunt Alida

THE dance was that evening, and this was Lydia's last try. During the past month she had made two other formal attempts at getting permission to go, and she had offered all the reasons she could think of then. Now she could thrust only a "Please" or a "But, Aunt Alida—" into the stream of the old woman's trusts and immoralities. It was a trust to get some sense into a young girl's head; it was a trust to see her education finished; it was a sacred trust she hoped she would live long enough to fulfill to bring Lydia to the altar of her marriage pure and unsullied. These strange, old-fashioned phrases blended with no pause, except for the inhaling of fresh breath, into the immoralities, which were more numerous. It was immoral to have dates at all at sixteen; it was immoral to go tarryhooting all over the countryside in a car driven by some young idiot whose parents ought to be ashamed of themselves; it was immoral . . . But Lydia had heard it all a dozen times.

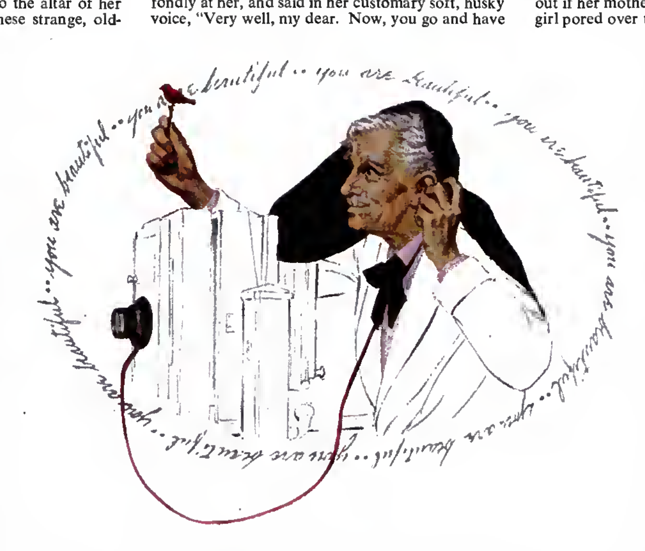
Three minutes before, as she braced herself to make this last plea, she had begun with a little faint hope—not much, but some. This had been quenched chiefly by her great-aunt's vehemence but partly by the disgusting uncertainty Lydia seemed to live in all the time, the way she slid helplessly from one opinion to another, the sneaky possibility that the old woman might be right. Maybe the high-school kids she saw every day in class *did* turn into monsters of wickedness after sundown, tearing around in cars, smooching, even drinking, and committing other secret, disturbing crimes. Lydia read a great deal, alone in these high rooms, and she knew it was the night that affected people and turned the kids into wild, careless strangers like nymphs and satyrs—night and these big spring moons.

But the old lady, leaning on her cane, trembling steadily with her enormous vitality so that her bracelets jingled, throwing up her head every half minute to gasp air in past her asthma, kept pecking away at the night and Lydia's two-faced schoolmates, until Lydia was left as she always was, just standing there stupidly, weakly angry that she should be so afraid of her aunt. She was three inches taller than her aunt and probably heavier, and she could knock her down. She had considered it, but she had put it away like a blasphemy. The old woman was eighty-one and knocking her down would kill her, right there in the front hall on the big black and white squares of tile Lydia had once played hopscotch on. Lydia could not strike her, but that would be the only way to shut her up.

Why did Aunt Alida go on so long? What gave her this terrible energy? It was nothing that she said, rather it was the unceasing rattle, the threatening rise and fall of the dry, old voice that sooner or later made Lydia actually afraid of the night, of the lovely moon that rose yellow and turned white later, throwing those rich black shadows on the lawn.

"Stop it!" she cried; then, realizing she had commanded, she said, "Please don't, Aunt Alida, I—"

The old woman stopped at once, smiled quite fondly at her, and said in her customary soft, husky voice, "Very well, my dear. Now, you go and have your picture taken. It's ten o'clock now. I'll expect you back in an hour." She turned away, limping a little, tapping the tiles lightly with her cane because she was afraid it would slip.



She reached up and took the pins out of her hair and let it fall down. It was black and heavy and caught the light like creek water

The girl opened the door and went out across the porch into the bright, flashing morning which, now that it had come early summer, oppressed her as much as the nights. The masses of shifting green leaves, suddenly gilded by sunlight here and there, took the eye like flames, and the blocks of lawn enclosed by the sidewalks, so flat and tame until you noticed all the little grass blades shimmering, moving stiffly in the breeze, like short hair, irritated her, tickled her. In winter you are proud; you defy the snow and the menacing black trunks of trees, but summer breaks these defenses. Lydia seemed feeble to herself, exposed. She bowed her head and hurried down the street.

She was carrying a silly little alligator Gladstone bag. In it was her graduation dress, which she had heard her great-aunt describe as "a little white off-the-shoulder frock." The photograph, when it was taken, would be sent to Lydia's mother, whom she had never known, from whom she had been snatched away, in fact, by an insulted family because her mother had run away to go on the stage. Officially, this was all there was to her mother's history, but Lydia had overheard her aunt's juicy, shocked voice say much more, and one rainy day when she had gone to play in the attic of the vast, gloomy house, she had turned up, under a pile of magazines, two old New York playbills, one labeled: Girl Crazy and the other: Good News.

Intuitively, she recognized her aunt's obtuse family loyalty; the playbills would have been thrown out if her mother had not been in these shows. The girl pored over the casts, trying to guess which was her mother's stage name. There were five names which were in both programs; and, more loudly than the beating of the rain on the slates just above her, she had said them over and over, but she could not decide which her mother's was.

She kept her eyes on the sidewalk as she passed the filling station, because they whistled at her every time she passed. She did not think she was at all handsome, because she did not resemble any movie star she had ever seen; and she took it for granted that Mr. Canby, the president of the bank, and Tom Hollister, the lawyer who drank too much, stopped and talked to her every time she met them only because she was her great-aunt's niece, and the Bassetts were an old family in the town.

This morning, she contrived to avoid anyone she knew and at last achieved the safety of the stairway leading up to the little glassed-in display case full of marriage pictures, baby pictures, and the massed phalanges of faces, all resembling one another, of the family reunions. The photographs had a deadly clarity, a contemptuous, mortuary stiffness Lydia recognized as ugly. She would have liked to have gone to a city photographer, but it was useless to argue with her aunt. It had to be "Beauty" Barnes.

Everybody knew him, but she had never actually spoken to him before. The little brass bell hanging from his door tinkled, and he came into the studio. She was surprised to hear him say, "Why, Miss Lydia Simpson. How are you, my dear child? And how is Miss Bassett? Well, or only bearing up?"

No one else ever talked like this, and she suffered the familiar spasm of embarrassment because, although she was pleased, she knew no way of saying out her thanks and pleasure, and she had to answer in the prim little-girl phrases her aunt had taught her: "We're well, thank you. I've come to have my graduation picture taken." She lifted the alligator bag awkwardly in explanation, spotted the awkwardness and cursed herself silently: Damn it, how long am I going to be sandbagged by embarrassment? How long does adolescence go on?

The old man took the bag from her and set it on his showcase. "Of course, of course. I shall be most happy to make a portrait of you." He was peering at her *(Continued on page 60)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN



THOMAS F. HILL

Brothers Jack (left), Ed and Leonard Wadsworth almost lost shirts on cotton, tried beef. "All we owe today," says Jack, "is the light bill"



THOMAS F. HILL

Jack Wadsworth, son Jack, Jr., and niece Linda look over some of the Herefords and crossbreeds the brothers graze on their Alabama farm



LEWIS P. WATSON

Blaney Franks, of Wake County, North Carolina, shown with son Earl, went broke on cotton 25 years ago, makes over $40,000 a year dairying



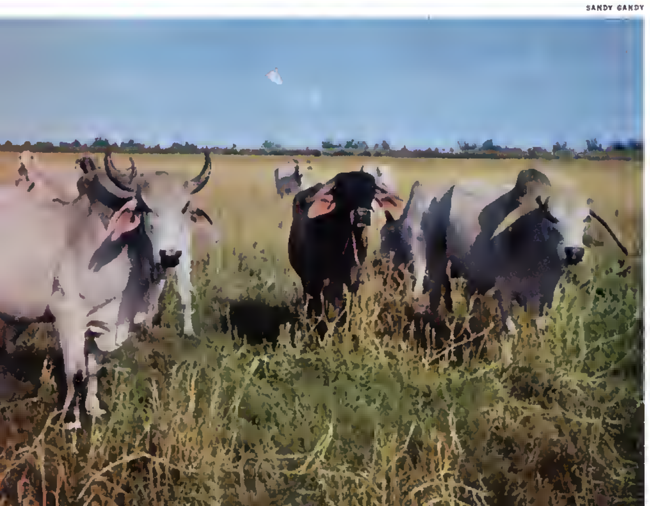
LEWIS P. WATSON

Franks and son-in-law Maylon Fowler (r.) mending fence. Franks owns 240 cattle and 350 acres of pasture that are green almost year around



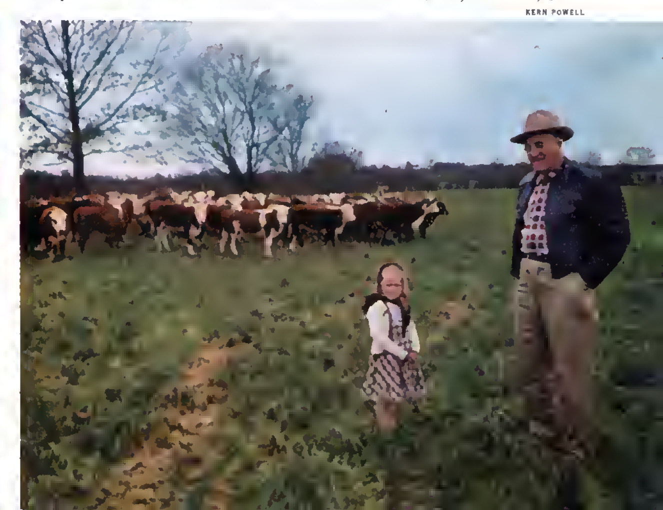
Brahman breeding stock on 250,000-acre Lykes Brothers range, Florida. These cattle are crossbred with Herefords; hybrid is called Braford

SANDY GANDY



Joe Hawkins, of South Carolina, with granddaughter Jo Ann Kalmbach. He says annual cow-and-calf investment in Texas is $300, in South, $150

KERN POWELL



Cattle Rush Down South

By WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.

Old cotton fields teem with beef and dairy herds; farmers sport broad-brimmed hats and brimming wallets. For an agricultural revolution has revitalized Dixie and everyone's reaping the benefits

WHILE snow drifted over the fence posts in Nebraska last winter, and the Iowa farmer left his glowing stove to feed grain to his cattle in the barn, the spoils of a winter harvest were being divided in the Southeast. Fat cattle were grazing on millions of acres of lush, green pastures, and Southern farmers who had worn their hearts out against the boll weevil and exhausted land found themselves in the midst of a new frontier.

A cattle rush is on. Alabama's black belt, the dark swath of clay soil that once produced more cotton than any other part of America, now has one of the densest cattle populations in the country. The scimitar-shaped Piedmont region that curves from northern Virginia nearly 700 miles through North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia to Auburn, Alabama, was green through most of the winter with pastures for beef and dairy cattle. And the rich mucklands of Palm Beach County, southeast of Lake Okeechohee in Florida, are supporting 40,000 cattle where there were 5,000 just seven years ago.

Pasture grasses that have been developed and adapted within the last 10 years for the Southeast are green gold for the farmers. And grassland farming is the basis for a new diversified agriculture that Paul W. Chapman, associate dean of the University of Georgia's Agricultural College, calls "the first basic change in Southern agriculture in a hundred years."

Paradoxically enough, the heartland of the new frontier is the "old cotton South," the most densely populated rural area in the nation, with the poorest land. The pioneers themselves, old settlers for the most part, are just getting around to wearing Stetsons and the high-heeled boots that Texans have been sporting for over a hundred years. But, the face of the land is different.

From Waynesville, North Carolina, to Tupelo, Mississippi, wherever you find cattle, fences are being mended, barns are being freshly painted, houses are being renovated. Farmers are putting their names up in front of their places. The gutted, eroded hillsides that have been a dreary symbol of Southern poverty are disappearing under grass and clover.

On Dillard Watson's farm in Anderson County, South Carolina, there is a plaque with the inscription: "Grass is the Forgiveness of Nature . . . Her Constant Benediction."

Within the last 15 years, according to the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, 25,000,000 acres of improved permanent pasture have been planted in the South. Grasses and legumes, few of which grow naturally in the South to any extent, have been brought in and planted like crops. They gave the region winter grazing for the first time in her history, and by providing a year-around supply of the cheapest food available for cattle, represented possibly the greatest advance ever made for Dixie farmers.

Joe Hawkins, a farmer down in South Carolina's sand-hill country near Columbia, says, "I spec I'll die believing in winter grazing." A massive, powerful man in his early sixties, Mr. Hawkins was a livestock specialist for Clemson College for 23 years and has owned his 308-acre farm for 11 years. Back in 1941, he began improving his pastures by planting alfalfa, rye grass, crimson clover and vetch.

"Let me tell you a little story," Joe Hawkins says. "Cattle raising is so convenient, I just can't resist it. I wouldn't trade an acre of pasture for the best acre of cotton in South Carolina. I don't worry about the boll weevil, hail, snow, rain—I just don't worry. Folks in Texas make an initial investment of $300 to carry a cow and a calf for a year, and farther north the investment is $600. My old cotton South can do a pretty good job for $150. You can do it easier down here than anyplace. It's so convenient, I just can't resist it."

Mr. Hawkins doesn't talk loud about what he is doing, but he has a deliberate manner that gains a good bit of authority from the fact that he is over six feet two inches tall, weighs 210 pounds, has hands the size of rock crushers and is about as solid as a post oak.

"I came down from Ames, Iowa, in 1925," he says. "Folks down here used me well. Wasn't hard to stay. People in the South are losing millions of dollars by not wintering more cattle."

Mr. Hawkins raises hogs as well as cattle. And, although he doesn't do much talking about his profits, an expansive note comes into his voice when you compliment the fine ham you've just had at his table.

"We only raise 300 head of hogs a year," he says. "Eat what we want and if there's any left, we sell the rest."

During the fall, when the rest of the nation is selling cattle to keep from feeding them grain through the winter, the farmers in the Southeast, like Joe Hawkins, are buying them. While the Southern cattle are growing fat on winter pasture, the market is going up. In some years it is 14 per cent higher in the spring.

Mr. Hawkins admits that his land is not particularly good, calls it "worn-out land," and says that he has to fertilize heavily every year. But, by taking full advantage of the mild winter climate and planting the best grasses and clovers that the soil will support, he is able to graze an average of 2½ cows to the acre and his cows gain two pounds a day through the winter months. Over two cows to the acre is, of course, exceptional for South Carolina and a sharp contrast with the range country in west Texas where it takes from 20 to 50 acres to support a cow.

From the Blue Ridge to the Coast

In Joe Hawkins' neighbor state of North Carolina, cattle are spread from the valleys in the Blue Ridge Mountains to the tidewater land on the coast. State College in Raleigh reports that Tarheel farmers have increased their improved ladino clover pasture from 600 acres to over 1,000,000 in the last 10 years. Within five years, the number of grade-A dairies has soared from 2,400 to 4,300. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, figures indicate that North Carolina has almost quadrupled its cash farm income from calves, cattle and dairy products since 1940.

Old cotton farmers, like Blaney Franks, of Wake County, who has converted to dairying, are the people who have hacked out these increases by improving their own lot.

"Was planting cotton on 50 acres of this land," said Mr. Franks, standing by his milking barn and pointing across the rolling, red clay of the Piedmont. "Land was washing away, of course.

"Back in 1927, the price of cotton wouldn't pay for fertilizer and labor. Went broke. Borrowed money to plant the crop, and then after it was picked and stored, borrowed more money on the crop so I could go into dairying."

Mr. Franks, a dour, taciturn farmer of fifty-eight, has a herd of 240 cows and calves and is producing grade-A milk from the 65 cows that he is milking now. He started planting permanent pasture in 1941, and this year he has 350 acres in grasses and clovers that are green almost the year around.

"Dairying's more confining than cotton," he said shortly, "but less work. Steady income oncet a month—oncet a year with cotton. People say dairying's the hardest work in the world. Can't go to the store and talk or go to fishing." Then, as if it nettled him to think about such a notion, Mr. Franks snorted and went back inside the barn to get on with the milking.

Today, Blaney Franks is grossing from $40,000 to $45,000 a year.

Mr. Franks and Mr. Hawkins are comparatively old settlers in the new frontier of cattle raising. When they first went into improved pastures, they were making guinea pigs of themselves, and their operations were show windows of what then seemed a radical change.

Old-Established Industry in Dixie

There is nothing new about cattle raising in the greater Southeast. Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia are old livestock areas. Virginia had a substantial beef cattle industry during colonial times, and Kentucky and Tennessee began to specialize in cattle soon after the turn of the century. However, the recent revolutionary developments have not taken place there, but in the cotton South and Florida. The United States Department of Agriculture (USDA) reports that Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and Florida are leading the nation, in that order, in percentage increase in number of cattle over the last two years.

Although dairying got a head start in many sections of the Southeast, the most accelerated increase has been in the beef industry. Generally, beef is being raised on the larger farms in the areas of scarce labor, and dairying is concentrated near the markets on the smaller farms where more labor is available.

In North and South Carolina there are about twice as many dairy as beef cattle; in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, the division is approximately equal. However, in Florida there are more than four times as many beef as dairy cattle.

Florida has had two tremendous cash crops: tourists and citrus, and North Carolina has had tobacco. But South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi were almost completely dependent on cotton until 15 or 20 years ago. In most areas, the family milk cow was the only livestock on the typical farm. Then a violent change took place.

Back in 1892, a small grayish insect a quarter of an inch long crossed the Rio Grande from Mexico. Hordes of others followed. The South was invaded by the most formidable enemy she had faced since the Civil War: the boll weevil.

Commemorated by ballads, deserted mansions, bitter memories and even by a bronze statue in Enterprise, Alabama, the boll weevil started north and east. The weevils punctured the cotton plants, laid their eggs in the squares and bolls and then moved on.

The people said, "He'll never get across the Mississippi River; it's too broad." In 1907, the weevil crossed the river and invaded the wind-blown belt of brown loam in western Mississippi. Traveling about 50 miles a year, the weevils destroyed the crops in one section, grew wings in August and flew on.

In 1907-1910, Negro labor left the brown loam and went North by the *(Continued on page 68)*



David uses his new flashlight to study Diane's face as they sit on ladder going to attic rooms

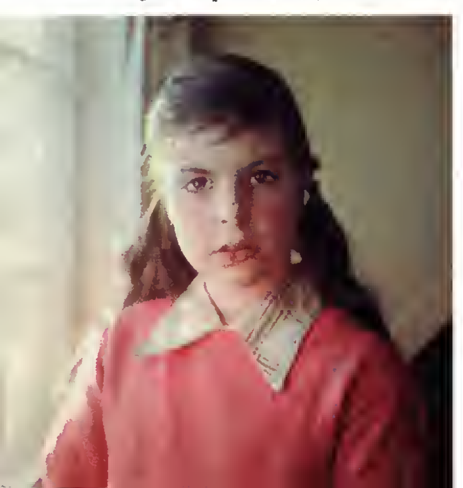


When their children are in bed and the house quiets down, the Presidential-minded senator and Mrs. Kefauver take advantage of evening at home to catch up on mail



Gail, comfortable on sofa, munches happily on a shoe. The children have run of whole house

Linda, at ten the oldest child, is an A student in 5th grade of public school, loves arithmetic



THE KEFAUVERS AT HOME

WHEN Nancy Kefauver, wife of the crime-busting junior senator from Tennessee, learned that her husband intended to run for the Presidency come what may, she shook her red head in mock solemnity and murmured: "It's too bad they just redecorated the White House. Think what a family like ours could do for it."

One thing the gay, informal and numerous clan of Estes Kefauver could bring into the stately colonial-style mansion at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue is a hullabaloo of roller skates, bicycles, dolls, animal pets, and a whirlwind of laughing children. The senator's family circle consists of himself, his wife and four children: Linda, ten; their six-year-old adopted son, David; Diane, four, and Gail, seventeen months. But other members in good standing are Babbie, the Kefauvers' cook; Nanette Criper, a pretty English girl who helps with the children; two cocker spaniels; a Siamese cat, and a deodorized skunk. Subject to any change instituted at the Democratic National Convention in July and confirmed by the electorate in November, this entourage is at home in a seven-room (plus two in the attic) house in a fashionable, but not exclusive, section of Washington, D.C.

In the days before the senator tossed his famous coonskin campaigning hat into the Presidential ring, the entire household used to spring into early-morning action with a yelp from Gail or a bark from the dogs. Now, however, the senior Kefauvers are like as not to be off somewhere rousing the electorate to their cause. When they are home, British-born Mrs. Kefauver is like countless other American wives and mothers—a combination chauffeur, handy woman and Jill-of-all-trades. During a typical morning, she dispatches the older children to public school (Linda is in the fifth grade, David is in kindergarten), drives the senator to his office, and on her way home jams in her shopping. Afternoons she devotes to the children and to household chores. And she manages a day or two a week at the Red Cross or as a nurse's aid.

In the past, the tall, soft-spoken senator tried to be home by seven o'clock for an evening romp with the children. But the campaign-connected pressure of meetings, speeches, fund-raising get-togethers and press conferences now almost eliminates early home-coming. Presidential aspirations have also cost the Kefauver offspring, at least temporarily, the "regular-guy" father of the neighborhood—the superparent who found time to go roller skating with the kids, take them for rides on his motor bike, or read to them in the evening. Losing their father to Presidential politics has raised doubts in the minds of the younger Kefauvers concerning the wisdom of his current activities. But they never doubt his ultimate success. Young David pensively sums up the prevailing family attitude: "I bet the White House playground wouldn't be as nice as our own back yard."

BETTY GASKILL

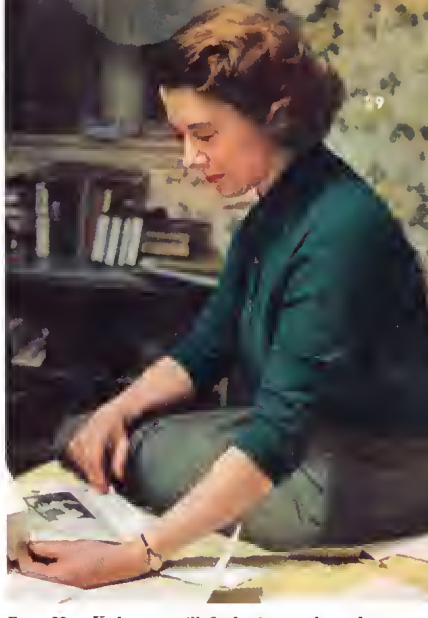
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARVIN KONER



Kefauver's decision to seek Presidency turned his home temporarily into a newsreel studio. Mrs. Kefauver and baby Gail are favorite subjects for the photographers



Senator's talented wife touches up a portrait she did of David. She also paints the walls of her house, makes the draperies, slip covers and many of her clothes



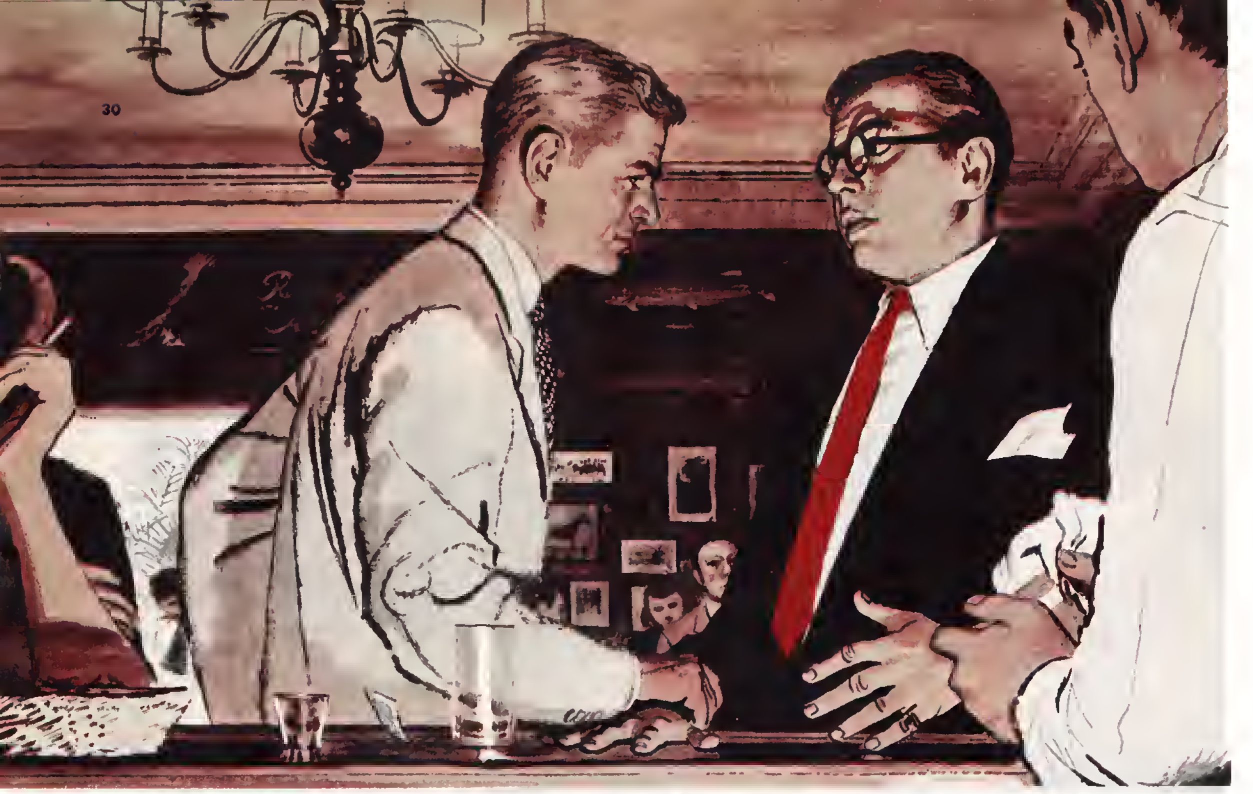
Busy Mrs. Kefauver still finds time to keep her husband's files and follow events in Tennessee



Two little Kefauvers in tub, and another set to hop in, means cleaning one bathroom, not three

Candidate Kefauver studies a report over 3:00 A.M. coffee. He's at his Senate office by 9:30





I was suddenly very tired of Lester Fitch. I took him by the wrist, tightening down with all my strength, and I saw the fright in his eyes

My Brother's Widow

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

Alma Bradey knew something, but she didn't want to talk. I made her talk though; I made her tell me something she shouldn't have told anybody—if she wanted to live

The Story: I'm Gevan Dean. I spent four years loafing in Florida after my brother Ken married Niki, a girl I'd been planning to marry myself.

When Ken was murdered, supposedly by a hoodlum named Shennary, I went back to the Midwest city of Arland, where Ken had been president of Dean Products. There I found everything in a turmoil: the management of the factory, which was engaged in manufacturing an atomic war head, was split into two factions.

A production man named Stanley Mottling, whom Ken had hired since my time, was being backed by Niki and Lester Fitch, the company lawyer, to succeed Ken as president. Another group preferred Walter Granby, the company's treasurer. My own block of stock could throw the election either way. The bids for my support weren't strictly business: Niki, who wanted me to back Stanley Mottling, said she was still in love with me; Joan Perrit, my former secretary, said *she* was, too. Joan wanted me to assume the president's job myself, but I didn't think I could handle it. I liked and trusted Granby. I didn't like or trust Mottling, or his side-kick, the Army Contracting Officer, Colonel Dolson. Dolson's secretary, Alma Bradey, told me he was up to some financial skulduggery with a man named LeFay, involving a corporation called Acme Supply.

Just to see what he'd do, I told Dolson I'd take over Dean Products myself, or else back Granby. That shook him. He excused himself hastily and made a phone call. I eavesdropped—and learned he'd called the shifty Lester Fitch.

IV

FRIDAY morning was rainy, blustery. Soggy papers whipped around River Street in tight spirals and tried to fasten themselves to ankles. I stopped in a corner store and bought a transparent raincoat.

The night's sleep hadn't done me much good. Too much tension makes too many dreams. Niki, Perry, Hildy, Lita, Alma had all twisted through my dreams in perfumed confusion. And at one point Mottling had been carefully explaining to me that a D4D was alive, and if you looked closely enough, you could see it breathe. He forced my head down against it, and under the blue steel skin I could hear the thud of a great heart.

River Street paralleled the river, with warehouses in between. Freighters off-loaded at the river docks into the warehouses for transshipment by rail and truck. Huge trucks were parked on the west side of the street with their tail gates up against the loading platforms, their cabs swiveled at right angles to the trailers. Men wheeled loaded hand trucks into the trailers, and some operated fork-lift trucks. Wildcatters were dickering for loads with warehouse agents, and assorted breeds of hang-overs huddled in doorways, watching the wan morning world. The early bars were open, with their smell of stale beer.

I found No. 56 on the east side of the street. It was a narrow doorway with a flight of stairs leading up. There was a bar on one side, a hardware store on the other. Just inside the door, affixed to the wall, was a strip of small wooden signs joined by hooks and eyes. There was a studio of the dance, a Russian bath, a twine company, a watch repairman, a skin specialist, a Spanish teacher, and Acme Supply. Acme was on the fourth floor of the narrow building.

The wooden steps of the three flights had been dished by fifty years of wear. In places the brown plaster on the walls of the staircase had flaked off to reveal the naked lath. Quite a place for a firm grossing up into the quarter-million class. On the second-floor landing I heard voices chanting, *"Yo tengo un lapiz."*

On the third floor, a tired samba beat came through the door that *(Continued on page 63)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

See how Chevrolet matches interior and exterior colors...
to bring you brilliant new beauty inside and out



New Centerpoise Power "screens out" engine vibration. You hardly know the engine's in the car!

POWERGLIDE with new Automatic Choke—optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

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Center-Point Steering makes driving and parking easier. Reduces steering effort, lessens road shock.

YOUNG MAN OF STEEL



When Rackley took over in '48, workers were bitter, morale low. Now they call boss by first name. Left to right, Louis Desmond, Harley Dille, Rackley and Joseph Elias

• The 35-year-old president of Jessop Steel looks over ingots with James Garrett (l.), Everett Vester and crane operator John Freeman. Mill is located in Washington, Pa.



Frank Rackley turned a debt-ridden steel mill into a money-maker and saved a whole town from a possible economic disaster

By NORTON MOCKRIDGE and ROBERT H. PRALL

ON MAY 1, 1949, the day Frank B. Rackley took over as executive vice-president of the Jessop Steel Company, in Washington, Pennsylvania, he walked out into the muddy mill yard to talk to his 676 workers. Their mood was grim, most of them had worked no more than two or three days a week all winter, many of them were heavily in debt, and there wasn't one of them who knew where his next pay check was coming from. It was not a good audience.

"Huh," grunted one hulking, leathery-faced grinder, loud enough for the new boss to hear. "They shut me off at the store three weeks ago. So now we get a talk!"

"Look at him," muttered a mill hand, gesturing toward Rackley. "He's jest a kid."

"Yeah," said a crane operator. "He was sales manager, wasn't he? What's he know about runnin' a mill?"

But Rackley, neatly dressed in an Oxford-gray suit, looking no older than his thirty-two years, stood before the microphone set up for him in the yard and stared at the men. He didn't say anything for a full minute. The noise died down.

"I know just how you feel," said Rackley, quietly. "We all know what a mess we're in. It looks like the company's washed up. We owe more than four million bucks. We owe you guys $300,000 in back pay. And all we've got in the bank is $7,000."

He paused, then went on:

"There's just one thing I want to tell you. You're looking at a guy who figures this company's not through yet. Sure, I know what you're thinking: I'm just a salesman. I came here as sales manager, and now, because nobody else will take the job, I'm executive vice-president. And what makes me think I can run the company?

"Well, I never ran one before." His voice rose. "But this I do know—this company still has an outside chance, even though we haven't got any fairy godmother to pull us through!"

"Who's gonna do it then?" cried a worker.

"I'll tell you who," roared Rackley. "*You're* going to do it! All of you! You guys are going to save this company!"

The men squinted at one another. Some spat in the mud. There was open suspicion in their faces; they had heard promises and pep talks before. But Rackley appeared sincere, and they were willing to hear him out.

They listened as he said he was going to give them stock in Jessop Steel for their $300,000 back pay. He told them he was going to set up an incentive wage program, and he asked them to work on their own time to clean up the plant. The place, he said, was a dirty, littered mess, a useless scrap heap in the eyes of potential steel buyers.

Rackley was making sense, but the men weren't really impressed until he said:

"I want you guys to know that, as of now, we've thrown the whip away."

He said he knew of the labor-management troubles that had existed previously. That factor alone, he said, explained why Jessop was one of the few in the country that seemed in danger of going under in the postwar conversion period.

"From now on," he said, "management and labor are going to work together. We're all playing on the same team. I'm going to open the company's books to the union. You can see 'em any time you want to. You can see me whenever you want. I tell you, it's going to pay off! But it isn't going to be easy.

"So I think we ought to ask for God's help."

And Frank Rackley, standing there in the mud, led the men in a prayer.

There was an uneasy silence after he finished. The men didn't know what to make of it. Never before had a steel-company boss talked to them that directly. Certainly, never before had one led them in prayer.

But another surprise came when Guy Miller, president of Local 1141 of the CIO's United Steel-workers of America,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT PURDY

New York is only overnight—just 9½ hours—from Los Angeles by Douglas DC-6. You can gain almost a week of productive work by flying both ways. No charge for meals on regular-fare flights; no tipping . . . Many airlines offer reduced fares on excursion, off-season, coach and family-plan flights . . . *Shipping* by air can save money, too!



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impulsively strode to the microphone.

"Look," said Miller, "this guy makes sense. We ought to go along with him. I think Frank Rackley is God-sent! And I thank God he came here at this crucial time!"

The word "crucial" was well chosen. Jessop needed only the scratch of a judge's pen to send it into bankruptcy. Things were so tough that Rackley himself was turned down when he tried to open a charge account at the leading local grocery. In fact, the entire economy of the city of Washington (pop. 26,280), in which Jessop had been a major industry for many years, was in real jeopardy.

A Speech in the Mill Yard

That was the situation when Rackley grabbed the reins. The men who heard him couldn't have known it, but his impassioned speech in the mill yard marked the start of one of the most phenomenal industrial rejuvenations of the postwar era. As Washington's Mayor Elmer Wilson tells it:

"I don't know of another case where one man has faced so many problems that seemed unbeatable as Rackley did when he took over Jessop. Things were so bad in town that some of these real tough steelworkers used to come to City Hall with tears in their eyes and say, 'What are we going to do? What's to become of us?'

"Nobody knew the answer. Then Frank Rackley became boss at Jessop. Now look!"

A casual visitor to Washington today would see no sign of the crisis that threatened the city less than three years ago. Jessop Steel is humming. In 1951 the mill had sales of $15,000,000, and a net profit of $1,700,000. This year, it expects sales of at least $20,000,000, with a corresponding increase in profit. In addition, it has paid off more than half its debt. Its employees—there are 1,000 of them now—are reaching solvency, too. Men who were threatened with foreclosure of their homes are caught up on their payments; others are buying new houses. All have credit at the grocery store.

The transformation that three years have wrought is, in short, no less than amazing. But it wasn't accomplished by passing miracles. Between the low point of May, 1949, and the high mark of today, there were bitter months of unremitting labor, both for Rackley and for his workers, months when disaster was never far away.

The executive vice-president's main chore was to gain time. He had to keep Jessop's creditors from pushing the firm into bankruptcy. He had to beg the sorely tried storekeepers, bankers and loan-company officials to give his people a little more leeway to settle up their accounts. And he needed a $1,000,000 loan to put the plant back in operation.

But, ahead of anything else, Rackley had to put his house in order. He had to instill hope in the people who depended on the mill for their livelihood. And he had to clean up the property, so that potential customers would see Jessop as something other than a big, ungainly scrap pile.

It wasn't easy for Rackley to win over the townsfolk. Essentially, he was a ruggedly good-looking, smooth-talking salesman, and, even though he had been born in the little town of East McKeesport, Pennsylvania, he had spent quite a while in Chicago and other big cities, and had acquired the cosmopolitan veneer that is suspect in small communities. His age was against him too. How, they wondered, could a youngster of thirty-two even dream of taking over the half-century-old Jessop Steel plant?

They soon found out that one of his methods was to work harder, longer and with more zest than the toughest hand in the mill.

He started the reclamation job by firing 54 white-collar workers who, he felt, were cluttering up the managerial force. Then he tackled the physical aspect of the 58-acre, $10,000,000 plant.

"It was the biggest junk heap in the world," says Robert C. Beatty, president of the Beatty Motor Express, Inc., of Washington. "The mills were dilapidated and the place looked worse than Ben Richman's scrap yard. They had stuff there they didn't even know about. The roads were so full of holes even a truck couldn't get through."

Reminding the mill hands that Jessop had no money to fix up the plant, Rackley asked them to come out to the mill, about a mile west of the city of Washington, and work for nothing on Saturdays.

When they arrived the first day they found Rackley, a nondescript figure in high-top boots, corduroy pants and a blue work shirt, already busy with a shovel, filling in holes in a road. Nearby were portly Charles E. Rice, now vice-president in charge of sales, trundling a wheelbarrow, and Arthur B. Cooper, vice-president in charge of operations, driving a tractor. Up in the main office building, tall, ascetic Harold A. Ashbrook, the treasurer, was painting the ceiling, while in the mill proper, William C. Stumpf, secretary and comptroller, was busy polishing equipment. Other executives were whitewashing the walls and repairing holes in the roofs. Even the typists were sweeping floors and running up window curtains.

The mill hands went to work, carting dirt for the roads and sorting scrap in the mills. But many of the veteran steel men still weren't convinced. They figured they were being taken for a sleigh ride, and they said so out loud.

One mill hand was sounding off when Rackley, shovel in hand, joined the group.

"Look, Mr. Rackley," he said, "what is this, anyway? A lot of us think we're getting a fast deal. Who gets the dough in the long run?"

"Listen," said Rackley, furiously. "How else are we going to get this company back on its feet?"

"Ahhh," sneered the worker, "that's what I figured. The *company* makes the dough. You're a crook, that's what!"

Rackley dropped his shovel, and punched the man in the face. The startled worker tottered backward into the mud. The other men roared with laughter—and returned to work.

The Saturday cleanups continued for a year, with the company serving coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts to the men. By the end of that year, the plant had been put back in order.

On the Brink of Bankruptcy

The other battle Rackley faced was one he couldn't win with his fists. The creditors had been howling on the doorstep, quite justifiably, for months. Any one of them could have pushed the company into bankruptcy. Had that happened, Jessop would have been finished.

Fortunately, a creditors' committee, aided by community leaders, had been co-operating with management in working to get a $1,000,000 loan from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and to reorganize Jessop under Pennsylvania law.

Rackley pitched into the struggle to convince the reluctant RFC that it wouldn't be just tossing money down a sinkhole. He worked so feverishly and with such infectious enthusiasm that support came from all sides. One of his stanchest aids was James S. Lyon, executive vice-president and general manager of the local newspaper, the Washington Observer.

"We were in there fighting and praying every minute," says Lyon today. "We sweated to keep the creditors from forcing the company into bankruptcy while we argued for the loan."

U.S. Senator Edward Martin, who lives in the city, ex-Senator Francis Myers, and U.S. Representative Thomas Morgan were impressed by Rackley and the community effort and they added their voices to the plea. Finally, in February, 1950, the loan was approved.

But the struggle was only half over. Jessop couldn't get a penny of the money until Pennsylvania courts approved its plan of reorganization. Rackley had to prove that

Jessop was capable of paying its way. After all, it hadn't made a dime for two years, and in 1948 it had been closed three months.

Jessop is a specialty mill, principally concerned with the manufacture of steels for high speed tools and the like. But during World War II, it had concentrated mostly on armor plate and other defense products, and the old peacetime accounts had felt neglected. Now Rackley had to convince them that Jessop would again provide the good service they had received in prewar days.

Little by little the orders began trickling in, and soon Jessop began to show a small profit. That convinced Presiding Judge Carl E. Gibson of the Washington County Court, and on August 1, 1950, he approved the reorganization plan. On the same day, Rackley was named president of the firm.

When the $1,000,000 finally came through toward the end of the year, the new president had burned so much energy he could barely emit a feeble cheer. He looked and felt exhausted. For months he had bolted his meals or forgotten about them entirely. Night after night he had worked in the plant; some nights he had thrown himself on a couch in the office, too tired to remove his clothes. But never, he recalls, was there one night when he didn't thank God for what had been accomplished that day and pray for strength to continue the next.

A genuinely humble man, Rackley is both an example and an adherent of the Horatio Alger rags-to-riches philosophy. He read Alger avidly as a youngster and says he wishes some such inspirational literature were available to kids today.

If Rackley enjoyed reading Alger, Alger would have been just as pleased with the story of Rackley's life. The future industrialist had few advantages in his childhood. His family couldn't afford them. The senior Rackley worked as a blacksmith, and for years, the family lived in a simply furnished three-room flat in McKeesport.

Young Frank got his first job at the age of nine, sweeping floors in the McKeesport public schools for $4 a month. A little later, he added to his earnings by delivering the McKeesport Journal for $2.50 a week. Most of the money he made went to the family.

Upon his graduation from high school, Frank entered the University of Pittsburgh, and paid his way through one year with a variety of part-time jobs. Then, at nineteen, he was forced to quit school. He went to work as an office boy for the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company at $13 a week.

But he continued his education in his own way. Although his duties were in the office, he ate his lunches with the men in the mill, hung around with them after duty and even spent his vacations visiting other mills. Meanwhile, he fitted in night courses in metallurgy at Carnegie Tech.

In 1939, the company sent him to Milwaukee as a member of the sales department. He got $185 a month and sent $100 of it home. He washed dishes in a local restaurant to pay for his meals.

Promotions Come Rapidly

Then, in the summer of 1940, he was sent to Chicago as a salesman in Carnegie-Illinois's stainless-steel division. He was beginning to hit his stride now, and he quickly rose to the post of sales engineer. Next he was put in charge of the whole Western area of the company's stainless-steel division.

At about that time, Rackley attracted the attention of H. P. Snyder, executive vice-president of the First National Bank of Chicago, which had lent Jessop Steel a large sum of money. Snyder suggested that Rackley take over Jessop's faltering sales organization.

Rackley agreed to take the job for $25,000 a year (actually, his pay with the struggling firm turned out to be $15,000).

After he'd been at Jessop less than a year, Rackley gained the respect of Ben H. Richman and Emil Lucas, two of the company's principal creditors, who had done much to keep the other creditors from pressing for immediate payment of Jessop's debts. They thought that, despite Rackley's youth, he might be the man to run the company as executive vice-president. A short time later, Andrew J. Dallstream, senior partner of the law firm of Pam, Hurd & Reichmann, Chicago, and a member of the Jessop executive committee and board of directors, asked Rackley if he thought he could do it.

"It was a move of desperation," Rackley says today. "I didn't even know how to analyze a balance sheet, and I said so."

Dallstream just nodded. "Would you like to try?" he asked.

Rackley thought it over.

"I'd been there long enough to get to know some of the people," he says. "They were taking a real beating, and I figured it would be a dirty trick to walk out. So I said: 'Okay.' "

Rackley now gets $25,000 a year, and realizes considerably more from his Jessop stock and investments, but neither he nor

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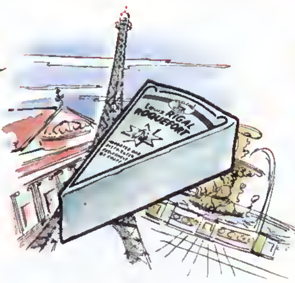


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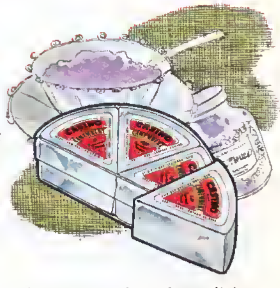
Rhapsody in Blue! Casino Brand Blue is zesty, natural cheese, richly veined with marble-like markings. **Blue Chips**—a tangy blend of blue cheeses in a roll for easy slicing. Wonderful for appetizers, salads, and witb fruit for dessert.



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Famed since 1880. For cream cheese at its finest, get genuine **Philadelphia Brand**—so creamy-rich, and guaranteed fresh by Kraft. Three kinds: regular, Chive and Pimento. Look for the name Philadelphia Brand on the package, and get the *best.*



Temperamental—and tantalizing. French Camembert is always too temperamental to be a good traveler. So Kraft makes velvety-crusted Casino Brand Camembert *here,* that you may delight in its ripe goodness—with guava jelly and rye toast, for example.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE

GOLDEN TUNA SHORTCAKE. Sift together 2 c. flour, 3 tsps. baking powder, ½ tsp. salt. Cut in ¼ c. butter or Parkay Margarine. To 1 beaten egg add ½ cup of milk and blend into flour mixture. Divide dough in two pieces. Roll ⅓" thick; cut into two 9" circles.

Toss together two 6½-oz. cans tuna, flaked, ¼ c. milk, 2 tsps. chopped onion, 1½ tbsps. chopped parsley, ¼ c. cbopped sweet pickle, salt and pepper to taste. Place one shortcake on greased baking sheet; spread with filling. Cover with otber shortcake and bake in hot (425°) oven about 20 min. or until done.

For the sauce, simply melt ½ lb. of Velveeta in the top of a double boiler, gradually blending in ¼ cup of milk. Here's the *crowning glory* for your shortcake (and for *dozens of other* thrifty main dishes). Place the shortcake on a round plate and cut in six wedge-shape portions before pouring on the rich cheese sauce.

For cooking A 2-pound Kraft loaf of smooth-melting pasteurized process cheese can be your *big helper* in getting Lenten meals. For mild flavor, get the famous, wonderfully nutritious cheese food Velveeta. For medium mellow flavor: Kraft American. For sharp, aged goodness: Old English.

For a delicious and thrifty main dish of macaroni-and-cheese that cooks in 7 minutes, get Kraft Dinner. Both macaroni and Kraft Grated are in the one box.

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Famous Club Cheese. Originally MacLaren's Imperial was made only in Canada. Now Kraft makes this "aristocrat of sharp cheddars" in this country. Wonderfully sharp blend . . . spreadable so you just set it out for snacks. Now in the ½-lb. size.

Brilliant Scarlet. Casino Brand Gouda is traditional Dutch-type Gouda made in the U.S.A.—bright red outside, marigold in color and mildly rich within. A dramatic touch that brings a dinner to a delicious climax. Bright thought for an appetizer tray.

Old-time cheddar. Here's that old-fashioned natural American cheese goodness in *convenient* form. No rind; no awkward shape to cope with. Get Kraft Natural Cheddar or Kraft Sharp or Kraft New York State Sharp.

Rare dessert cheese: You might call Chantelle Brand an American cousin of French Brie. This distinguished natural semi-soft cheese has a lingering, lusty flavor. Serve the golden wedges with fruit and after-dinner coffee.



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In reuseble glasses Kraft Cheese Spreads: Pimento, Olive-Pimento, Relish, Cheese and Bacon, Pineapple, Old English*, and Roka*.

Or, to *slice*, get these tantalizing Kraft Handi-Snack Cheese Foods: Smokelle*, Garlic, Bacon, Nippy Brand. They come in the thrifty, space-saving link form you'll like.

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CHEESE-TOMATO PUFF SANDWICHES. Here's just one of the dozens of ways to use the handy new Kraft De Luxe Slices. These are the perfect slices with *extra-good* cheese flavor—made, cut and wrapped a new way by Kraft! Always have them on hand.

Lenten treat: Toast 6 bread slices (crusts trimmed) on one side. Top each untoasted side with a Kraft De Luxe Slice of pasteurized process American cheese and a peeled tomato slice. Beat 2 egg whites stiff hut not dry. Fold in ½ c. Kraft Mayonnaise, ½ tsp. salt, dash of pepper. Heap on tomato slices. Bake in moderate (350°) oven until puffy and lightly browned. Serve promptly.

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"I never read books . . . they make a movie out of it, and then you've simply wasted your time"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Dallstream even discussed money when Rackley took the job. In fact, for the first month, he worked for nothing. So did most of the supervising personnel and the salesmen. There just wasn't any money.

Still, Rackley, who had a little cash saved up, dug into his own pocket when he heard of cases of extreme bardship among the men. Kenneth (Shorty) Irwin, a precision-grinder operator, says that Rackley looked like Santa Claus to bim on the day before Christmas, 1949.

"My mother died that year and I was sick and couldn't work," says the five-foot, two-and-one-half-inch union man. "There wasn't a cent in the house and I didn't know what to do about Christmas for my two daughters. Then my department head came up to see me and he gave me $20 from Frank. Gosb, I cried like a baby."

Employees' Christmas Message

Christmas has been a joyous season for everybody at Jessop since Rackley took over—as is evidenced by the sign which the men hung over the main-office entrance hall last December: "Season's Greetings and a Prosperous New Year to the Management from the Employees."

Every year, each worker at Jessop gets a Christmas turkey from the company. The first year that Rackley bougbt the gobblers (they cost $12,000) he told the men about it beforehand, so they could plan tbeir dinners. Somehow, the impression got around that the turkeys were to be alive, and the day before Christmas many of the men reported for work carrying bits of string and rope, light chains, burlap bags and cartons. They were pleased and relieved when they were handed frozen birds, beautifully gift-wrapped and tied with a big red ribbon.

Last Christmas, seven widows of former employees were presented with $100 checks from Jessop—even though they had already received insurance and other benefits through the company.

Rackley's holiday gifts to his people illustrate his basic year-round approach to labor-management relationships.

Each day, Rackley, now thirty-five and reputed to be the youngest steel-company president in America, makes a tour through the mill. He talks to the workers, slaps them on the back and asks about their wives and children. He calls the men by their first names, and all but the newest employees fondly greet him, in return, with a breezy, "Hiya, Frank."

Married and the father of four children, Rackley acts as though he were the doting uncle of his employees' kids. He's genuinely concerned about their progress in school and when they're sick he makes sure they're getting medical attention. Often when be and his pretty blonde wife, Marguerite, are traveling, they send presents to some of the youngsters. Never does Rackley forget an employee's birthday. Each man gets a personally signed card. When there's a death in a worker's family, Rackley sends flowers and extends his sympathy.

In fact, Rackley's heart is so closely tied to the men who work with him that be is genuinely hurt if an employee doesn't rush to him right away with the latest family news. He was truly angry when his New York sales chief, Jonathan D. Freeze, got married recently without first letting Rackley know.

"Okay, so you got married in Canada and I was in Washington," he stormed at Freeze. "What difference does that make? I could have flown up, couldn't I? Don't I rate being an usher, or something?"

Occasionally, Rackley's interest in his employees backfires. One night be found one of his men charting a precarious course homeward from a local bar. Rackley took the man in tow. As he was guiding the weaving citizen up the front steps of his house, the door opened and the man's wife hurled a pot at Rackley's bead.

"That'll teach you to keep Tom out all night!" she yelled.

This, of course, was a case of mistaken identity. Actually, the workers and their

wives are devoted to Rackley. When he bought his middle-aged, 11-room house in Washington and began to redecorate, the men chipped in $2,000 to modernize the kitchen. Rackley looks upon that kitchen as something belonging in part to the men; many nights he can be found in it with a dozen or so of his workers, sipping beer, munching sandwiches and discussing plans for the future.

"Working here today," says Shorty Irwin, the man who got the $20 Christmas gift in 1949, "is as different as night is from day. Before Frank came, we were just part of the machinery. Now we're treated like human beings."

Guy Miller, president of the union local, says: "Frank always takes care of the men. He always keeps asking me if anybody needs anything."

Labor Is Now Co-operative

Miller, whose office is inside the plant in a company-provided huilding, proudly relates that, since Rackley took over, there hasn't been one major labor grievance.

"We used to have judges and priests here as arhitrators all the time," he recalls. "The management and us were always figuring out ways to chisel each other.

"But today we try to do what we can to help the company save money. When Rackley came in, the union gave up a lot of gimmicks we had got into the contract for our own protection.

"Frank calls me into his office and tells me what they're thinking of doing. He even asked me about it before they hought the Packard limousine to meet customers coming into town. Told me just what they were going to get for turning in the old car. Whenever they're going to spend money, he tells me, and gives the reason why.

"I challenge any other local in the country to show better working conditions or a hetter contract. At Jessop, we're working together."

"Who wouldn't work for a guy like Frank?" says Edgar McIntire, assistant superintendent of the har mill. "He comes through the plant and has a good word for everybody. You know, I've never heen hawled out hy Frank, hut I guess I get about nine pats on the hack a week."

Joe Manfredi, one of the plant foremen, grins and says: "Before Frank, you couldn't ever talk to the president. You never even saw him. But Frank, now, he's here every day, thanking us for something good we did yesterday."

William Harvey Knestrick, in charge of personnel and industrial relations, hriefly describes his joh as "trying to make hetter relations between the company and the employees. We're trying to make the men happy and see they get everything they're entitled to."

Rackley goes even further. He's restless because only 700 of his 1,000 employees hold Jessop stock. He's drafting a plan so that even the lowest-paid man can huy stock through payroll deductions. In addition, he's expanding his incentive program so that each man, no matter what his joh, gets paid in proportion to the effort he puts into it. One result: Jessop executives estimate that, since Rackley took over, the men have more than douhled their daily production.

"Management and labor working together should he the typical American way of life," Rackley says earnestly. "There's no crime in employees making money. They ought to share in the profits. If they're held down, their thinking is held down, too, and they just don't produce. I believe that industry can hlock the advance of Socialism and Communism among its workers hy giving them a more realistic share in the free enterprise system."

Some of his critics have accused Rackley of saying such things merely in an effort to gain personal publicity. Actually, he has studiously avoided previous attempts to publicize Rackley the man. This story is the first magazine article he has ever authorized—and he did so in this case reluctantly.

"The credit for Jessop's success," he protested, "helongs to the hoys in the mill and to the townspeople here who made the whole thing possihle.

"I just let the guys in the mill tell me what needs doing. If it's reasonahle, we do it. And every six weeks, I go out in the yard and tell the men how their company is getting along. That's the only way to work."

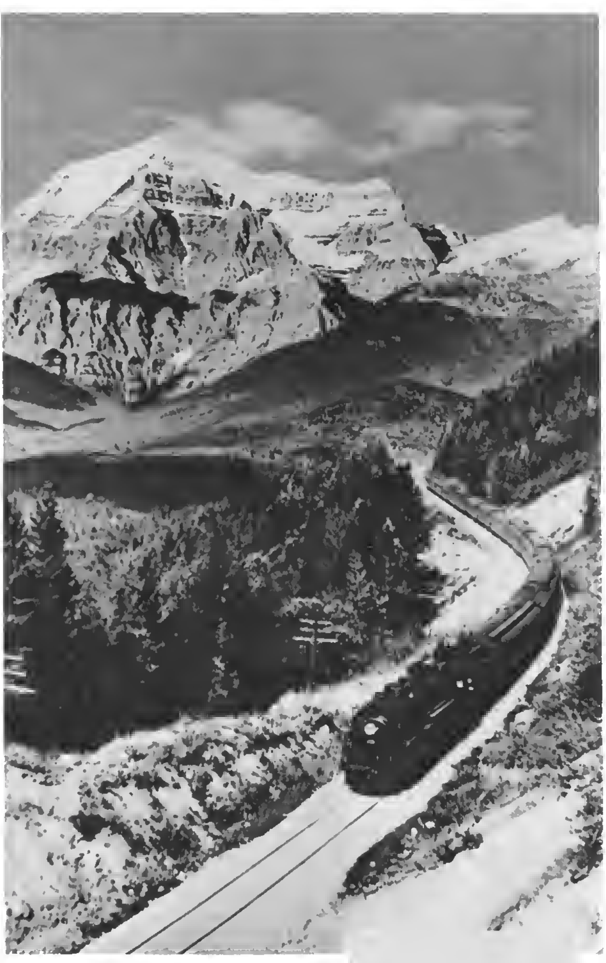
But even though Rackley helieves in giving everyhody a fair shake, he's no softy when he deals with other businessmen.

"Sure," he says, "I drive a hard hargain. I got my hoys to think about first. After all, a steel mill's no plaything!" THE END



COLLIER'S "I was passing the meat counter and like a fool I looked!" GEORGE WOLFE

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He draws a line
...to keep



Charting the nooks and crannies of a wrinkle tells Du Pont research men how well a fabric resists wrinkles and how easily it sheds them. Immediately after being crushed, the fabric is placed in this wrinkle tester and a sensitive probe measures every crease. Then the fabric is hung overnight, and a second test records its recovery.

Du Pont fibers are planned

on wrinkles them out of your clothes!

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Clothes that get rumpled don't have to end up with wrinkles! For out of fiber research are coming fabrics that are harder to wrinkle... fabrics that easily shed many of the wrinkles that ordinarily get into them.

Du Pont scientists developed this wrinkle tester to measure accurately every ridge and valley in a wrinkled fabric. By comparing "wrinkle charts" of various types of fabrics, they can see how fibers perform to keep you looking your best.

Such tests help Du Pont *build* properties into fibers that help fabrics resist wrinkling . . . keep their shape better. These tests are part of the planning that gives man-made fibers so many desirable qualities —in combinations nature doesn't supply.

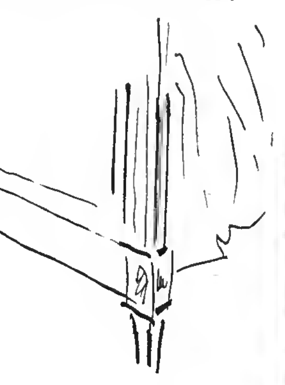
Du Pont makes five such fibers: *Nylon, Rayon, Acetate, Orlon* acrylic fiber, Dacron* polyester fiber.* Each is man-made, man-planned to do certain fabric jobs best. Each gives you "better things for better living . . . through chemistry."

Textile Fibers Department, E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Wilmington, Delaware. Du Pont makes only the fibers—not the fabrics or finished products shown.

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for better living



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New "Dacron" fiber from Du Pont has outstanding wrinkle resistance, wet or dry. A blouse made of "Dacron" washes easily, dries quickly, keeps its fresh look, needs little or no ironing. **"DACRON"**



The luxury fiber, Du Pont acetate, makes beautiful dresses that are easy on the budget. Today's fashion news spotlights how leading designers use acetate rayon for drapability and texture interest. **ACETATE**



You've heard about Du Pont "Orlon" as the fiber that stands sun and weather. Its other fine properties make socks, for instance, that are delightfully soft and warm, yet won't stretch or shrink. **"ORLON"**



HENRY LUHRS

We had heard many tales of the haunted graveyard, and that caused Melinda to lean close to me

The Runaway

By MARK HAGER

IT ALWAYS puzzled me why girls want spring dresses so bad. Take Melinda Kerns. We couldn't get past Mr. Honaker's store, coming from school in the spring, after she was up fifteen or so, without her stopping in the store, and she'd plunder among the rack of dresses and bold them to her cbeek and act like she wanted to cry.

But I never tbought any girl would go to the trouble for a spring dress that Melinda Kerns did tbat spring night.

It was away along in tbe nigbt when Melinda whistled for me. Anybody else would have taken the call for just another whippoorwill, but I knew the difference, and I eased out of bed and slipped on my clothes and went out.

Melinda Kerns was standing at our yard fence, and she had a shoe box under her arm and held up a silver half dollar in the moonlight.

"Oh, Rob!" Melinda whispered across the yard fence. "You must go with me, down tbe bollow past the graveyard. I'm running away from home. I'm going to town and get me a job and work me out a spring dress, and I bave tbe bus fare and—"

"How'd you get hold of tbat fifty cents?" I asked.

"A peddler gave it to me," she said. "After I got home from school, a peddler rode by and got me to show him the bridle path across the mountain, and he pitched me fifty cents."

"How'd you slip away from your folks?" I asked.

"Luck broke for me. Pure luck," Melinda said. "While I was twisting and turning in the bed, trying to figure out how to run away from bome, somebody called for my pa to help with a horse or something that had fell and got hung, and of course my ma had to get up too, and after a while she went out. You know how mas are. They got to belp when a horse or somethin' falls."

"Yeah, I know. You got your breakfast in tbat sboe box?"

"No. Some clothes," Melinda said. "A cbange will do me till I get me a job and—"

"Ain't you got a travelin' bag?" I said.

"Sure, but I couldn't find it. Ma's done stuck it away someplace."

"Reckon not on purpose?" I said.

"Why on purpose?" Melinda said.

"Suspicion like mas have?" I said.

"My ma and pa couldn't have the sligbtest idea I'm running away from home," Melinda said.

"Just wondering," I said. "My ma can practically see through me when I don't want her to."

Then I climbed over the fence and walked down the hollow with Melinda Kerns, and it was about the nicest nighttime joh I'd ever had, for the earth was warming with sweet smells, and the living things were calling from billside to hillside, and the frogs raising their voices down by tbe creek. And it was also nice passing tbe graveyard, for we children bad been told as many old tales of the baunted graveyard as tbere were folks who slept there, and that caused Melinda to lean very close to me.

"Melinda, boney," I whispered once, "you reckon your pa won't be comin' after you with a switcb?"

"My ma will take care of tbat, Rob," she said. "My ma is much slicker than my pa, and when my pa storms the castle, my ma can always smooth bim off."

We walked slow, talking along like that down the hollow, and Melinda was whispering about bow she would come bome in a few weeks with a flaming spring dress and how we'd walk down the hollow to church together on a Sunday, when suddenly we both froze in our tracks, not knowing whetber there'd be another Sunday for us, for who was sitting at the edge of the road on a warm spring rock but Melinda's ma, and by the side of Melinda's ma was a suitcase, which puzzled me, but I did not mention it, and neither did Melinda; in fact, nobody said anything for a minute except that the crickets and frogs kept on as if notbing was happening.

Tben Melinda's ma got up and picked up the traveling hag.

"Come on," Melinda's ma said. "I'm going with you. I want me a spring dress. We'll get us a job and work us out some spring clothes."

Melinda had me by the arm, and she was gripping so hard it hurt, and when she did speak, sbe said, "Oh, Ma. No! Not you!"

"I can crave new clothes as bad as you," Melinda's ma said.

"But Pa!" Melinda said. "What will become of Pa? He can't cook. He won't know wbere we've gone. It will hurt him so in the heart."

MELINDA'S ma started walking slow down the road, tbe old traveling bag in ber band, and Melinda turned me loose and took after her.

"Your shoes," Melinda said, pulling at ber ma's sleeve, "tbey're all run over at the heel, and that old dress is wore out. What'll you look like after daylight in town?"

It puzzled me. I wondered if Melinda's ma could be losing ber mind, but after Melinda had begged a while for us all to turn and go back home, we did. I was glad Melinda's ma hadn't lost her mind, and I wanted to help, and I reached and took the old suitcase, and I could tell it was empty.

When we got back in sight of the house, Melinda spoke, and her voice was shivery like sbe was thrilled in tbe heart.

"Oh, Pa's back home!" Melinda said. "He's left the porch light on for us."

We all three walked a little faster, and as we opened the old yard gate, Melinda's ma whispered:

"Your pa doesn't know what this is all about. Best for us to hide this suitcase and all three of us to walk in together. So far as your pa knows, we've just been visiting up to Rob's house."

Then Melinda's ma hid the suitcase behind the rosebush, and we slipped in, and there was a curious sound as Melinda pushed open the door; and when she switched on the light, there it lay on the kitchen table—a bolt of flaming spring calico.

Melinda's pa appeared in tbe kitcben door, and be was smiling.

"That was an old Syrian peddler," he said. "His borse slipped on the mountain. We bad to chop a log off the horse's legs, but be was all right. I didn't make any cbarge, but the old peddler pitched me tbat bolt of calico and the thought struck me that Melinda and ber ma would be needing spring dresses." . . .

That night, I left Melinda and ber ma holding the flaming calico to their cheeks and acting like they wanted to cry, and on Sunday I whistled at the yard fence, and a girl came out smiling, a girl in a flaming calico dress, and together we walked down the road. We walked past our ancestors wbo slept among the cedars of tbe old graveyard.

At one place, Melinda sat down on a little mossy rock at the edge of the road, and we stopped and talked and laughed as we thought of the runaway night, and I watched the sunbeams sparkle and steal kisses from the gold in Melinda's tumbly hair. ▲▲▲

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Barbarians in Our Midst

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

against the vice and corruption that have characterized this area for so many years, and there are numerous localities in the city where comparable conditions prevail.

Notwithstanding the existence of such localities, it is nevertheless true that Chicago abounds in districts in which many citizens are vitally concerned with prevailing conditions. With proper leadership, this interest is capable of being transformed into political action which can deal devastating blows to the system which relies so heavily on the underworld for political support. As late as the 1950 fall election for sheriff, there was ample proof that when the issues are clear-cut, the people of Chicago are capable of expressing their wrath at the polls in such force that even one of the nation's most powerful machines can be overwhelmingly defeated.

The underworld has become a powerful factor in municipal politics everywhere because of the strong motive of self-interest which impels it to contribute money and man power to political organizations. From purely a selfish standpoint, it is intent upon keeping in power an administration, on either a ward- or a city-wide basis, which will enable it to reap rich harvests from gambling, prostitution, narcotics or similar lucrative activities.

The decent people, on the other hand, usually do not feel a self-interest motive strong enough to impel them to devote appreciable time, effort and money in behalf of good government. The average citizen, like the politician, must have inducements other than that of rendering public service if he is to be spurred into action for the good of his community or city. Good government is an abstract principle to which most citizens subscribe, but too few of them have a strong feeling that political-criminal alliances adversely affect their own personal welfare.

Citizens are properly urged by writers and speakers to become morally indignant over alliances between politicians and the underworld. Spasmodically, a wave of moral indignation results in the overthrow of a venal political regime. But experience clearly indicates that moral indignation usually must be accompanied by a strong feeling of self-interest if citizen action is to be sustained and effective.

The business interests of America, perhaps more than any other single group, should feel this strong self-interest. They have a great economic stake in furnishing leadership that will destroy the power of the underworld. Scores of legitimate businesses and industries have fallen under the domination of infamous gang leaders.

Belatedly, businessmen are learning that criminals who have been permitted to operate lucrative rackets have invested their profits in oil wells, finance companies, transportation systems, the iron and steel industry, communications companies, hotels, office buildings, textile and garment factories, food concerns, automobile distributorships and virtually every other type of business enterprise.

More belatedly, leaders in business and industry are learning further that they cannot possibly hope to compete with the gangster element on an equal basis. Almost without exception, when members of criminal gangs become engaged in the fields of legitimate business they resort to jungle methods of competition—the application of brute strength, terrorism and violence.

Through cheating on state and federal taxes, they are frequently in a position to undersell legitimate competitors and still enjoy huge profits. If underselling fails to win customers, there always remain the persuasive methods of threatened gun play, bombing or the destruction of merchandise purchased from rival concerns. The underworld always engages in monopolistic practices. Territories are divided and any infringement means certain violence. Whether the business of the gangster is legitimate or illegitimate, he follows only one code—the code of the underworld.

Businessmen have not completely lacked interest in the crime problem, however. Over 30 years ago, the Chicago Association of Commerce, alarmed over unrestrained lawlessness then prevailing in the city, decided that businessmen should assume the leadership in attempting to reduce crime and official corruption. A committee of business leaders was appointed to study the situation and make recommendations.

As a result, there was formed a civic organization called the Chicago Crime Commission, with a membership of outstanding citizens chosen largely from the business and professional field. Its purpose was—and is—to exercise constant vigilance over the police agencies, prosecutors and courts, with a view to improving their standards and holding them responsible for the full performance of their sworn duties. Employing a full-time staff in order to obtain accurate facts regarding crime conditions and the conduct of law-enforcement officials, the crime commission makes known its findings to the public.

"My husband? An *opinion?*"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

Following Chicago's Example

A number of citizens' organizations, patterned after the Chicago Crime Commission, have been formed in other cities, several of them, like the Chicago commission, organized by local chambers of commerce. The Kefauver Senate Crime Investigating Committee, favorably impressed with the work of these commissions, recommended the formation of similar citizens' crime commissions in each large community in the nation.

The Senate committee blamed the prevalent public apathy in many cities on a lack of knowledge and, in particular, on the absence of "leadership to do something about malodorous crime conditions." The function of a local crime commission, observed the Senate committee, is to furnish the necessary leadership and to expose pitilessly the alliances that exist between the racketeers, corrupt law-enforcement officials and political organizations.

Under our form of government, exposure is the first vital step in holding public officials responsible. Exposure alone, however, will not automatically result in improved conditions. These will come about only when the decent people are organized to transform public indignation into political action.

It must be conceded, however, that even with a well-organized and alert citizenry it is not easy to hold all officials responsible. A number of suggested reforms for better municipal government have consequently attempted to reduce the number of elective offices, thus fixing responsibility on fewer officials.

In the field of law enforcement, the most frequent suggestion is to remove it completely from political influence. The same idea has been expressed with reference to the office of prosecutor and the judiciary. Unfortunately, such suggestions are much more easily made than put into effect. The responsibility for the administration of the police, the prosecutor's office and the courts must be fixed somewhere, and ultimately the responsible person is almost invariably a political officeholder.

In a research report made for the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime, a recommendation was made that "local prosecutors should be appointed by the governor instead of elected as heretofore . . . Appointment by the governor," said the report, "will concentrate responsibility for designating able prosecutors. The public will know to whom to look, if there are serious deficiencies in the administration of the prosecutor's office . . ." It was also suggested that local prosecutors should be directly answerable to a state department of justice with general supervision of law enforcement throughout the state.

Placing much of the responsibility for the growth of organized crime "at the door of the ineffective functioning of the prosecutor's office," the report recognized the fact that in the larger metropolitan offices, "the assistants of the prosecutor . . . are in reality named by the local ward bosses and district leaders who comprise the political machine." The same statement would apply equally to judges and court attachés including bailiffs and clerks.

When the United States government was originally formed, it was the generally accepted principle that judges should be appointed for good behavior and thus remain completely removed from the arena of partisan politics. This was the plan adopted by the federal government and it has been adhered to since that time. Before long, however, the various states introduced the system of electing judges for fixed terms, thus compelling them to campaign for re-election at frequent intervals.

No one dreamed that eventually judges in Chicago, New York City and other municipalities would be deeply obligated to corrupt ward organizations with underworld backing; that judges would curry the favor of the Al Capones and their satellites or pledge their "undying loyalty" to such gangsters as Frank Costello for their place on the bench.

In Chicago, it is in the Municipal Court that political influence is frequently seen at its worst. This is true notwithstanding the presence of many able men who have long served in this branch of the judiciary. During election time, some of the municipal court judges brazenly decorate their courtrooms with campaign posters urging their own re-election while their bailiffs hand out cards to the friends and relatives of defendants asking for their vote at the polls. Some of the judges have frankly admitted that a place on the Municipal Court bench is frequently a consolation prize for garnering votes for the machine.

The late Fiorello H. La Guardia, who distinguished himself as the mayor of New York for 12 years, spoke of the "damaging and demoralizing influence of the political machine" on the judicial system in his state. He predicted that "once the courts are taken out of politics, the machine will be greatly weakened."

The average voter is not in a position to obtain information on which he may base an accurate appraisal of candidates for judicial office. Judicial slates are made up largely by the ward bosses, and elections are usually determined solely on partisan issues having nothing to do with a man's fitness to sit on the bench.

To Free Judges from Politics

Various plans have been advanced to remove the judiciary from the realm of partisan politics. A number of the proposals place the selection of judicial candidates in the hands of a nominating commission consisting of both lawyers and laymen and presided over by the chief justice of the state Supreme Court. Most of the plans vest the actual appointive power in the governor, though some suggest that this duty should be exercised by the chief justice of the state Supreme Court.

A few of the proposals give the appointing power to the nominating commission itself. The Chicago Bar Association has recommended the appointment of municipal court judges by the mayor.

All of the reforms accept the principle that "once a good judge has been put on the bench, he ought to be able to keep his seat indefinitely until death, retirement or resignation." At the same time, it should be possible to remove "worthless, incompetent and dishonest" judges. Keeping these objectives in mind and retaining the elective principle, it has been suggested that, upon the expiration of a judge's fixed term of office, his name should be submitted to the voters only on the question as to whether he should or should not be retained on the bench. If the voters rejected a man, an election would be held to name a successor.

The possibilities of adopting a new method of selecting judges in Illinois in the near future are not particularly promising; however, some states, notably Missouri, already have in effect a plan which does appear to have raised judicial standards. Briefly, under the Missouri plan, which governs the naming of certain judges, the governor makes a judicial appointment from a list of three names presented to him by a selection commission composed of both lawyers and laymen. After a judge is appointed he serves a minimum of 12 months and at the next general election the people vote solely on whether he shall or shall not be retained in office.

But no plan, states Associate Justice Laurance M. Hyde of the Missouri Supreme Court, is foolproof nor will it "operate automatically to select good judges. Like all institutions for democracy, it will require eternal vigilance to prevent its perversion and to make it work properly."

It is not only in the matter of improving the judiciary that local bar associations have a genuine public duty to perform. Within the ranks of the bar are attorneys who unethically counsel and advise gangsters on methods of evading the law. Some of them are so closely identified with the day-by-day operations of criminal gangs that they are actually part of them. This fact became clearly evident from the revelations of the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee

and prompted the American Bar Association Commission on Organized Crime to report that "many specific instances have come to the attention of the Senate committee where members of the bar have co-operated with notorious gangsters quite outside of the obligations they owe their clients."

After commenting on the aid given members of the Capone gang by a Chicago lawyer, the report stated: "It is well known that certain members of the bar frequently facilitate the activities of criminal gangs." The report urged local and state bar associations to conduct forthright campaigns "to eliminate lawyers who go outside their proper duties to co-operate with criminals or assist them in their unlawful schemes . . ."

Of the various official bodies which need strengthening, the police department ranks first in importance. When controlled by a corrupt political organization, the police department is an ideal agency for rewarding political friends and punishing enemies. Machine rule in American municipalities has been possible only through control of the police.

Throughout Chicago's history, its police department has been steeped in politics. Realistically, the department probably can never be completely removed from political influence. Perhaps the only practical objective is to place it under a *good* political influence—an influence exerted by the citizens.

Among the improvements urgently needed is a sound recruiting program that will assure the appointment of only high-caliber officers who will not be subjected to pressure from the political associates of the underworld interests. A program of this nature necessarily includes a thorough, independent character investigation of all applicants for police positions. New recruits must be adequately trained and in-service training programs should be devised to improve the capabilities of men already on the force. But the most glaring weakness in the Chicago Police Department is the absence of proper discipline—a weakness that is not attributable solely to faulty police administration.

The ever-present political influence on the department itself, on the Civil Service Commission and on the courts makes sound personnel management virtually impossible. In recent years, during Mayor Martin H. Kennelly's regime, there has been a great improvement in police administration. The Civil Service Commission has been headed by a man of outstanding legal ability and unquestioned integrity. But even under the best of conditions, it is highly questionable whether sound personnel management in the police department can ever be achieved under the present concept of civil service.

Flaws in Civil Service Setup

Although vastly superior to the old spoils system which once governed police agencies, it has not assured the appointment of well-qualified personnel or the promotion of those who are deserving. During most of the period that the Civil Service Commission has governed Chicago's police personnel, it has been politically controlled, enabling politicians to place unqualified men, some of them the associates of racketeers, on the force. And once an applicant is appointed to the police department, civil service regulations, particularly as interpreted by the courts, make it almost impossible to effect his removal.

Under present conditions the maintenance of proper discipline is hopeless. Yet, "a sound discipline," observes Bruce Smith, a leading authority on police methods in this country, "will probably contribute more to the solution of our municipal police problem than any other single recourse now available."

Another pressing need of the police departments in most cities is an efficient intelligence unit. Criminals organize and become powerful through a constant effort to engage uninterruptedly in lucrative activities. On the whole, police efforts to combat the gangster element have been unplanned, spasmodic and totally ineffective. There has been little, if any, co-ordination of information. The activities, backgrounds and associations of well-known underworld leaders are usually recorded only in the minds of individual police officers.

Efforts to develop such data are seldom made except in connection with the investigation of a specific offense, and police files frequently contain only stereotyped records of arrests relating to members of the underworld. Obviously, organized crime presents a problem totally unlike the individual offense of burglary, robbery or rape. It can be effectively suppressed only through intelligence work of a high order.

Vigilance Mustn't Be Relaxed

The function of an intelligence unit in the police department is to keep a constant check on the activities of underworld characters through confidential investigations, surveillances and the maintenance of a proper liaison with official, and other, sources of information, locally as well as in other cities. The intelligence unit should be adequately manned with able investigators of unquestioned integrity. These men should develop accurate data regarding all principal racketeers and their associates living in the metropolitan area. They should uncover alliances between the underworld and those occupying positions of trust in political life, in business or the professions.

In particular, improper relations between the underworld and venal police officers would come to light and enable the head of the department to cause their removal or, if this is impossible, to assign them to tasks that will not jeopardize the efforts of honest police personnel.

All data obtained should be co-ordinated and maintained in a manner that will make it readily available to the head of the police department. Through such effective intelligence work, the department should be able to anticipate the plans and future activities of the racketeering element.

In considering various proposals for improvement of the judiciary, the prosecutor's office and the police, it is important to observe that none of them is a substitute for a vigilant public that is willing to accept the responsibilities of good citizenship. Honest, able officials without any direct or indirect obligation to the racketeering element can overcome a bad system. But no system, regardless of its theoretical perfection, will provide good government when it is operated by men who owe their positions to the direct or indirect political influence of the underworld.

It is trite to say that people receive the type of government they demand and for which they are willing to labor. Nevertheless, it is true. To say that the criminal-political system which has disgraced our biggest cities during the greater part of the past century is identical with those prevailing in most other large municipalities is likewise true. But it is also begging the question.

In a speech last August, former President Herbert Hoover warned that the greatest danger to this government is "not from invasion by foreign armies. Rather, our dangers are that we may commit suicide by complaisance with evil. Or by public toleration of scandalous behavior. Or by cynical acceptance of dishonor. These evils have defeated nations many times in human history."

In a similar vein, Arnold J. Toynbee, one of the great historians of the modern era, observed, "There is no doubt that it is a moral challenge rather than a physical challenge that confronts our own society today."

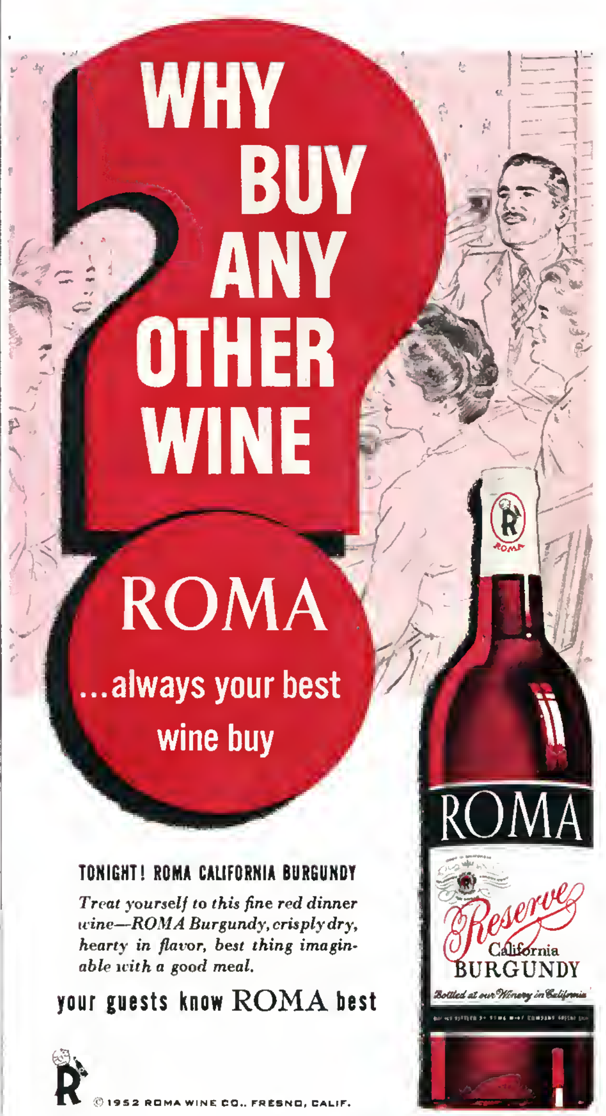
Will the challenge be accepted? Few will deny that the tremendous political power now vested in the underworld is one of the perplexing problems facing most large municipalities in America. It cannot be solved through new laws or new systems. The remedy lies primarily with the people themselves.

THE END

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Tate needed a doctor, needed one fast, and a helicopter to fly him out. "Hold on, hoy," Kelso said. "Just a little longer. I'll be right hack"

Midnight Patrol

Kelso knew now that he was just another cop on the border beat doing his job—a job he liked and always would, because it was bigger than any man's private grief or hate

By HAL G. EVARTS

FRED KELSO lay stiff and tense in the darkened hedroom, straining to catch the hum of voices through the closed door. Ten o'clock, his wrist watch said, three hours since he'd come off duty. The aspirin hadn't helped. His head still tbrohhed with a dull ache in the close night heat, and his mind seethed with memories that be bad tried to bury deep these last few months.

He fidgeted under the single sheet, which was soaked witb nervous sweat, then swung his feet to the floor and padded across the room and flung open the door. From beyond the hall, Martha, his wife, looked around with a start, her plump face worried. "Why, Fred," she said, "you're supposed to he asleep."

Kelso stared at the tall young man in a Border Patrol uniform standing hy the front door. "What is it, Mart?"

"Nothing important." Martha crossed to him hastily, gave bis cheek an affectionate peck. "You go hack to hed, dear. You need the rest."

Kelso, a short, wiry, gray-haired man with a face and neck weathered mahogany hrown above the collar line, frowned over her shoulder at the patrolman. He must look old to this kid, he thought. He felt old tonight, old and futile and bone-tired. "You're new to the sector, aren't you, son?"

"Yes, sir. Transferred in today. I'm Bill Tate." The young man grinned self-consciously. "Patrol Inspector Tate."

Kelso shook hands. Tate might be twenty-five, but bis snub nose and round blue eyes made him look absurdly young, and the neat service greens seemed incongruous on bim. Then, because he couldn't help it, Kelso made the inevitahle comparison. Not so long ago, another young man had stood in that doorway, tall and proud, wearing a shiny Immigration Bureau shield, grinning good-hy as he went off to a night patrol. A kid named Kelso.

"They catch Dargan yet?"

"No, sir." Bill Tate shifted his feet and gave Martha an apologetic look.

"Well, then?" Kelso said with more asperity than he intended.

Tate flushed. "The chief sent me. He thought you'd want to know. An hour ago they found Dargan's getaway car out of gas near El Hondo."

Kelso drew a long, ragged hreath and said, "You wait." He went back to the bedroom, got his wrinkled, dusty uniform from the chair where he'd tossed it, and dressed quickly. He huckled on his Sam Browne, slipped the .38 into his holster and started down the hall, then turned hack and opened another door, peering into a second, smaller hedroom.

They hadn't touched it since the funeral, except for Martha's weekly dusting, and by the street light filtering through the curtains be could see Kenny's high-school graduation picture on the pine desk. His glance traveled slowly along the walls, touching tbe pair of hoxing gloves, the foothall pennant, the mounted mule-deer antlers. Kelso sighed.

Behind him, Martha said huskily, "Fred. Oh, Fred!"

"Now, honey," he said, and slipped an arm around her waist. "I have to go. You know that."

"You'll kill yourself," she said. "You've heen out the last three nights. No sleep, no decent meals—"

"We'll get him this time, Martha."

"Fred." Her fingers dug into his arm. "Don't go tonight, please. They can get along without you this once."

Kelso shook his head. He could not explain to her, nor to himself, the compulsion that he felt. It was stronger than any sense of duty and more complex than hate, hut no less violent or hitter. It

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had become a challenge, an obsession his mind could not reject, and in his inarticulate way, he tried to give Martha an honest answer. "It's my job," he said.

"It's not your job!" Her voice broke. "You've been acting like a crazy man ever since Dargan escaped. I don't know what's come over you."

He stepped back, his jaw set. "You expect me to sit home by the phone?"

"Please, Fred. It won't bring Kenny back. And I'm afraid."

"Quit that," he said sternly.

SHE bit her lip and turned away, her face gone white. Kelso felt an instant regret, but no woman—not even Martha who knew him so well—could understand how a man felt about certain things. He said, "I'm sorry, hon. Guess I have been ornery lately." He tipped up her chin. "How about one for the road?"

She smiled at him and brushed his lips. "Not ornery," she said. "Just stubborn. Take care of yourself, Inspector."

He patted her shoulder. Then he left the house and stepped out into the sweltering desert night. Tate, waiting behind the wheel of a patrol jeep, gave him an anxious smile. "I hope I didn't upset your wife."

Kelso grunted. A nice kid, he thought. They were all nice kids when they first came from training school, polite and eager and inexperienced. With a wrench he realized that this one must be the replacement for Kenny. This youngster, sitting so erect beside him, might have been his own son. And he felt his resentment rising again, deep and raw and angry.

Tate threaded the jeep through the cars lined up behind the international gate and cruised up the neon-gaudy main street of town, cutting into the highway to El Hondo, thirty miles north. As soon as he hit the flat, open desert beyond the last fringe of tamarisks and melon fields, he picked up speed. His eyes fixed on the speedometer, Kelso said, "You ever work a patrol before?"

"No, sir. Not a real one."

Kelso let the silence run on, but presently Tate said, "This Dargan—didn't I read somewhere that he shot an inspector a few months back?"

Kelso looked up with bleak eyes. "He shot my son."

Kelso saw Tate's knuckles whiten on the wheel, and Tate said in a low voice, "I—I didn't know. Nobody told me."

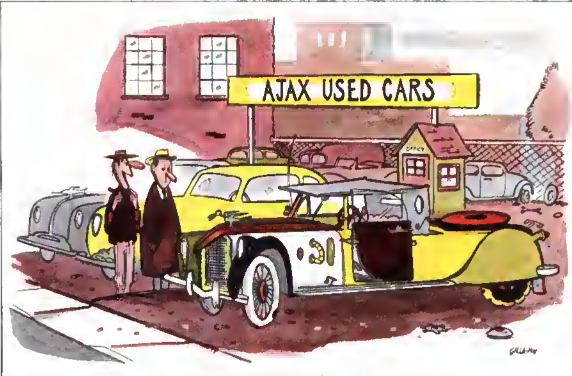
Kelso opened his mouth and closed it. Why drag up the past? People thought you were asking for sympathy. Try to forget, look ahead, as Martha urged him in her practical, levelheaded way. But for Kelso the past was here and now, tonight, squeezing him like a vise.

It had been a hot dry night like this, with Kenny manning a routine highway check-point. Kenny had stopped a car to question one Hobie Dargan about an alien-smuggling charge. Dargan, an ex-convict, had lost his head. He'd pulled an automatic, shot Kenny twice, and crashed his car on the next curve trying to speed away. Kenny hadn't lived, but Dargan had. He'd lived to face a jury and get off with life.

And now Dargan was out again. He'd slugged a prison guard, climbed a wall, and somehow made a getaway. Four days he'd been on the run—dodging, hiding, doubling back, but always working south toward the border that once had been his livelihood—a cold, hot-eyed little man with a gun and a thousand-to-one chance.

The odds were just as long that Kelso would never meet him face to face, tonight or any time. But that was the reason that had brought Fred Kelso here. The job, the uniform, the credits on his service record—they no longer mattered. All he hoped for now was the improbable chance that might bring Hobie Dargan within his reach. Gruffly he said, "It's all right. Those things happen."

A red blinker came into sight in the dip ahead, and Tate parked on the shoulder, behind another jeep and a highway patrol sedan. Kelso left him listening to the sputter of the two-way radio and walked on to the junction where two patrolmen and a deputy sheriff armed with a rifle were halting southbound traffic.



COLLIER'S "Here's a nifty little foreign job. Each part is foreign to the next" JOHN GALLAGHER

The assistant sector chief, a lanky, tired-eyed man named Ross Harper, glanced up from a map. "Hate to get you out of bed," he said, "but it looks like we have him."

With an effort of control, Kelso said, "Alive?"

"Neither way yet. But he held up a Mexican section hand, stole his car, and headed south into the Painted Hills. He can't break through the cordon we've set up."

Kelso looked off at the distant swelling of hills, dim in the shimmering, starlit heat haze. "Thanks, Ross," he said, and turned back toward the jeep.

"Wait." Harper put his hand on Kelso's sleeve. "No sense you going. There's twenty men over there already. Let them handle it."

"I'm going," Kelso said. "Don't you try to stop me."

Harper dropped his hand. "I won't stop you, Fred. You know this country better than any of us."

"No," Kelso said. He'd patrolled this sector for twenty years, on foot, on horseback, by car and plane. While younger men had come and gone, climbing the slow ladder of promotion, he'd stayed on because he wanted his son to put down roots. He'd liked the work once, liked the desert, but it all seemed dreary and monotonous to him now. "No better than Dargan," he said. "Dargan knows every foot of the line from here to Tijuana."

"I'd bet on you." Harper held out his hand. "Good luck."

"You couldn't spare another man?"

"Tate?" Harper raised his eyebrows. "Something wrong with him?"

"He'll just be underfoot."

"You're the man to break him in. And, Fred—" Harper stopped abruptly.

Tate had walked up silently behind them and stood at rigid attention, his face expressionless. "You told me to report for further orders, sir," he said.

"You'll go with Kelso. And, Fred," Harper added, turning back to Kelso, his eyes thoughtful, "I know how you feel. We're all sick about this. but—well, don't do anything you might regret later."

Tight-lipped, Kelso walked back to the jeep and slid behind the wheel. Tate got in without a word, and Kelso started the motor. He didn't want to hurt the boy, but the resentment was with him still, the festering thought that Harper had assigned Kenny's replacement to him deliberately. It had been the sort of gesture he could not refuse, but he needed more than sympathetic gestures. Whatever it was he needed, he would have to find for himself.

SISTER



COLLIER'S "... and so, with heartfelt thanks for the co-operation I have received during my term in office, I relinquish the gavel to our new president ..." STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

A mile beyond the junction, he turned east onto a dirt road, crossed a gully, and bumped over the railroad tracks. Beside a pile of ties he stopped and got out with a towrope, which he quickly looped around the ends of a tie and fastened to the rear bumper.

"They teach you this in El Paso?" he asked Tate.

"No, sir."

"It's a drag," Kelso said. "We smooth down a stretch of road, then come back to where the wetbacks crossed. Can you read sign?"

"A little."

Kelso eased forward in second, and the dust from the drag settled upon them in a fine, gray, gritty fog. They left the lights of the highway behind and dropped over a low ridge, following a set of narrow sandy ruts down a wash through a forest of creosote bushes and smoke trees. It was the old *Camino Inferno*, the Hell's Highway of the Spanish padres, rough and little traveled now, but Kelso chose it because the border ran more or less parallel a few miles to the south.

He had only a hunch, but he knew Dargan would never keep to the roads. Knowing the desert as well as he did, Dargan would take off cross-country, driving dark, and make his own road. And if he did break out of the Painted Hills, he had to cross the *Camino* somewhere this side of Mesquite Springs, where the road and the border finally intersected at an angle.

As they labored up another rise to an unmarked road junction, Tate touched his arm and pointed. Kelso snapped off his headlights. On the distant tip of Pilot Peak a light flashed briefly, winked out, and flashed on again after an interval. "Plane beacon," Kelso muttered.

"Not that, sir."

THEN Kelso saw a smaller light, much nearer, weaving and dipping with the motion of a car. Watching it grow to a pair of headlights, he felt his breathing quicken. He drove off behind a clump of brush, checked the safety on his gun, and glanced at Tate's grave, wide-eyed face. "Nice eye," he said. "I'd have missed that."

Tate ran his tongue over his lips. "You think it might be Dargan?"

"Probably not. But cover me when I flag him."

Kelso hurried back to the junction and crouched behind a bush. The car wheezed up the grade, and its light cut a bobbing yellow swatch across the dark. His mouth dry, Kelso waited until the driver slowed to make the turn. Stepping forward into the ruts, he swung his flashlight and held up one hand.

A battered coupé skidded to a stop, and an old man poked his head out the window, his watery eyes blinking in the light's glare. Kelso recognized one of the drillers from the gypsum quarry. Waving him on, he tramped back to the jeep.

Tate grinned at him faintly and wiped his face with a handkerchief. "Nervous?" Kelso said.

"Not me," Tate said. "I was scared."

Kelso laughed. "Just stay that way, and you'll live to draw your pension."

He swung back into the road, driving with careful concentration. Tate sat quietly, more relaxed now, his big hands resting on his knees. They passed the giant skeletons of the power line and the ruins of a prospector's shack, and climbed across a rocky, barren plateau, where for a long while they saw no growth except fat, squat cactus and the spidery arms of ocotillo. The night was dry and clear and, even at this hour, uncomfortably warm, washed with the pale, dead radiance of a quarter moon.

The clump of growth that marked Mesquite Springs showed up darkly, and Kelso pounded toward it with an impatient burst

of speed. Rolling to a stop beside the thicket, he pulled out the radio mike and pressed the transmitter button. "Unit Fourteen calling. Unit Fourteen from Mesquite Springs. Can you clear me now, Operator?"

"Go ahead, Unit Fourteen," the control operator's faraway, impersonal voice droned. "Make your report."

"Nothing here. I'm starting back for Junction 91. Anything new from Painted Hills?"

"Quiet there too. Dargan must've pulled a Hindu rope trick." The operator cleared his throat, and his voice softened. "Don't worry, Fred. We'll get him."

"Sure, we'll get him," Kelso said and signed off. He walked over to the scum-clogged water tank and sat down heavily. Fifteen minutes he'd wait, no more. The sharp, clean smell of creosote carried to him on the breeze, and mesquite pods rustled overhead. A canyon wren twittered sleepily, and across the hills a coyote's cry swelled into the night. Kelso closed his eyes, remembering the last time he'd come to these springs to hunt dove with Kenny.

In the darkness beside him, Tate said quietly, "He must've been quite a guy, your son."

Kelso looked up in surprise. "You have any kids, Tate?"

"Don't have a wife yet." Tate's laugh was rueful. "I have a girl, if she'll wait till I can buy her a ring."

"Not much of a life for a woman. Low pay, long hours, pretty lonely, night after night."

"Oh, maybe she'll be lonely at first," Tate said cheerfully, "but she'll make friends. I'd like for you and Mrs. Kelso to meet her."

Kelso smiled to himself, warmed by Tate's enthusiasm. Suddenly he wanted to say, "Sure, Martha and I would like to meet your girl. We want to make you welcome here. Don't wait too long on that ring." Kelso wanted very much to say something casual and friendly like that to put the kid at ease, to help him over the jitters, but he could not bring himself to speak the words. He squinted at his watch and said curtly, "Let's get rolling."

"Can I spell you a while," Tate said, "if I promise not to bust a spring?"

Kelso glanced up sharply, then shook his head and climbed into the jeep. He backed around, his hands tight on the wheel, feeling a surge of excitement. He would know soon whether he'd wasted the night and lost his chance. One thing was sure: no man could cross the *Camino* now without leaving some mark.

The ribbon of the road, yellow and freshly smooth, unrolled before him in the cone of the lights. He crept forward in low, his eyes narrowed, tensing at the shadow of every depression and bump. He saw where a jack had crossed at a single bound, the sworls of a sidewinder, the prints of a foraging swift fox. Later, near the power line, he stopped and pointed out two sets of narrow-toed shoe tracks leading north.

"Wets," he said. "Looking for work in the cotton fields likely. We'll let 'em go this trip."

Tate just nodded, and Kelso was glad for that. He didn't ask a lot of fool questions. He'd do. Give him time to learn and maybe he'd make a real patrolman. Not as good as Kenny had been, but good enough.

AT THE road junction Kelso slowed as his lights picked out a single pair of footprints. "Looks like some cotton farmer gets himself a crew," Tate said.

"Wets don't usually travel alone." Kelso hopped out and bent down to examine the tracks. "Funny," he said. "The heels are a lot deeper than the toes, and the edges are scuffed out. Like a man walking backward." He stepped off into the brush with his flashlight, peering down, and his breath caught.

Ten feet beyond the roadside the tracks reversed themselves, leading south instead of north. They were the tracks of a small man, hurrying with long strides, and they were plain in the soft, loose sand.

Kelso let a handful of sand trickle through his fingers. This was the sort of desperate, last-ditch trick a man like Hobie Dargan would try. Dargan knew the patrol and how it worked. In his day he'd smuggled everything from bootleg liquor to heroin. But Dargan had been last reported miles away in a car.

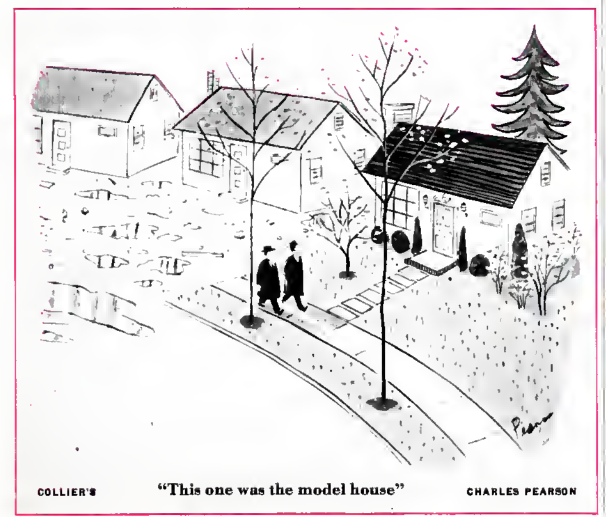
Kelso jumped as the radio crackled from the jeep: "All units! Attention, all units! Dargan's car abandoned on the Chariot Mine Road. Dargan is now on foot, but ground there too rocky for tracking. Repeat—Dargan now on foot, armed and dangerous."

In the sudden silence Kelso could hear the thumping of his heart. Dargan had slipped through again. He'd walked or run across a dozen miles of empty desert from the Painted Hills, incredible as it seemed. He was running still, somewhere in the darkness not far ahead. He had fooled Kelso too, almost. But now Kelso had him, out in the open, all to himself.

Crossing to the jeep, Kelso untied the drag, climbed in, and shifted to compound low. In a queer, tight voice Tate said, "Aren't you going to call Sector?"

"No."

"You mean"—Tate stared at him in



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shocked disbelief—"you're going after him alone?"

Kelso flipped off the radio switch. "Yes."

"But—but you heard what they said about Dargan?"

Kelso compressed his lips. He didn't have to explain his reasons to this kid. Maybe they'd pull him back to a desk job for failing to report, or put his name on the retirement list. They could even have his badge if they wanted it, Kelso thought grimly, but after tonight. After tonight.

"I heard," he said. "You want to get out here?"

Tate's shoulders straightened, and his face was sober in the glow of the panel light. "You don't have to use any psychology stuff on me, sir," he said. "It's a damfool stunt. and we both know it, but I—I guess maybe I'd do the same."

Kelso stared at him for a long moment. Then he gave Tate the barest grin and let out the clutch, gunning his motor. The jeep chewed forward out of the ruts, and he heard Tate's gasp as he maneuvered between two boulders. A yucca loomed gaunt and spiky in his lights, and he swerved around it, following Dargan's tracks. They led as straight as terrain and vegetation permitted, straight for the border not more than three miles away.

Braced against the jeep's wild jouncing, Kelso crashed over rocks and brush and dry arroyos with a savage satisfaction. He lost the trail across a stretch of hardpan but after a minute's search picked it up on the far side. Dargan knew. Dargan was running at a panicky sprint now. He'd fallen once, tripped over a root and got up limping. Kelso flicked on his spotlight and swung it in wide probing arcs.

THE footprints disappeared over a steep, rocky ledge. Kelso swore, backed up, circled around to the opposite slope until he reached soft ground again. Here, for some reason, Dargan had turned east and slowed to a walk, as though he'd sighted a landmark from the top of the ledge and changed direction. Puzzled, Kelso plunged down into a narrow, twisting wash between sheer ocher banks.

The wheels spun, bogged down in sand. Rocking back and forth, he got traction and churned ahead. Steam geysered from the radiator, and he gave the windshield a swipe and bent forward over the wheel. A man could run so far, and then he had to stop or collapse. That's what Kelso told himself, but as the tracks led on and on, the first uneasy doubt wormed into his mind. Right or wrong, he'd gambled on his judgment and a green, untried kid. If Dargan got away because of him . . .

The jeep lurched around an elbow bend, and Kelso jammed on his brakes. A huge jumble of boulders and earth, caved in by the last cloudburst, blocked the wash from bank to bank. It was a dead end, and he rubbed a sleeve across his eyes and got out cautiously, one hand on his holster flap.

Tate walked on the base of the slide and tilted up his light before Kelso could stop him. "Dargan must've climbed out on top of the bank," Tate said. "You don't suppose he circled back—"

Tate's voice froze. In the semidarkness behind them a twig cracked softly but unmistakably. Kelso felt a sharp involuntary constriction in his chest and turned his head slowly. It was the gun he saw first, the dull metallic glint of it, and then the man, a slight black shape in the shadows of a creosote bush.

Hobie Dargan limped into the path of the headlights, one wary step at a time, an automatic thrust out in front of him. His ribs rose and fell with his breathing, and his shirt clung damply to him. His face, beneath the beard stubble and grime, was chalky gray. He stopped a few feet from Kelso and flicked a glance at Tate. "Just the two of you, huh?"

Kelso let his hand fall away from his holster. Kenny, he thought, Kenny. And the hate rose, thick and sour as bile, in his throat.

"You're sure murder on a jeep, mister," Dargan said, and pushed a lock of hair back from his eyes with his left hand.

Kelso stared at him in sick and helpless fury. Dargan had gambled too, but the difference was that Dargan had used his brains instead of his emotions. He'd crawled back along the top of the bank and dropped down behind them. And he, Fred Kelso, had rushed into the trap and brought Tate with him.

He moistened his lips, but it was Tate who spoke first. "Better put down the gun, Dargan. The other boys are right behind us."

"Yeah?" Dargan said with a deadly indifference. "I don't hear 'em."

But Tate said calmly, reasonably, "Use your head. You haven't a chance."

"Shut up, you," Dargan motioned with the gun. "You got patrols along the line too?"

From the corner of his eye Kelso caught the warning flutter of Tate's fingers behind his back, and he gave his head a slight shake. You didn't jump a man with a gun, never a man like Dargan. Dargan was beyond any threat or bluff, and he hesitated now only because he needed information.

"Sure," Tate said. "Here comes one now." He lifted a finger to point. "Over there."

Kelso stiffened. It was a childish trick, so ancient that it had the virtue of novelty, and it worked momentarily. Dargan half turned, switching his gaze away, and in that instant Tate took his chance. He lunged for Dargan with outspread arms.

Dargan fired and jumped back and fired again, and Tate fell forward onto the sand. Kelso dived behind a rock, pulling at his holster and snapped a shot, but Dargan twisted off into the brush behind the jeep. Kelso heard running footsteps; then deep night silence closed around him.

He dragged Tate behind the cover of the rock and rolled him over. A dark stain was spreading across his shirt front and his eyes were shut. Kelso groped for his pulse. "Tate!" he whispered. "Tate, you crazy kid—"

Tate coughed and let out a moan. Kelso folded his bandanna into a pad and fastened it around Tate's chest with his belt in a makeshift bandage. He couldn't move a man with a chest wound. Tate needed a doctor. needed one fast, and a helicopter to fly him out. But Dargan wouldn't wait while he radioed for help.

KELSO peered down the wash. If Dargan got across the line tonight he'd be gone, forever out of reach. He leaned down close and breathed hoarsely in Tate's ear, "Hold on, boy. Just a little longer. I'll be right back."

On all fours he crept along the cutbank, his gun lifted and ready, past the still, dark islands of creosote and ironwood, until he reached a rock where the wash made its dog-leg bend. A gust of wind whirled sand into his face but there was no other movement, no sound except the ticking of his watch. Had Dargan stopped or kept on running? Kelso rubbed one sticky palm on his pants and held his breath, all his senses focused to a single purpose.

He noticed the blood on his fingers then —Tate's blood—and his throat tightened. It was Tate who wouldn't wait, Tate who in so many little ways reminded him of Kenny. Pressed against the rock, Kelso thought: To hell with Dargan. Let him go. Sooner or later, someone would take the man, somewhere. He wasn't worth risking the life of a boy like Tate.

Kelso came erect to turn back and then, not more than twenty yards away, he saw a slight, shadowy figure limping silently along the opposite wall of the wash. Dargan dropped to a crouch, his profile turned to Kelso, intent on the jeep. It was the jeep he wanted, Kelso realized, the jeep he must have now because of his twisted ankle. Without it he'd never make the line.

Kelso felt a roaring in his ears as he brought up the .38 with both hands, steadying his wrist across the rock, and carefully lined the sight on Dargan's head. He couldn't miss, not all five shots. Like target practice. Slowly he took up the pressure on his trigger.

But he didn't fire immediately. A drop of sweat rolled down the bridge of his nose and he brushed it away, his mind thrusting back to Martha and the fear he'd seen on her face. She understood him better than he suspected. It wasn't only Hobie Dargan he'd be killing over there against the bank, but Fred Kelso too. He'd be killing the something that made a man go on year after year with clean hands and pride in his job. Dargan might deserve to die but not like this, not with Kenny as the reason. He owed Kenny more than that.

Softly he called, "Dargan."

Dargan gave a violent start and whirled, whipping up the automatic and firing three rapid shots at the rock. The ricochets sang wickedly over Kelso's head, and he fired once, high, and Dargan answered with another burst. Kelso ducked down, and a bullet plowed up sand at his feet, and he wondered if Dargan had stopped to reload. Then he heard the click of Dargan's empty gun, saw Dargan break for the jeep.

"Dargan!" he shouted. "Stop!"

But Dargan ran on and Kelso fired once more, purposely low this time, at his legs. Dargan wobbled and went down, skidding forward onto his face, and the breath slammed out of him in a solid grunt. He got to his knees, groaning, and fumbled in his pocket for another clip; then he saw Kelso striding toward him and raised both hands slowly in the air. Kelso came up close, staring down at the weak, sullen face, and a kind of shuddering relief went through him as he snapped on the cuffs.

You shot if you had to, he decided, but you didn't murder. He had come so close, so very close, that the nearness of it left him spent and shaking. Hobie Dargan was just another arrest, after all. And Fred Kelso was just another cop on the border beat, doing his job, a job he liked and always would, because it was bigger than any man's private grief or hate.

His lips moving soundlessly, he hurried back to the radio and Tate.

IT WAS late in the morning when he walked up the sidewalk to his house. He paused on the porch, one hand gripping the doorknob, then stepped into the air-conditioned coolness of his living room. Martha was busy over the kitchen stove, her back to him, and he let the door swing to with a thud. She turned and smiled, then came against him hard.

Kelso held her close, stroking her hair, until presently she moved back and wiped her eyes on her apron.

"Ross Harper called me from the hospital," she said. "I'm so glad, Fred. About—about everything. I—"

"That Tate's a rugged kid. The doctor says he'll pull through all right." Kelso swallowed. "I suppose you know he never would've been hurt except for me."

"Listen to me, Fred Kelso," she said. "Nobody's blaming you, least of all Bill Tate. So don't go feeling sorry for yourself."

Kelso let out his breath. They had been so close, and yet so far apart these last few months, in a way he did not altogether understand. He looked across the hall at the bedroom door, the door to Kenny's room, and said, "I've been wondering, would it be all right with you if— His girl's flying down to see him today, and I thought maybe we could—"

Martha's smile spread from the corners of her mouth. "I just finished making the bed. Ross told me."

Kelso began to smile too, wryly at first, and then he laughed. A house was meant to love and live in, and his had been empty for too long, empty like his heart. "Hello, Martha."

"Welcome home, Inspector," she said.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Well, it's certainly a man's world!" MARY GIBSON

Think It Through, De Lucie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

a problem which is obviously argle-bargle."

"What kind of problem?"

"Mathematical, she said. Sixmith teaches arithmetic at a business school which he partly owns. His poor little wife has commissioned the Phledgling Investigators to find out if he is living at home alone, or if a fair stranger has moved in to keep house."

"Has one?"

"Not that I could see. I sat in my car a little way from his neat Cape Cod cottage all day long, and I saw him just once, when he came out to cut the grass. He looked so harmless and appealing, with his shiny sleek brown hair and eyes. I felt so silly. But if Mr. Mousie ever attempts to speed away and lose me, I'll catch up and find out if he's meeting someone."

I looked at her with respect.

"I feel kind of sorry for a hunted man," said Mr. Iredale, "especially when he comes out of hiding to mow his lawn. Why can't he look out of the window and see you, Gertrude?"

"There's a big used-car lot across the street, and I park there and fade into the scenery. I want my dinner on a tray in bed, De Lucie. Working tires me more than most people. I'm going to the theater at eight o'clock." She sailed upstairs. You'd think not a day had passed. I felt right at home.

Mrs. Iredale was satisfied with the cooks who could not cook, because she got thin like the children. She told me not to make fritters or dumplings or rolls, which is hard on me, because if I feel low I start cooking to cheer myself up. Today, not hearing from you, Rocky, I made a three-layer cake, bottom filling orange cream, to please Stu, center chocolate for Cherry, top and sides whipped opera caramel, because the Mister likes that. Mrs. Iredale said, "Where did that horrible monstrosity come from?" and I told a big lie, said I bought it at the Swedish bakery, so I'm as bad as Stuart.

Because Stu tells whoppers. He says that eventually the insects will take over the earth. He says the Rocky Mountains are growing five feet higher each year! He scares himself—he had nightmare last night and yelled the house down. I woke him up, and he was dripping with perspiration. He had dreamed he was falling.

"I don't want to go to the moon on a rocket ship, De Lucie."

"You don't have to. Quit reading funny-books."

"I never do, any more. I read newspapers."

Today he told me, "You look old for twenty-one, De Lucie, and your hands are awful hard-worked. No wonder Rocky wanted to go to Japan. You ought to beautify yourself."

"Okay. Tell me how to be as pretty as your mother."

He got the evening paper and read me the beauty column. It said for soft and attractive elbows to soak them for fifteen minutes in grapefruit rinds. He fished some used grapefruit out of the trash can, and now while I write I am soaking my elbows in the empty halves, and Cherry is sitting at the table with me, writing her ten spelling words and soaking her elbows too.

Isn't the Missis a glorious woman? She never worked a day in her life, but that doesn't faze her—she is going to earn fifty-two hundred dollars, and quick. As soon as I get time, I'm going to do some good in the world too. It's too bad the Mister has become a miser.

The two sticky places on the paper are because somebody must have put honey on their grapefruit.

G B Y (secret religious code, remember?). I know He will.

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Payday

Dear Rocky, dear husband:

I L Y wherever you are, whatever you are doing. I really do, more every day. I hope I get a letter tomorrow.

I got up at six thirty to fix the Missis her fruit juice and coffee. She won't let me cook much, so I am getting into a terrible habit of deceiving her. Cherry does not look so white now she has three meals every day. At eight o'clock I made pancakes, and Stu and the Mister had to stuff six apiece in their mouths, because the Missis came home again unexpectedly. She shouldn't do that. She also caught me brushing Cherry's hair so it won't snarl.

"Why waste time on that fuzzy doll-hair of Cherry's?" asked the Missis. "Haven't you anything more important to do? I send her to the beauty parlor every two weeks, and they wash and brush it."

"I hate them—they bend my neck," said Cherry.

"De Lucie mustn't baby you. You're a big girl seven years old. Think it through, De Lucie. Do lovely things, not dream them all day long."

"I certainly will, if I get the work done early. The three fifty you save on the beauty parlor can go to the My Wife."

"Very well. That brings it down to fifty-one hundred and ninety-six dollars and fifty cents." She looked reproachfully at Mr. Iredale, and he fished in his pocket.

"After I pay the taxes, I'll have eleven dollars. Here, take it."

"You and your poorhouse complex. Always brooding about your taxes! Why don't you sell real estate? One gets an enormous commission every time one sells a large house."

"One does? All I can count on, Gertrude, is the small brain inside my thick skull."

"Pop is a skinflint," Cherry sang out, but her mother said, "Stop that."

"I don't mind skinflint," Mr. Iredale remarked, "but I won't stand for cheap skate. Pass the skinflint the cream, De Lucie."

"I dashed home to change cars with you, Wally, in case that mousy little philanderer, A. A. Sixmith, noticed my convertible yesterday. I'm trying to be an efficient detective."

"You are simply wonderful," I told her sincerely.

"I think the man was crying," she said thoughtfully, "while he cut the grass. Maybe he has rose cold. He has a lot of rosebushes and tulips and beehives in his tiny garden."

"Poor guy. Don't heckle him," said the Mister.

"Don't be soft. Let justice be done. I am determined to earn enough money for that boat."

They traded car keys, and she left.

"Scrooge," said Stu, "could you let me have some silver to buy paper? I have a project to do for Mother."

So the Mister gave him half a buck and said he was going to the living room to skin a flint. He did not. He read the paper.

Don't you marvel at the Missis' dash and daring? I couldn't earn that much money, because if I got a straight dollar an hour cooking it would take me fifty-two hundred hours, or two and a half years. But my education was limited to the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls—housework, cooking, arithmetic, and writing a neat hand—but the Missis attended a junior college and got E in music appreciation, folk dancing, and lacrosse.

Stu worked all day. His mother had asked him to print a story she wrote in school. It's about a sheik of the desert that goes walloping around on a stallion and kidnaps a beautiful American girl who is posing for an artist in Cairo. Honestly, what they think of in a girls' school! You can read it yourself, because she is going to send it to a magazine. Mrs. Iredale had called up a lady she knows that must have a typewriter because she writes books, and asked her to type the story and sell it. I don't know why the lady didn't want to,



just disobliging I guess. So Stu is printing it for her on his printing set. You put in one letter at a time, and it takes a great while.

She is counting on a couple of hundred for that, and if the magazine likes it she can knock them out by the bushel.

I used hand cream and Saucy Beguilement polish today on my nails. I showed them to the kids when I was taking them upstairs to bed. "Do they look saucy? I spent the whole afternoon on my nails."

Stu says, "You did? I sat on a chair myself."

He talks fresh, but he is kind of a pitiful little boy. Tonight, while the Mister was doing his radio program and the Missis was out, I heard him crash out of bed, so I ran up and lifted him back in. He had been trying to sit up awake all night, because he was afraid to go to sleep. He read in the paper that the edges of the Universe are expanding at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second, and someday the Universe may collapse to a teaspoon of nuclear fluid. He wants to be awake when it collapses.

I said, "Well, boney, we are all in the same boat. If it happens, let us meet it all together, hand in hand, you and Cherry and me and your mother and father and all people that on earth do dwell. But your father will not allow that to happen."

"He is never home at night. Mother, either."

I sat down on a chair beside his bed, and I said, "Listen, Stu. You are a smart boy, especially in arithmetic, but you are not that smart. You are taking on all the troubles of God. Leave a few worries for the grown folks to deal with, and the government, and our Army."

"I and Cherry been alone so many nights. Rocky is thousands of miles away, in the expanding Universe. How can you go to sleep?"

"I play checkers in my mind."

"And is that better than saying your prayers?"

"Well, it helps you to forget the expanding Universe. And I say the multiplication table. Everything mathematical. Let me take away the shiv that's under your pillow."

"No. You'd throw it away. You can go out now, De Lucie. I'm setting up the checkerboard in my head. I'll play with Rocky. Maybe he's playing checkers with me. Leave on the light."

Poor little guy. G B Y

Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Either the third or the fourth

Dear Rocky, dear husband:

Where are you? I L Y I want a letter so much.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Iredale drove into the garage and hurried through the house and upstairs without a word. Soon a man drove an old car onto our driveway and got out and stood looking at our house, which is a large one. I put on a clean organdy apron and cap, and opened the door, and said, the way the Missis taught me, "Good afternoon. May I be of assistance?"

He stared at me with round, bright, wary eyes, like a mouse peeking around the carpet sweeper.

"A blonde woman just ducked in here. She's been following me."

"I *am* sorry. Whom can you mean? This is the residence of Mr. Wally Iredale, the celebrated news commentator of the radio."

"Stop ritzing me! I ain't blind!" he yelled.

"I'm only the help here," I shouted right back, "but Mr. Wally Iredale, the celebrated news commentator, will be home in a minute and throw you off the place."

Right then the Mister drove home. I wondered if A. A. Sixmith carried a gun. Mr. Iredale is forty-two years old and worn out with work, although a miser. I ducked indoors and came out with the meat hatchet under my apron.

The Mister was shaking hands with the guy, and saying, with his nice friendly smile, "I'm Wally Iredale. Come on in and tell me why you're hollering at our cook. She's such a nice girl. I'll buy you a highball."

Mr. Sixmith said, "No thanks, Mr. Iredale. I must have the wrong house. I been lying awake so many nights worrying, I guess I'm gettin' hallucinations. I always listen to your programs. May I have your autograph?"

I backed into the kitchen, and the Missis was standing by the refrigerator, pressing an ice cube on a long jagged red scratch that stretched from under her right eye to the corner of her mouth.

"That's a harmless little chap," I said.

"Are you crazy!" she flashed. "He chased me home! That wicked little man also scratched my face with a long corsage pin or a darning needle. He might have punctured my eyeball."

The Mister had come in, whistling. He stopped short, horrified. Then the Iredales had the first real fight I ever saw in their house, because they are crazy about each other, in spite of his being a skinflint. He told her she had to quit the job.



COLLIER'S "Hold everything, Marge! They just traded me to St. Louis" BARNEY TOBEY

"How much money can you possibly get out of this, Gertrude? I'll raise it for you, though the taxes— I'm sorry."

"I'll earn it myself. In the detective books, they get a retainer of five thousand on page one and twice that on page eighteen. I never asked Mr. Phledgling how much he pays. But I'm looking forward to a regular movie chase, him driving that old car lickety-split to meet his paramour, me pursuing him and catching them together and collecting a big reward from Mrs. Sixmith for my evidence. Wally, may I keep on the job if I take De Lucie along as a bodyguard?"

He finally agreed.

"Where were you when he scratched you in the face? Why didn't you whang him with your shoulder bag? He's a small man of poor physique."

She didn't want to tell, but he made her. There had been such a long silence that she had gone to peek through the keyhole of the back door. Out came the pin, jab! jab! jab. She reared back in time to save her eye.

She doesn't know it, but Stuart is skipping school to go along with her tomorrow. It's my plan. I'll get him up before dawn, and he will sneak into her car while she is drinking her coffee. Because last night, while his father was giving his program and his mother was at the doctor's having the scratch tended to, Stu had a fierce nightmare.

"This has to stop," I said, after I had brought him a cup of hot milk and a hot-water bottle. "You're worrying too much. I don't know a thing about the edges of the Universe. But I know your mother. Everything she does is all right. Everything your father does is all right too. You got to prove it. You can trust your mother and your father and Cherry and me and Rocky."

All this because the Missis is so determined to do good. I'll let you know how this comes out.

G B Y Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Friday night

Dear Rocky, dear husband:

I L Y Why don't you write?

When the Missis drove away this morning at seven o'clock she didn't know that Stu was wrapped in the rug on the floor in the back of her car. I had to get breakfast for the family and do the dishes and walk Cherry to school and do my daily beauty exercise—swimming in dry air with a rippling motion of the arms to induce bosom beauty and an incredibly flexible waist—before I joined her as bodyguard. I got off the bus on the edge of town and saw the Missis' car standing next to the rows of old cars on a huge, unattended used-car lot. Across the road was a nice white cottage with a TV aerial on the roof, rows of tulips already blooming, and flower beds dug up but not planted. There were three beehives in a row beside the rosebushes.

"Slide in—don't stand there and be seen, De Lucie," hissed the Missis, so I got in the front seat beside her.

"Knowing you, I bet you brought along something to eat," she said, so I gave her a sandwich, and held another over the back of the front seat. Stu's hard little paw reached up to take it.

"Any action yet?"

"You couldn't call it action. Sixmith is sitting in front of the bay window, playing chess with someone in the shadows, and my guess is that he is being consoled by a fair stranger for his wife's departure. I've had glimpses of a skirt. De Lucie, will you watch the cottage while I snatch five minutes' shut-eye? I can't keep awake. This rising at six thirty is killing me. I'm going to call up the Phledgling Investigators, and if I'm earning less than a hundred dollars a day, I intend to resign."

She slumped behind the wheel and was instantly asleep. In a few minutes A. A. Sixmith came out of the back door, swinging a hammer, and went to the beehives. I punched the Missis' shoulder, and she started awake with a little moan.

"One false move from that dastard," said Stuart, "and I'll let him have this shiv right in his foul back."

The Missis jumped. The boy was standing up behind us, as white as a sheet, watching Sixmith wandering down the path toward the beehives. I told her why he had come along. I was afraid she would be mad, but she wasn't.

"You were sweet to worry about me, Stu. What a funny knife you have in your hand. Watch that man for Mother." She lay back, and her eyes closed. She had shed her responsibilities on our willing backs.

"May I get out and prowl along the fence, De Lucie?" Stuart whispered. "A kid can always pretend to be looking for a marble."

Sixmith set up a ladder and climbed up it to the roof and started fussing with the TV aerial. He looked down and saw Stu goofing along the hedge. "Hey, Jack!" he called. "I left my hammer by one of the beehives. Bring it up here, and I'll give you a quarter."

"Shall I go?" Stu asked softly.

"Certainly not. Don't help him. It's a trick. Remember your mother's scratch."

"Any eye looking through a keyhole is a fair target, you silly girl. He's just like Pa. Any man will forget all his tools if he sees a boy handy to run errands. Besides, I have my shiv."

"That's what worries me most."

Against my advice, he went to look for the hammer in the long grass.

While I sat watching Stu, and the Missis slept peacefully, a woman came out of the house and pinned a pair of nylon stockings on a little clothesline, and two clean dish towels, and a man's plaid shirt, silk and wool, hanging it carefully in the shade so it wouldn't fade or shrink. She went in while I was thinking: There's a nice person, sends the laundry out, but takes care of her man's special fifteen-dollar shirts herself. No. This woman couldn't be nice. This was the fair stranger who was breaking up Mrs. Sixmith's home.

The wind whipped at the line and broke it. Without thinking, I dashed over and caught the shirt before it dragged in the dust. The woman came out while I was fastening the line again, and thanked me. She was nice-looking, small and dark, with a fancy plaid apron over a gay pink house dress.

"Please go away!" We said the identical words together, but my voice was louder. I went on, "You look so nice, and you got your dish towels so clean. Why do you want to swipe another woman's husband?"

"You're from the Phledgling Investigators, aren't you?"

"No, I am not, but my—"

"You aren't? Then who are you? I know! You're the love-thief! Well, you take that car right away from here, or I'll turn the hose on you. I've been watching you, you troublemaker!"

"Honey beautiful!" Mr. Sixmith called plaintively from the roof. "Where are you, doll? I asked a kid to find me my hammer, but he's disappeared."

I heard a dreadful scream. Stu's voice. I whirled around to see him running up the path toward us, beating off a swarm of bees, and bees were clotted on his face and arms. I ran, Mrs. Iredale came tearing from the car, and A. A. Sixmith came down the ladder fast.

"Come into the house, sonny," said the little man, and swept the clots of bees off with his hand, and ran Stu into the cottage with us pelting after. We left the bees muttering to themselves on the outside of the screen door, and stood in a pleasant, sunny sitting room.

"It's my own fault," Stu said calmly. "When I found the hammer I gave it a little tap on a hive to shake the grass off, and the bees came out and chased me."

"It's my fault," said the Missis. "I never finish a job—always go to sleep. Do they hurt?"

"They throb like bullets."

"It's my fault," said Sixmith, his eyes timid and desperate and brave, like a mouse's. "Nineteen stings on you, sonny. I better take the stings out for the boy, so they won't hurt so long. Sit at the desk, sonny. You get the salve, Alma, to take the burn and agony out."

Stu cringed as the little man approached with tweezers in his hand.

"Will it hurt much? The ends of my fingers are all swelled up. My forehead has red-hot marbles in it."

"Won't hurt at all, if you put your mind on something else," said A.A., tweezing a sting out of the boy's swelling forehead deftly. "What grade are you in? Any good at arithmetic?"

"Yes, I am, sir," Stu said. "I'm in seventh grade."

"You have twelve silver dollars, but one is false, made of some cheaper metal, either lighter or heavier than the eleven good ones. You have a balance scale which is good for only three weighings," explained Mr. Sixmith, swiftly tweezing stings out. "How would you determine which is the false coin and whether it is heavier or lighter?"

"You got me," said I.

"I'm baffled," said the Missis, watching Stu's tortured face anxiously.

"First step," said Stu. "I would divide the coins into two lots and weigh six at a time. No good. Weigh four on each side the first step."

"That's the first step. You're good," Mr. Sixmith said kindly, working fast. "Go on. What next? It's easy to do it in four steps, but you have to do it in three. Ah, mathematics, the sun and sum and crown and joy of thinking! The one pure delight! Mathematics, the guide of life, shining road to physics and chemistry and astronomy!"

"This guy is a nut," I muttered to the Missis. I didn't have an idea what he was yapping about, but it did keep Stu's mind off his troubles.

"All done," said the man, touching each swollen red spot with the salve Alma had brought. "Tomorrow they won't hurt at all. Tonight they will, but you just keep working on that problem."

"Why, you're a very good man," said the Missis, and the little couple looked at her shyly, like two nice mice.

Alma giggled. "But don't you call up way late at night and want it explained!" she said gaily. "A lady did, not so long ago, and I didn't like it at all."

"Are you Mrs. Sixmith?" I asked, real glad.

She said she was. She'd stayed away two days at her mother's, having a spell of jealousy, and one evening she'd told her mother, a lady almost eighty years old, about the twelve silver dollars, and her mother worked over the puzzle all evening and couldn't sleep. At two o'clock she insisted on calling her son-in-law and having him explain it to her, and Alma saw the light. She finally believed that was why the other lady had called him up at three o'clock, and she knew mathematical nuts were like no other nuts, but are kind of crazy. "I can't do 'em myself," she said, kind of blushing. "I have a blind spot about math, but I see how it is. And I came home one hour from then, and Artie was very glad to see me. We've had a second honeymoon after eighteen years. Only I had asked the Phledgling Agency to find out if I had a rival, and I was so happy, I forgot to call off the sleuths. I'm sorry, ladies!"

"And I hope you'll forgive me about that scratch, Mrs. Iredale," said Artie Sixmith, "and explain to your husband how bad I feel. I couldn't bear to have someone peek through the keyhole and see me suffering and worrying before Alma came home, so I stuck a pin through. And I was sure horrified to feel it go into flesh. I run out to see if you were hurt bad, and to try to make it right, but I didn't get to see you."

"My fault," said the Missis. "You had a right to your privacy."

They came with us to the car, the merriest pair of little mice you ever saw. "Sonny, fall in love—" Mr. Sixmith shouted after us, "fall in love with mathematics, and you'll have heaven and happiness every day!"

It was so nice waiting on table that night. The Missis wanted to hold forth, and Stu was bubbling with conversation about mathematics.

"Wally, you know what? It's hard to earn money. The detective agency only paid me eight seventy-five a day when I went in to resign. And the magazine sent my lovely story back with a printed slip. Not even engraved. I see why people go on relief. Easier than working."

"For dummies," I put in.

"Quite right. So what does that make me?"

We looked at her.

"Don't be sitting there like a bunch of simpletons. Can't you think? Use your minds. I am the homemaker. The mother. The giver of bread."

"My pretty Mommie," said Cherry, giving her a cactus hug.

"Yes, and that justifies my existence."

"That's hilarious," said Stu. "When are you ever home? When do you give bread?"

"From now on. Starting tonight. My children and I are going to be together."

"How about the boat for the purr children?" asked Cherry.

"I'll heckle a hundred of our friends into giving fifty-two dollars each."

Her cheeks burned with excitement, and her eyes glittered with ambition. She's a glorious woman. As soon as I get time I'm going to do good too. But I'm so dumb I always have to look after the kids and the house first.

G B Y — Your loving wife,
De Lucie

Saturday

Dear Rocky, dear husband:

I L Y forevermore. We all felt rested this morning. Stu didn't wake up once last night. Didn't solve the problem, though. He fell asleep.

After breakfast, the Missis took the kids into the back yard to play croquet with the set I brought Stu for a present. Gee, it can't last. Not like that. But it's a nice change. They made me come out to make a fourth at croquet. One of the hoops kept coming out, because it was caught sideways in a root.

"Stu, are you carrying your knife? You might dig out that root," suggested his mother.

"Yes, Mother." He took the shiv out of his pocket and hacked the root out. The blade broke in half. Boy, was I happy!

"Too bad," said Mrs. Iredale. "I'll buy you another knife."

"Not like that," he answered. "I don't need that kind. No good for working around the yard."

He ran into the house to answer the telephone, and yelled, "De Lucie! Long-distance! Come a-running!"

To call me from Formosa, thirty dollars' worth! And to hear your voice as clear as if you were in the United States of America, in the next room.

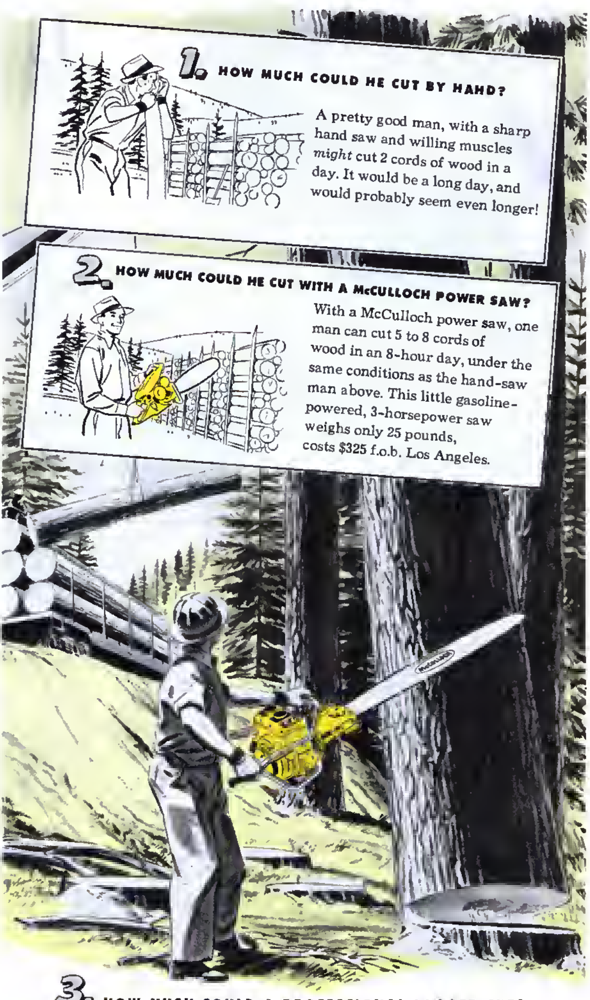
"I love you," you said. Not code. Not initials. You said it right out loud over the telephone. "God bless you. I wish I was home! Oh, God, I wish I was home!" It sounded as if someone began to cry terribly—must have been the connection.

We celebrated my wonderful telephone call from my dear husband with a fine dinner, steaks and Martinis. I'm afraid the delicious steaks gave me quite a headache tonight, and turned the Mister's face cherry red.

I L Y G B Y
Your loving wife,
De Lucie

THE END

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WIDE WORLD

MINNIE'S *What You Say* "HOKAY!"

Sensational Orestes Minoso of the Chisox handles a host of posts in outstanding fashion. He's good hit, good field and has blazing speed

By JOHN C. HOFFMAN

IT IS doubtful if any of the inhabitants of Perico in the province of Matanzas, Cuba, could have visualized, less than 10 years ago, the fame and fortune that would one day come to young Saturnino Orestes Arrieta Armas Minoso. Tbe motherless son of impoverished and nearly illiterate sugar-cane workers, he might have been destined, for all bis neighbors could imagine, to a life of obscurity and drudgery in the fields of the La Lonja plantation. It is difficult, even now, to realize that this could have been the same Minnie Minoso wbo, in 1952, is the key man in the pennant aspirations of the Chicago White Sox.

For Marvelous Minnie, as he is called, suddenly arrived from nowhere to turn in one of the greatest rookie performances in modern major-league history. In a few short years, the Cuban Negro's wicked bat and speed afoot have kindled new hope in White Sox fans who have waited 32 years for a pennant.

Watching Minoso play one day last season, the imaginative hasehall executive Bill Veeck, who in 1948 brought Cleveland its first American League championship in 28 years and now is the St. Louis Browns' prexy, said of the Cuban: "I don't believe there is a player in the game today who can give you tbe thrill that he can. Without him in the line-up, it's just anotber ball game."

It would surprise no one, least of all his thousands of Chicago and Cuban admirers, if Minnie were to be voted the American League's most valuable player at the close of this season. Last year he finished fourth in the balloting for most valuable player.

Largely because of Minoso, the White Sox were the league's most exciting ball club through a good portion of last season. And because Minnie was tbe spark plug among a hard-driving group which included Chico Carrasquel, Nellie Fox, Eddie Robinson, Saul Rogovin, Billy Pierce and freshman manager Paul Richards, the White Sox lured 1,328,234 followers through the turnstiles at Comiskey Park. It was a gain in attendance of 546,904 over the previous year.

As a result, the White Sox had their most profitable season in history. Members of the Comiskey family, the corporation's only shareholders, collected a $10-per-share dividend, and officers of the club holding contracts which stipulated honuses based on attendance pocketed handsome sums.

In the first year of his major-league career, Minoso finished second in the league in batting with a mark of .326, led the loop in tbree-base hits with 14 and was tops in stolen bases with a total of 31. Minnie, too, was the number one target for pitchers wbo either feared his lively bat or were annoyed by his persistence in crowding tbe plate. He was dusted off no fewer than 16 times. Minnie was second only to Boston's talented Dominic DiMaggio in runs scored, with 112, and he was among the league's leaders in two-base hits and total bases. He almost copped the batting title, which finally went to Ferris Fain of the Pbiladelpbia Athletics.

The effect of Minnie's first appearance in the White Sox line-up May 1st was electric. He was the first Negro ever to play in a White Sox uniform in a major-league game. His first time at bat, he drove a 415-foot home run into the left field bull pen of Comiskey Park. Vic Raschi of tbe New York Yankees was the victim. In less than two weeks, the revitalized team was being referred to as the "Go-Go Sox," and they were described by excited baseball writers as "the Jet-Propelled White Sox." Crowds stampeded the turnstiles and extra police details struggled to control the mobs of enthusiasts.

In those first few weeks, the Cuban bombshell batted over .400 and the White Sox literally ran over everytbing in sight. They zoomed into first place on the tail end of a 14-game winning streak and remained there 34 days. Cleveland fans, who had watched Minnie sit on the Indians' bench during tbe April days of the race before he was traded, shook their heads in dejection as the White Sox came to town and swept a four-game series from the Indians. For the first time in White Sox history, the team went tbrough an entire Eastern trip undefeated.

Minnie's conduct on the bases sent Chicago fans into transports of joy and drove opposing pitchers to distraction. One day he watched from third base as teammate Al Zarilla bit an easy fly ball to Boston's Dominic DiMaggio in short center field. No sooner had the ball bit DiMaggio's glove than Minnie dashed off for home plate.

"No, no, no," yelled Jimmy Adair from the third base coach's box.

"Too late. I gone," shouted Minnie, over his sboulder.

The astonished DiMaggio fired a slightly delayed tbrow to catcber Matt Batts, but the dark streak was home in a cloud of dust. Leaping to his feet, Minnie yelled back at Adair: "Wbat you say? Hokay?"

Summing up Minnie's season's play, Manager Richards observed: "He hit a home run tbe first time at bat for the White Sox and he hit one the last time up as the season ended. In between, he was better.

"Any time a team wins as we were winning in June, you'll always find one player who is the sparkplug and an inspiration for the others. Minoso was that for us. He's terrific. I doubt if there's a better all-around ballplayer in the American League."

Minnie got to Yankee pitchers for a better-than-.300 average all season and was a constant annoyance to the world champions on the bases. After a day when he had stolen twice and scored from second on a fly ball to heat the Yankees, manager Casey Stengel said despondently:

"Now you see him and then you don't. You don't suppose he's two guys, do you?"

Before the season was concluded, Minoso had played six positions on the diamond and Ol' Case had something to say about tbat, too.

"Yesterday I see this fella playing third base," he lamented. "Seems to me I saw him playing first base for Cleveland. Now I don't see him at third or at first base, but in the outfield. Maybe it ain't tbe same fella."

Donie Bush, the great erstwhile shortstop for the Detroit Tigers and formerly president of tbe Indianapolis club, saw Minoso for the first time one day at Comiskey Park—and saw him

UNITED PRESS

Minoso storms in to score from third on a fly to short center. Tbat's Boston's Matt Batts biting spike dust

run from first base to third on a single to short center.

"I didn't think they did things like that any more," he said. "I swear that guy must have cut across the infield. Nobody could get from first to third so fast without taking a short cut."

Still another testimonial came from Bucky Harris, manager of the Washington Senators, after a day when Minnie had stolen two bases, hit two singles and then topped it all with a home run over the right-field wall in Griffith Stadium.

How He Outgueases a Pitcher

"He's a right-hand hitter," Bucky moaned, "so you pitch outside to him, figuring he won't pull the ball down the left-field line. But then he hits it over the right-field wall. No wonder they pitch *at* him instead of *to* him. A manager's paradise would be to have nine men like him on the team."

Minnie's frequent collisions with thrown baseballs provided many sports page features last season. On one occasion after he had been felled by a pitch to the head, Minoso shuffled to his feet and jogged unconcernedly to first base. Manager Richards urged Minnie to leave the game.

"Me play," Minnie protested. Later in the contest, he scored from first base on a single with the run that assured a White Sox victory.

"If anybody ever had a right to leave a ball game," Richards said later, "Minnie did, but he wouldn't quit. You have to love this game to stay in and take it as he did."

In the clubhouse after the game, a reporter asked Minoso if he had been hurt.

"Oh," grinned Minnie, "I am a leetle doozy, but I am so anyway, all thee time."

A lump on his head was evidence that he was not kidding.

Another time, in Philadelphia, Minnie was hit in the small of his back by a fast ball. Writhing, he hit the dirt in a cloud of dust, picked himself up in obvious pain and trotted down to first base. On the first pitch to the next batter, he was off like a streak of lightning. He was safe at second for another stolen base.

Again in Philadelphia's Shibe Park, Minnie was dusted off for the thirteenth time during the season. In the clubhouse after the game, there was an air of tension as his teammates awaited his entrance. How long could this sort of thing go on? Suddenly, Minoso appeared in the doorway. They saw that he was grinning. Minnie's eyes surveyed the situation. Then he directed himself to trainer Mush Esler.

"Hey, Doc!" he called, cheerfully. "You got white paint? They heet me again. Maybe if I am white they no try to keel me so much."

Richards has a ready explanation for the unusual number of dustings seemingly thrown to discourage the gay Cuban.

"They've hit him a lot at the plate," the White Sox pilot says, "but I doubt if any of the pitchers are deliberately trying to hurt him or drawing the color line. I would be the first to protest if I thought they were. It's just that Minnie doesn't scare easily. He won't be driven back from his crouch position and he doesn't seem to care whether he's hit or not.

"There's no type of pitching that bothers him, or if it does, it doesn't bother him for long. He crowds the plate and waits on the ball. He's quick and he has strong wrists. That's why he can wait longer and judge a pitch. And he hits to all fields with equal power. Right now, he's one of the best hitters in the game."

Three and one half months after he had been traded from Cleveland to Chicago last season, the jolly Minoso dropped in at the Indians' dressing room following a game in which he had hit a home run and a single off the illustrious Indian pitcher Bob Lemon. As he entered the room, Lemon yelled: "Hi-yu, Minnie!" Then he formed an imaginary pistol with his thumb and forefinger, held it to his temple. Minnie mistook the gesture as a "bean-ball" threat.

"Oh, no," said Minnie, grinning. "I know you no trow at me. You boys be my friends. I be play with you on same team before. I espect Philadelphias or other place they try to keel me . . . but not Clevelands. You my friends . . . We stay that way, huh?"

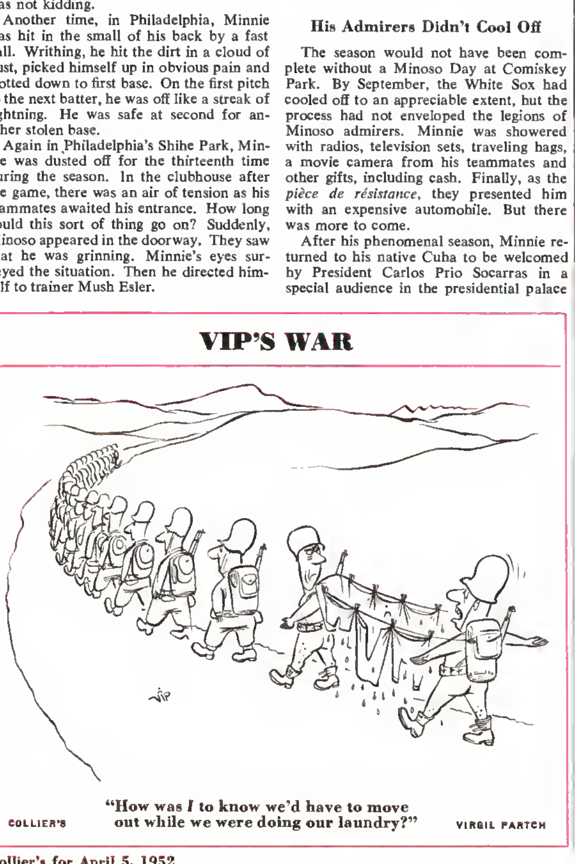
"No friend of mine hits me for a home run and a single in one game," said Lemon. "I gotta eat, you know."

His Admirers Didn't Cool Off

The season would not have been complete without a Minoso Day at Comiskey Park. By September, the White Sox had cooled off to an appreciable extent, but the process had not enveloped the legions of Minoso admirers. Minnie was showered with radios, television sets, traveling bags, a movie camera from his teammates and other gifts, including cash. Finally, as the *pièce de résistance*, they presented him with an expensive automobile. But there was more to come.

After his phenomenal season, Minnie returned to his native Cuba to be welcomed by President Carlos Prio Socarras in a special audience in the presidential palace

VIP'S WAR



"How was *I* to know we'd have to move out while we were doing our laundry?"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH



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Born 1820 . . . still going strong

in Havana. Minoso (it's spelled Miñoso in Cuba, and pronounced accordingly) then received felicitations as a national hero from General Ruperto Cabrera, Army Chief of Staff. Next came a reception by Havana's mayor, Nicolas Castellanos, who presented him the key to the city. Another ceremony was staged in adjacent Marianao and people danced and shouted during a fiesta in the Cerveceria La Polar's Gardens.

Now there was another shower of gifts. There were more trophies, television sets, radios, traveling bags, merchandise certificates, another automobile and a $10,000 house.

All this was a far cry from the plantation days of squalor and it is doubtful if Orestes even as a boy ever dreamed so many honors and so much material wealth would someday be heaped upon him. To Minnie it must have seemed like only yesterday that, as a boy of eleven, he had seen the great Martín Dihigo and had wanted to be like Cuba's baseball idol of the early 1930s. Dihigo was Cuba's answer to the legendary Babe Ruth of the United States. Like the Bambino's, his name was a household word throughout Cuba, Venezuela, Puerto Rico and Mexico.

"I see Dihigo play one day and I say to myself, I want to be as he is," says Minnie. "Dihigo great man. Everyone in Cuba worship him. That's how I come to play baseball."

At fourteen, in 1937, Minnie organized his own team on the La Lonja plantation. Out of necessity, he became a catcher.

"I want to play third base," he says, "but catcher you no find. So I catch."

There came a day when Minnie was hit on the elbow by a bat. His mother saw the accident and ordered the boy to give up catching or give up baseball. Minnie gave up catching. From this point, he played wherever necessity demanded. A few years later, he pitched a no-hit, no-run game against the Central España junior-amateur team. But his mother didn't see her son's first notable achievement. She had died in October, 1941, a month before Orestes was eighteen years old.

Preferred Baseball to Books

The work season on the plantation started in January and ended in May, but Minnie directed his amateur team until 1944, when he went to visit a sister in Havana. While there, he got a job in the Ambrosia candy factory, where he immediately became a member of the firm's baseball team.

His father took a dim view of his failure to return to the La Salle High School in Perico, but Orestes had been a restless student and baseball was more important to him than book learning.

"You no make base hit with book," he said. "My father say I be sorry, but I am no sorry yet."

Minnie remained with the Ambrosia team until 1945, when he progressed to semipro baseball in Santiago, Cuba. There he met José Fernández, a coach for the Marianao club in the Cuban Winter League. Fernández took the youth to Marianao in the fall and Minnie signed his first good-paying contract. He was now a full-fledged professional.

In his first year in the fast Cuban Winter League, he frequently batted against migrating major-league pitchers. He hit .301 for the season and was voted rookie of the year. Fernández moved on to manage the New York Cubans of the then Negro National League for the 1946 season and took Minnie with him.

Minoso was not an immediate success with the New York Cubans, but because of his lightning speed and his determination they refused to give up on him. He was signed to play with them again in 1947. This time he batted .339 and in the process of doing so came under the scrutiny of Abe Saperstein, basketball impresario then doing some bird-dogging in the Negro leagues for Bill Veeck. When Minnie got away to a fast start again in 1948 with the New York Cubans, Veeck sent scout Bill Killefer to look at the youth. Killefer sent back a glowing account and before the season ended, Minnie was signed to a contract with Cleveland's farm club at Dayton, Ohio, in the Class A Central League. Minnie played in only 11 games with Dayton. He batted .525.

Veeck, eager to move Minnie to a higher classification, asked his Dayton manager, Joe Vosmik, a former Indian outfielder, if he thought the Cuban could hit major-league pitching.

"If there is anything better than big-league pitching, he'll hit that, too," answered Vosmik.

Minnie reported to the Indians' training camp in Tucson, Arizona, in 1949, but so did third basemen Al Rosen and Ken Keltner. Rosen was coming and Keltner was going and between the two of them, Minoso was the forgotten man. He played the 1950 season for San Diego, an Indian farm.



Pacifying Hank Greenberg

The Indians were in training four days before Minnie put in his appearance at the Indians' training camp in Tucson. When word came to him that his prize rookie had finally arrived, Hank Greenberg, who was the club's vice-president under the Veeck regime and was now the general manager, sought him out. At length, he came upon the waggish Cuban, casually pulling on a uniform in the dressing room.

"Well, where've you been?" Greenberg demanded. "You're four days late."

"Fine, fine," grinned Minoso, pretending to have misunderstood the question. "Have good winter. Work hard. In fine shape."

"I didn't ask you how you were," snapped Greenberg. "I said, 'Where have you been?' We've been here since last Tuesday."

"Fine, fine." repeated Minnie.

"I think I'll have to fine you $100 for being late," roared Greenberg.

Minnie was quick to catch the significance of these last words. Suddenly, his understanding of English was good.

"You fine me $100?" he said. "How you figure?"

"Well," said Greenberg. "Put yourself in my place. What would you do if you were me?"

"You mean me Hank, you Minnie?" grinned Minoso. "Then I say, 'Minnie nice fella. He be in good shape. All the time hustle. Work hard in winter. He nice boy.' Then I say to heem, 'All right, Minnie, if you come late to training camp.' "

Completely disarmed, Greenberg turned on his heel and left the room, forgetting about the fine.

During practice games, Minnie alternated with Rosen at third base. Del Baker, then managing the San Diego team in the Pacific Coast League, had just about given up hope of getting Minoso back from the Indians.

But one day, as he was playing left field, the tricky desert winds were playing havoc with Minnie's judgment of fly balls. One dropped in front of him. Another zoomed over his head and he was nearly hit on the head by a third. Finally in despair, he told second baseman Bobby Avila, "I have one more day like thees and I say, 'Hello, Del!' "

Later, Minnie was returned to San Diego, but this time his batting average soared 42 points to .339 and he hit 20 home runs, 10 triples, 40 doubles and stole 30 bases during the season. He scored 130 runs and drove in another 115.

At the end of the campaign, Minnie went to the San Diego club's office to see president Bill Starr. But the latter saw him coming. Assuming Minnie would ask for a bonus before leaving for Havana, Starr took a quick powder. Minnie, however, was back the next day. Again Starr managed to elude him. But on the third day the club executive gave up the hide-and-seek game and was sitting in his office when the Cuban came in.

"Well, Minnie," he said, "what do you waot?"

"Justa say good-by, Mr. Starr," grinned Minoso. "Next year I be in big league with Clevelands. No see you."

Then he turned and left.

Minnie joined Cleveland in the spring of 1951. But it was not likely that he would supplant Al Rosen at third base. There was little room for him in the outfield, where manager Al Lopez seemingly was determined to make a regular of Harry Simpsoo, the fleet Negro who was regarded as an eveo better prospect than Minoso. Minnie played a few games at first base, hut only subbing, while Luke Easter was on the list of injured.

If Minnie seemed to be forgotten by the Indians, he was well rememhered by Paul Richards, manager of the White Sox, who had suffered, as pilot of the Seattle Raoiers in 1950, from the slugging aod hase running of the young Cuban.

There was a day in April last year wheo Richards aod Fraok Lane, the White Sox geoeral maoager, were discussing Minoso. Even then, Lane was building a plot to wheedle Minnie from the Indians.

"What about this fellow Minoso, that Cleveland has brought up from San Diego?" Lane said. "Right-hand hitter; very fast; plays anywhere on the field. Paul, you must have seen him in the Pacific Coast League?"

"I saw him," manager Richards said, "and I don't want to see him again unless he's on our side."



"Take good care of thia money, aon. Someday it may be worth something"

COLLIER'S LEO GAREL

A Three-Cornered Player Swap

That conversation led to a three-cornered deal involving seven players. Late in April, Lane took a New York hotel room, from which point he carried on long-distance negotiations with Cleveland's Hank Greenberg aod Philadelphia's geoeral manager Arthur Ehlers and field manager Jimmie Dykes.

Four days later, on April 30th, it was announced Cleveland had traded Minoso to the White Sox and pitcher Sam Zoldak and catcher Ray Murray to the Athletics. The Philadelphia club got outfielders Gus Zernial aod Dave Philley from the White Sox, and the Athletics gave pitcher Lou Brissie to the Indians and outfielder Paul Lehner to the Chicago team.

Thus Minnie went to Chicago. The White Sox wasted oo time getting him into the line-up. He was at third base for the White Sox on May 1st, less than 24 hours after completion of the deal.

During the ensuing weeks, the fans of Chicago were not alone in their idolatry of the magnificent Minnie. Businessmen and merchants began to take notice as his batting average soared and the public prints sang his praises. Minoso endorsed cigarettes, cigars, beer, yoghurt, soft drinks, haberdashery, sport clothes and sporting equipment. A pants presser in Havana was able to announce with pride that Minnie always had his suits cleaned and pressed at his establishment.

Minnie's total income for 1952 should exceed $42,000. For playing with the Marianao team in the Cuban Winter League until last January 1st, Minnie was paid $7,500 and it is reasonable to assume that his income from testimonials last seasoo was in excess of $15,000.

He's Devoted to His Kinfolk

If Minnie earns well, he also lives well. He spends lavishly and a large family receives a portion of his check every payday. His devotion to his kin is unshakable. Two sisters, Juanita aod Flora, two oephews, Carlo and José, his father and a niece share in the booanza.

During a visit to Chicago last winter, Minnie—who has bought two cars in addition to the two giveo him—dropped in at an automobile accessories store. He bought spotlights, rearview mirrors, tissue containers, flashlights, compasses and whatever else met his eye. But he ordered everything in sets of four so that his entire fleet of cars would be similarly equipped.

Minnie does everything on a mass-production basis. His wardrobe includes nearly 100 suits of clothes, some 300 shirts and more neckties than he can count. He scarcely ever wears the same hat twice, or so it seems. His color combinations are lush. His eating habits make newspaper copy. During the winter in Havana, he ate two meals a day, both consisting of three or four small steaks with a side dish of hlack beans, rice and onions.

Somewhat oddly, the same baseball writers' committee which had voted on the American League's most valuahle player failed to name Minnie as the rookie of the year. They gave this distinction to Gil McDougald, the New York Yankees' infielder. Minoso placed fourth in the balloting on the most valuable player, whereas McDougald had placed ninth. In the end, however, a measure of justice prevailed when 227 writers, voting in a poll cooducted by the Sporting News, haseball's weekly oewspaper, gave him the hooor denied by the smaller committee.

When J. G. Taylor Spink, the oewspaper's publisher, preseoted the award at the Twelfth Annual Diamond Dinner of the Chicago Baseball Writers last January 13th, more than 600 guests were preseot. Only one wore a dinner jacket. He was Señor Saturnino Orestes Arrieta Armas Minoso.

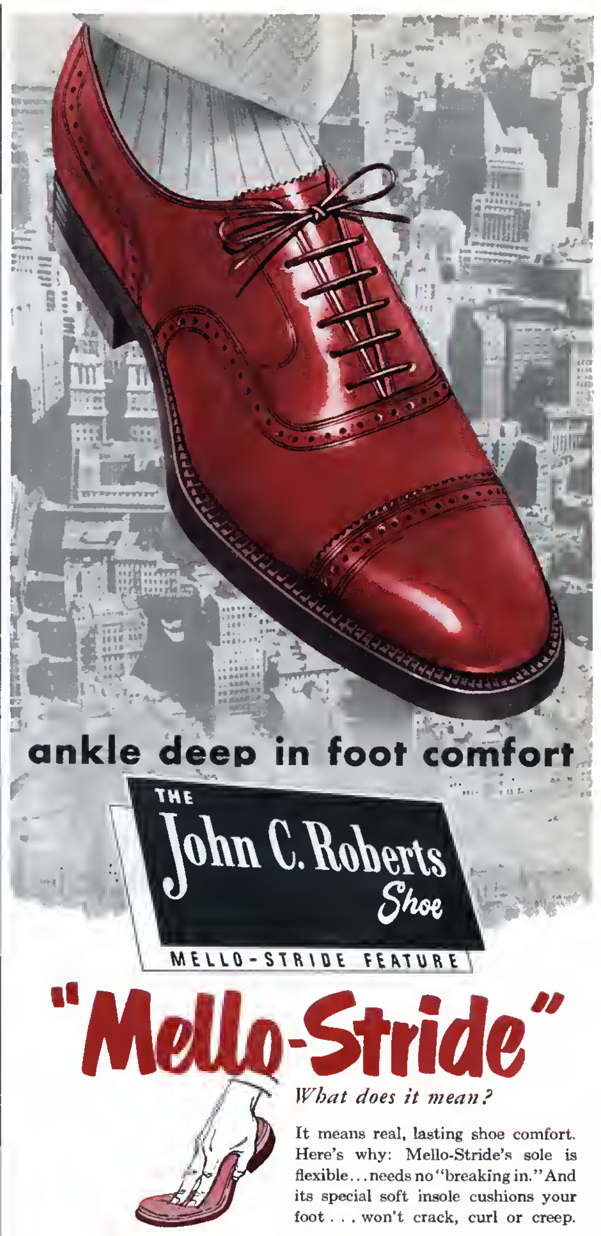
For all his devil-may-care attitude, Minoso is a devout youth. Each spring, before he leaves Cuba to play hall io the United States and again after he returos to his native laod in the fall, Minnie spends several days at the Shrine of El Cobre in Santiago.

"I get clean ioside," he says. "I pray for my mother, too."

The baseball star's physique, ready humor, sartorial spleodor and speed with a buck make him attractive to the fairer sex, hut he is not contemplating matrimony immediately. He gives more thought to the coming basehall season. On ooe occasion, he was asked by a reporter if he thought he might succumb to the "sophomore jinx" which has laid low so many first-year sensations.

"Sophomore?" grioned Minoso. "What is that?"

Apprised of the word's meaning, Minnie became serious. "I think not," he said. "I play one year like the other. I play hard all the time." THE END



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The Old Goat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

professionally, first from one stance, then another, talking courteously all the time. "May I say I have even expected you, looked forward to your coming, with the greatest anticipation?" And while he talked, she watched him solemnly, feeling her hands big at her sides.

ON THE street, wearing his black fedora, he had seemed old; but here, up close, he was ancient, as old, perhaps, as her great-aunt whom she thought of as the oldest living creature, like a sequoia. It was the wrinkles. At this distance they showed, an intricate network of them, winking and flowing into one another across the surface of his face like some magic acceleration of geologic time. He had a lock of long white hair that honestly fell into his eyes and he kept sweeping it away. His tweed suit was miraculously thin, worn to its skeleton, and he wore a black Windsor tie.

His mustache was droopy but clean, and his hands were clean. Lydia was glad of that, because her aunt sometimes let hers go dirty all the week until Thursday and then had a session in her bedroom with hot water, emery boards, orange sticks and cuticle scissors, from which she emerged, her face contorted by a horrid, sweet grimace, and the bottle of smelling salts in her bloody old hand. Lydia caught herself staring at the old man, and she blushed and looked down.

He was moving the big Century camera with its dusty black hood. He said, "If you would care to step into my quarters and change your dress, I'll have the lights and camera ready when you return." He ushered her through his darkroom, with its single red bulb, and into his rooms behind it.

He brought some plates from his darkroom, ducked under the hood of the camera and out again, moved it two or three inches, and tried the focus again. The studio was a bare place. There was a window he called a "north light" in the roof, and he had a lamp on an aluminum standard, and these were all his lighting arrangements.

He lifted the hood one more time and peered through the camera, twisting knobs. All he saw was the old canvas backdrop before which everyone posed. On it had been painted a pastoral view of a hill where two minute misshapen lambs kept up a chronic frisking and, at the right, a copse, accented by two stylishly mutilated Ionic pillars; but the pillars and lambs were mere ghostly suggestions of an outdoors that had never been bright. At last old Barnes found the correct distance, and when he laid the plates on top of the camera where they would be handy his hands were trembling.

The girl entered quite gracefully, holding up her white skirt in both hands.

"You're lovely, my child. How lucky I am to have you sit for me," he said.

She gave way to an abrupt attack of rudeness and said, "Ah, I'll bet you say that to all the girls," which she didn't mean at all. Why could she never say what she meant? She wanted to take him by the lapels and cry, "Am I? Am I? Am I really beautiful?" and then to draw herself up, like one of the princesses of the childhood she was having to forsake, and say proudly, "I should have been told." But she had just been snotty.

He handed her into the carefully placed chair, murmuring, "All? All the girls? Here in this town? I can count on my hands the beautiful women who have ever sat for me, and I am a pretty old man." He was standing with his head bent and one eye closed, staring at her. "I don't know why this region grows so few. I've heard it was the hard water."

She smiled then, spontaneously.

He stretched out his hand at arm's length, his finger pointing at her. "There! That's what I want. That will catch it. Oh, what a pity! I startled you, but that was it. That will do it. You can do it again." He slipped under the hood and kept up an excited mumble.

"What is *it*, Mr. Barnes?" she asked slyly.

His head popped up, his mustaches awry, the hood swinging back and forth. He looked sincerely astonished. "Why, your beauty. Your amazing beauty." He paced up and down, talking as if to himself. "But of course you don't know. Mewed up. Cabined, cribbed, confined. Why *should* she tell you?" He stopped and faced her. "But *I* will. You are as beautiful as the day outside. Believe it. Live in it. Because it's true, and I'm a good judge, the best you ever saw. Now smile for me again."

But of course she couldn't, much as she felt like it. It came out an embarrassed smirk, and then, as she remembered this indubitable beauty, a kind of wide, mute, thankful laugh.

Suddenly he crossed his eyes and

CLANCY



COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

thumbed his nose at her. She smiled, and he snapped the shutter. She was so young that her face at rest had the sober blankness of a flower. Old Barnes saw that and took two pictures of it. Then he coaxed another smile out of her, caught it, and came to stand in front of her. It frightened her. Nearly everything adults did when she was the center of their attention frightened her or made her uneasy, but he looked her straight in the eyes, and this calmed her a little.

"At your age you can't take me seriously. But at my age I can take you very seriously indeed. I am as old as your aunt, a year older as a matter of fact, and although I would like to very much, I can't live forever, because I very nearly have. I have always believed that where I stood was the center of the earth and I could find what I wanted here as well as anywhere else, but it occurs to me perhaps I've been wrong." He paused and a frown came down his face. "Yes, I may have been wrong. This seems to have been a pretty barren little spot, pretty barren. I'd hate to think the rest of the world offers no more than this does." He looked back at her, smiling. "The way things have gone here, I can't expect to see more than one or two women like you. You may be the very last one, considering my age and the hard water. Will you do me a favor?"

"What do you want?" she said, her skin tingling with fear and pleasure.

"Will you let your hair down?"

"Why?"

"I want to take a picture of you that way."

She reached up and took the pins out of her hair, and let it fall down. It was black and heavy, and it caught the light like creek water.

Old Barnes had dragged out an ornate Victorian chair. "Sit there. I want a profile." She obeyed. "Now lift your head and look straight before you. Down a little—there. You see something. What do you see?"

"Nothing but the wall." Nothing like this had ever happened to her before. She was enjoying it.

Barnes clucked rapidly several times. He ran off into a corner of the studio and lugged back a heavy black crockery vase full of catttails. They were gilded. She had heard of such things, but she had never seen them before. Barnes blew on them. A cloud of dust flew up, and the gilt showed more plainly. He set them against the wall in front of her. "There. Look at those. Now look at me."

She looked around at him.

"I want you to imagine those cattails made of gold. Can you do that? Can you see them rich and heavy and gleaming, solid gold, worth any amount of money?"

Obediently, she saw them gold.

"Nup, nup. It won't work. Your face doesn't change a bit." He pulled at his lip while she watched him shyly out of the corner of her eye. "Try this. Can you see where all those cattails came from? Can you see the swamp? All those long blades of green? All the different shades of green? The water sparkling—and look! There goes a red-winged blackbird. Can you—that's right. Keep watching it." He ran to his camera, slamming in a plate, ducking under his hood and out again.

"Now try a breeze. They all sway, you see." The shutter clicked. She heard him pull out the plate and shove in another, but she saw only the long, swaying leaves, the blackbird and the cattails. He took another picture, and almost before the swamp faded from her eye he had both her hands, thanking her. "It was so kind, so good of you." She withdrew her hands, embarrassed, and picked up the little pile of hairpins. "If you want to do it up again, you'll find a mirror in my rooms. I'll be able to show you how you looked in a few minutes if you care to wait. Will you?"

"Why, my aunt said— Yes, I'll wait." She walked into his little apartment. She could hear him through the flimsy wall, rattling around in the darkroom.

His sitting room was the kind of place that had got to be too much for an old bachelor. Piles of photographs sat on the floor against the wall. The day bed where he slept was covered with a batik spread whose colors were dimmed with age and dirt. The tall pearwood secretary had its shelves filled with books, and its counter was a litter of papers, bills and letters, thick with dust. In a corner next to the window, a little two-burner gas stove stood on a table covered with oilcloth. A pan sat over the wavering flame of one of the burners; old Barnes was cooking some corned beef for his dinner. He had opened the window and pulled the curtain back, but the smell filled the place.

She stood in front of a little mirror with a beautiful frame of carved ebony. It, too, was dusty, but she hardly noticed it. She was too busy discovering her face. She lifted one eyebrow and let her lips protrude a little for hauteur. She tried for the smile old Barnes had found, and at last she just stared at herself for over a minute, persuaded that she had something to look forward to, that the sleeping events of her future had now waked up to please and frighten her. She twisted her hair around her fingers, put it up, and pinned it. It was no longer "that wad of hair at the back of her neck," a poor derided substitute for a long bob and a permanent. It was a chignon.

She was too shy and excited to sit down on the day bed. She paced nervously up and down, looking at the pictures on the walls. They were all photographs, all signed *Randall Barnes*. Some were still lifes—a jug and three apples. One was a scene she recognized—the main street outside, taken years before when there were streetcars. This one had a little card stuck in the corner of the frame on which Barnes had printed: *3d Prize, Camera Contest, State Fair, 1915.* The pride of the collection seemed to be a woodland scene beneath a dark sky full of heavy lowering clouds. The card said: *1st Prize, Photography Magazine Contest, 1922.* They were all pretty, she thought vaguely, but she had never looked at photographs much.

OLD Barnes threw open the door. He wore a rubber apron, and he had a big wet print in his hand. "Come in here. Come in here. The light's better. I want you to— Oh, it's wonderful. It's magnificent," he said, pushing her ahead of him by the arm. They went into the studio and stood under the "north light."

She thought she looked queer with her hair spread over her shoulders, but old Barnes, shaking the limp print to straighten it, pointed out her beauty to her like an archaeologist with a figurine he has recovered from the rubble of some old town. He did not embarrass her; he kept his eyes and attention on the print, and she said to herself: That is me. He is talking about me.

Suddenly she sniffed. "Do you smell smoke?" she asked.

He looked at her. "Smoke?"

She glanced around the studio, little waves of gray smoke were leaking under the door of the darkroom. Barnes ran to the door and threw it open. A big puff burst out, and when he opened the door to his apartment she could see flames jumping through a dark haze.

She ran out of the studio, down the stairs, and into the street. There was a firebox at the corner.

She broke the glass with the heel of her shoe and pulled the handle. The firehouse was only a block away. Before she got her shoe back on, people were shouting at her, "Where's the fire?"

"There," she said, pointing to Barnes's stairway. A little smoke was drifting down into the street, and old Barnes himself came staggering out onto the sidewalk, coughing and snorting, with his arms full. He laid his burden on the sidewalk. It was a big stack

of old photographs. Before she could say anything to him at all, he was running up the stairway, again.

A crowd gathered immediately. It was a small enough town to have a volunteer fire department. Barnes's stairway was full of men running up to help. The fire siren began to wail. The red truck pulled up, and they started to unroll the bose. The police car parked behind it, and the day policeman sbouted at tbe crowd to keep back out of the way. Someone broke tbe studio windows from the inside, and glass fell clinking into the street, and smoke, now black, came boiling out of the windows. The girl watched it all, fascinated, hearing the shouts, the thud of the water against the roof, tasting the piercing odors of the smoke, as if the whole thing were a charade put on for her benefit.

THEN two volunteer firemen came down the stairway, supporting old Barnes between them. His head sagged, the lock of hair bung down, and tbe toes of his shoes scraped on the sidewalk. They laid him down, and Lydia pushed through tbe crowd just as Dr. Keller, who bad come down from his office in his white coat, bent over him. The doctor whipped a stethoscope out of his pocket, reached under the rubber apron to unbutton Barnes's shirt, and tried the stetboscope here and there on his chest. Then he picked up the frail, bony wrist and felt for a pulse. Old Barnes was dead. The girl tried to feel shock or regret or a decent sorrow, but none of these was ready, and it was not until the doctor took a clean handkerchief out of his pocket and laid it gently over old Barnes's quiet face that she felt anything. She was very angry at Dr. Keller for baving that clean handkerchief. It seemed so patronizing. Mr. Barnes had been talking to her only a minute before.

It was not much of a fire. Already the firemen were coming down the stairs, wiping their dirty faces, letting down the hip boots they were so proud of, and lighting cigarettes. A single hose sent its jet through one of the second-story windows, and a little steam floated lazily out. Tbe ambulance pulled up. They lifted old Barnes into it and drove away. The crowd began to break up, and only children were left watching. On tbe curb sat the pile of photographs Barnes had saved.

Dreamily, the girl turned away and, when she got to the corner drugstore, she did something she bad never been allowed to do. Completely unchaperoned, she walked in, sat down at tbe counter, and ordered a large Coke. The store filled up with people who had been watching the fire. She felt tbey must be looking at her, and she even heard a woman behind her say, "Why, there's that niece of Mrs. Bassett's," and this made her feel bold and daring, and she did not care. It was a sbame about poor Mr. Barnes, she told berself, dying to save his life's work. She had lost a friend, and she did not bave many. Somewhat puzzled, she said these things over to berself, sipping ber Cokc, but none of the statements came furnished with any emotion. They were only facts. She was extremely happy, and she could not recognize it.

As she was paying her check at the cigar counter, one of the firemen came in. She had seen him before out of the corner of ber eye. He was one of the loudmoutbs that worked at tbe filling station. "Say, John," he said to the proprietor, "you know that pile of pictures old Beauty lugged down the stairs?"

"Uh-huh."

"Did you take a look at them?"

"Uh-uh."

"They're naked women. Not all of 'em. Some of 'em are just pictures, but there must be twelve, fifteen naked women in there. Real old-timy photographs. He must've taken them himself."

"The old goat."

HER aunt was in the library, sitting in the rocking chair reading the morning paper with a magnifying glass. The first thing she asked was, "Where was the fire?" followed by, "What kept you so long?" Tbe girl explained breatblessly, up to the point where the ambulance drove away with its siren muted, carrying old Barnes dead.

She saw tears come into her aunt's eyes and get wiped away before tbey could spill. It was like this whenever someone old died. "Poor Randall. We went to school together. He was a great friend of your uncle's. He was in and out of the house all the time when we were first married. When's tbe funeral?" she asked sharply.

"I don't know. Nobody said."

"No, of course not. It's too soon." She tapped the magnifying glass against her knee. "So they laid him rigbt down in the



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open street. That Dr. Keller, you say? I never liked him. Got eyes like a fish."

The girl nodded. "And I heard one of the firemeo say Mr. Barnes brought down a whole lot of photographs he had taken —when the fire first started, that is—and some were pictures of women without aoy clothes on."

The magnifying glass still tapped agaiost her aunt's knee. The old lady glanced at her and away agaio. "He saved some of his photographs, eh? He used to take prizes." She stood up, very spry. "I've got to go downtown. No, it's nothing you can do. You stay here. You can help Bertha get lunch. I won't be a minute. Now, you stay right here." She picked up the paper, took her cane, and weot out.

A MINUTE later, the girl saw her from the window with her nld black toque on her head, the newspaper in her haod, stumping along on her cane. It was odd. She had oot walked downtown in a month.

The girl went out into the kitcheo. "I'm supposed to help you get lunch," she said to Bertha.

"It's all got," Bertha said, breaking one egg after another into a bowl. Bertha had been with her aunt fifty years. Every Friday noon she made a wonderful omelet. Fifty times fifty-two came to more than tweoty-five hundred nmelets. She was a thick, ageless woman with a red face, hot weather or cold, and her wnrk, which was the same as her life, she managed with such jealous steadiness that she rectified other people's clocks and calendars. She was short with everyone, even her employer, and usually one of her answers stopped all talk, but the procession of all those omelets led back through the half century to Bertha's own girlhood. When she had first come to work here, she had been, Lydia's aunt once said, a poor immigrant girl from Germany, with her head wrapped in a shawl. Imagining her this way—young, a stranger—Lydia thought she pitied her, and she said, "Bertha, did you ever go out with boys?"

Bertha was beating the eggs with a silver fork, and the rhythm did not change. "You just like your mother. Boys, boys, boys. One telephone this moroiog. One telephooe yesterday while you io school."

"They did? Who?"

There were two telephones, one upstairs in her aunt's bedroom, the other downstairs in the hall. It was the unacknowledged custom of the house that Bertha listened to all calls on the telephone that was not in use, if she was near it. She never gossiped, because she had no friends. She just wanted to know what was going on, and she did. "Yesterday, the Anderson boy—Joe, not Manley. Today, Phil Cairns's son."

Lydia did not think it odd or mean of her aunt not to tell her about the phone calls. Her aunt had told her candidly that she inteoded to keep her away from boys as long as she could. The two calls would have scared her to death a week before, but today they seemed fitting, somehow. Manley Anderson was graduating in the same class as she, but his hrother, Joe, went to Dartmouth, and this did not frighteo her at all oow. Jack Cairns was a halfback oo the football team. This was nice, but it was not the same thing as being a sophomore at Dartmouth. Lydia was stringing out her questions voluptuously, the way she ate ice cream. "What did they want?"

"You to go to the dance with them."

"And she said no?"

"That's right, hut that Joseph Anderson —had manners. He laugh at her and say he call again today when he can talk to you. Bang! My ear hurt when she hang up."

The girl walked out of the kitchen into the living room and stood stariog out of one of the long windows, rubbing her arm aimlessly. She was proud one moment, sunk in hopelessness the next. "I have two emotions warring in my bosom," she said aloud in a high, stagy voice. It was feebly comic, but she did not know why she made fun of these emotions. They were real. It was all part of the giddiness of being young. And the hell nf it was, she thought, ynuth took such a long time to cure.

She did not even see her aunt pass in front of her eyes. The click of the front door roused her, and she weot into the hall. The old woman saw her hut did not speak. Panting steadily, she climbed the stairs, with the newspaper still under her arm. When she reached the bedroom, she laid the newspaper on a chair and collapsed oo the bed, gasping. "I was afraid I wasn't going to make it." She blew out her breath. "That's a loog pull, downtown and back. I'll tell you what you do. You get the cologne and hathe my wrists and forehead. That'll rest me. There's a clean handkerchief right there in the top drawer."

The girl did as she was told. She sat on the edge of the hed, patting the withered wrists and temples with a wet handkerchief. The scent of laveoder filled the room. The old woman's lips were bluish, and she sighed and sighed. "Tell Bertha I won't have aoy lunch. I can't get downstairs and back before my nap. I'm tired."

"Did you find out about the funeral?"

The old woman lay with her eyes closed and did not answer. After two minutes, she opened her eyes and smiled. She spoke in her suave manner, the diplomatic manner she usually saved for other people. "There's one thing I didn't tell you about Randall Barnes, my dear. He was one of the worst liars that ever lived. They can throw him in the river for all I care."

She shut her eyes again. The girl wet the handkerchief and drew it across her forehead io long, light strokes. Lydia was not thinking about old Barnes aod any lies he might have told. She was thioking about her beauty. Before she had it, a week ago, she had merely wanted to go to the dance—a burning, sickening desire that was inexcusahle. Now that she was beautiful, amazingly beautiful, she was beginning to feel she had a sort of right to go out in public. She looked down at the raddled, soft old face beneath her hand with some contempt.

"Aunt Alida," she said finally.

"What?" The old woman woke up with a scowl.

"I want to go to the dance tonight with Joe Anderson."

Her aunt shut her eyes again. "No. Of course not. Rub my wrists some more."

Lydia rubhed her wrists. She looked down at her aunt's face and saw that her aunt was watching her.

"Don't try to sneak out tonight," the old woman said. "I may be too deaf to hear you aod all that, but you haven't got any dress. It was burned up in the fire. You fnrgot about that, didn't you?"

She *had* forgotten. She oodded. "I'm sorry," she said. She had lived sn long with her aunt's refusal that it was not hard to accept it again. She moistened the handkerchief and went on caressing and patting, waiting for the old woman to go to sleep. She saw the morning paper on the chair aod craoed her neck to read the headlines. When she was finished here, she intended to take it downstairs to read while she ate her lunch. She was full of solitary little tricks like that.

At last, she heard the first snore. When she was sure her aunt was sound asleep, she tiptoed around the bed and picked up the paper. It was heavy. There was something folded in it.

She opened it and saw a photograph, an old-fashioned one on heavy cardboard. It was nne of those naked women, or almost naked—she had some tulle draped over her—and lnng, wavy dark hair hung over her shoulders and down her back. Lydia looked at it casually a moment, but it was no one she had ever seen hefore, and she wondered why her aunt had waoted it.

Idly she turned it over. Up near the top was written in ink: *Alida Bassett, August 16, 1902.* She turned it face up again. In the corner, *Randall Barnes* was written in the same hand, and she knew she had at last found a weapon she could use against her aunt. She folded the picture inside the newspaper and hurried softly out of the room with it.

LYDIA hid the photograph behind a row of books on the first shelf of the library and then went in to lunch in the dining room. She sat there alone, with the newspaper propped in front of her, trying to read but succeeding only in eating. She was halfway through the omelet when the phone rang, and she raced Bertha to it and won. She was listening so hard for the click of the receiver upstairs that she harely heard Joe Anderson ask her to go to the dance.

"Yes. Yes. Certainly I'll go with you. Call for me at nine, will you?" she habhled, and hung up immediately.

She did not finish her lunch, and for the first time in her life she paid no attention to Bertha's grumbling. She went into the library and knelt in front of the cabinet of the old victrola. Beneath her aunt's red-seal records of Caruso and Galli-Curci lay a hidden pile of smaller records. They had belonged to her mother, and Lydia played them wheoever her auot was at the Monday Cluh or the Altar Guild. She picked out one, Saint Louis Blues hy the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. She put it on the turntable, wound up the haodle, aod adjusted the machine's big brass horn with its fluted edges. Theo she took a book frnm the shelves, put it on her head, and started the record.

She had learned to dance this way—playing her mother's old recnrds. She had never actually danced with anyone, but she had seen girls practicing tngether in the high-school gym. She knew some steps, aod she had gotten so she could whirl without letting the book fall. Tnday she was excited, and it fell twice, but she picked it up and kept on. It was the only way she knew to get ready for the evening.

"Stop that racket!"

Lydia stnpped dancing. It was her aunt in the doorway, furious, her hair coming down, leaning forward nn her cane so hard that her knuckles showed white and shiny. For three seconds there was only the tinny, distant sound of saxophones and trumpets.

"Shut that thing nff, I tell you."

The girl shut it nff. This was the sceoe she had feared all during her growing up, but she cnuld not parry the attack. She just stood there gawkily, she felt.

HER aunt stumped into the room, muttering, ". . . try to take a nap and—" She threw up her head. "Where's the morning paper?"

"I was reading it in the dining room." Suddenly the bravery was there when she needed it. She went to the bonkshelf, reached behind the books, and took out the photograph. "Was this what you were looking for?"

The nld woman tucked it under her arm without glancing at it, and said, "Now, stop playing that phonograph and let me get some sleep." She wheeled slowly and started out nf the room.

"Just a minute, Aunt Alida. It's oot quite that easy," the girl said.

"What? What? What do you mean?"

The girl could tell she was pretending to be older and deafer than she was. "Just look on the back."

"Back of what?"

"The picture."

The old woman took up the picture and held it at arm's length, cocking her head as if she couldn't see without her glasses.

"It says 'Alida Bassett.' Bassett's your married name."

The nld woman sighed, and with the breath the authority went nut of her. She stood there with her head down a moment, pursing her lips. At last, she said, "I cannot say this is only hetweeo you and me, that no one else will know, because you have seen that pile of other photographs he took just as he took mine. This will he all over town and"—she spoke very softly—"the men will be admiring him and wishing they had treated him better, and the wnmen, those that are left, will he feeling just as I feel."

She lifted her head, smiling. "So, if this is a fight or a contest, you wio. You would have won soon, anyway. No one can say I haven't tried to keep you away from the men, but no one cares, either, and I am old enough to say that I don't care any more. Every woman wants to get close to them, especially in this family. Why? Why is that?" She looked vaguely around as if the answer she didn't know might be in the books on the shelves. She pulled herself up and said with pride in her suave voice, "I know, of course, and so will you. That is one thing we can't help, because we have always been good-looking women. Now, go to your dance. Have a good time. You're very pretty, too, my dear, and you'll need a new dress. You'd better get downtown and buy it. There's only one thing." The old frightened look came into her face. "Don't you ever believe a word they say."

Lydia could feel the tears hot in her eyes. "I won't, Aunt Alida. I won't. Thank you. Thank you."

And she put her arms around her, and they had a good cry.

THE ENO



COLLIER'S "Don't go yet—I want to give you something for helping me with my luggage" RAY HELLE

My Brother's Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

announced the studio of the dance. A sailor stood in the hall, talking in low tones to a miss in black velveteen slacks and a cerise silk shirt.

Acme shared the fourth floor with the skin specialist. Oo the opaque glass of the upper half of the golden oak door was printed, without caps: *acme—industrial supplies—c. armand lefay, pres.*

There was a mail slot in the door. I knocked. No answer. I looked closely at the knob and saw that dust had settled on it. I tried the knob, and the door, of course, was locked.

The skin specialist's door was not locked. A sallow, slat-thin blonde sat behind a desk, filing her nails. There was a book propped up in front of her, a historical novel with a mammary cover.

"Do you have an appointment?" she said, with a clinical stare from washed-out blue eyes.

"I was wondering how I can get in touch with your neighbor across the hall. Mr. LeFay. Do you know when be comes in?"

"I couldn't say."

"Do you see him often?"

"I don't pay any attention."

"Have you ever seen him?"

"Couple of times. I guess it was bim. Sort of a little man. Mousy."

"Does he have a secretary?"

"I've never seen one."

"Could you add anytbing to that description?"

"What are you? A cop or sometbing? He's a mousy little man and that's all I know and I'm too busy to get nosy about who rents across the hall."

"I'm not a cop. I just thought you might help me."

SHE softened a little. "I didn't figure you were a cop with tbat sun tan. Hooest, I'm sorry, but I don't know anything about tbat LeFay."

"Then I guess there's no point in asking you where he lives."

She frowned and scratcbed the side of her nose. "I've got a buocb that for a while there he was living in the office. It's against the rules, but who's going to check? Anyway, I used to smell cooking, but not lately."

"You wouldn't have seen any Army officer in uniform coming up to see him?"

"I keep the door closed. That junky music from downstairs drives me nuts."

I thanked her and left. The sailor was gone. The girl in the slacks and cerise shirt was still there, cupping her elbow in her palm, smoking. She gave me a flat, opaque look, tramped on her cigarette, and went into the dance studio.

I walked three blocks to my car, drove back to the hotel, and telephoned Mottling from my suite. I told him casually that I had promised to let him know which side I was going to be on, and I had decided on Granby.

"I'm sorry, of course," he said, "but tbanks for giving me notice, Mr. Dean."

"Quite all right, Mr. Mottling."

"Will you let Mrs. Dean know, please? Or do I have your permission to tell her?"

"I'll see her later today."

"Thanks again. Hate like fury to give up this job, fella. Good-by."

I hung up and frowned at the wall, wondering if he had been, perhaps, a shade too casual. Probably Dolson had let him know. Or Lester. Tbe telephone startled me.

"Gevan?" I recognized Joan Perrit's hushed voice.

"Yes, Perry," I said.

"I'm across the street from the offices. This is tbe second time I've tried to get you. Gevan, somebody was into my files before I got in this morning. The two Acme folders are gone."

"Was the file locked?"

"Yes. It has a combination lock, though, and when Captain Corning came he got authority to change all the combinations on the safe files. He'd have a list io his office, and I suppose Colonel Dolson could have gotten hold of it."

After a few moments, she said, "Are you still there?"

"Just thinking. There will be duplicates of the vouchers in Dolson's file. Can you get Alma Bradey to get the information we need?"

"She didn't come in this morning."

"Have you got her address? You said it was a rooming house, I believe. I could stop by and have a talk with her."

"Go by my house and take the next right. It's in the middle of the block. A green and white house. On the left. No. 881, I think."

IT WAS eleven wben I parked in front of the only green and white house in the middle of the block. She had missed tbe number, but not by much.

I went up on the porch and pushed the bell. Above the sound of the gusty wind I could hear it ring somewhere in the back of the house. I felt uneasy, without knowing why. A vast woman waddled down the hallway toward tbe door, emerging from the gloom like something prehistoric coming out of the underbrush.

She opened the door. She wasn't more than twenty pounds shy of a fat-lady job io aoybody's side show. Her eyes were pretty, and the buge face sagged in lardlike folds. You could sense that she was a prisoner inside that flesh, that somewhere inside the hauncbes like half barrels, tbe ponderous doughy breasts aod belly, stood a woman who was not old and who had once been pretty. Her tiny pink mouth crouched back in the crevasse between slablike cheeks.

The voice was thin and musical. "Good morning."

"I'd like to see Miss Bradey, please."

"She works over to Dean Products, for Colonel Dolson."

"I believe she didn't report this morning."

"H'mm. Maybe she's sick or something. I can't get upstairs. The girls take care of their own rooms. I didn't see her go out this morning, come to think of it." She moved to the foot of the stairs. Tbe floor groaned under her weight.

"Alma! Alma, hooey!"

We listened. There was no answer. I said, "If you could tell me which room, I could go up and take a look."

"I don't generally allow men going upstairs. It's one of tbe rules."

"My name is Dean. Gevan Dean."

She stared at me. "You don't say! Well, I guess you'll be all right, Mr. Dean. Go up the stairs and right straight back down the ball to the last door on the left. She's beco on my mind lately. Sort of sour-acting."

I went up, two stairs at a time. The hall had a girl smell—perfume and lotions and astringents and wave set. I knocked at Alma's door. There was oo answer. My feeling of uneasiness grew. I turned the knob, and the door opened inward. I gave a grunt of relief as I saw that the room was empty. The bed was made. It looked like our Alma had had a night on the tiles. Io her frame of mind, it was no wonder.

I remembered that she had carried a red coat and had been wearing a dark print dress. I looked in her closet. No red coat.

I went back downstairs. I gave the fat lady a reassuring smile. "She's not in, and from the looks of things, I don't think sbe came in last night at all."

"That's funny. I know she did."

"You saw her?"

"No, my room is off the kitchen, thougb, right under hers. She was moving around up there about three this morning."

"Maybe she came in and went out again."

"Well, for quite a while there she was keeping real late hours. I didn't see how she could get up and go to work, coming in that late, but for a while now she's been spending a lot of evenings right in her room. Most of my girls are quiet. Not much night life to speak of, except week ends. Some of them study a lot, on their graduate work over to the college."

"I wonder if you could check with your other girls and see if any of them saw her last night, Mrs. . . ."

"Colsinger. Martha Colsinger. Where will I phone you?"

"At the Gardland. If I'm not in, please leave your number and I'll call you back."

"You don't think anytbing might bave happened to Alma?"

"I don't think so."

I thanked her and drove out to Niki's house, arriving at noon. Bess let me in and told me to wait in the living room. Rain whipped against the big window. Even with the decorator's colors, the room bad a cheerless look on such a day.

This was the castle that Kendall had built for his bride. The bouse bad a strangeness that I was at last able to define. They had lived there and yet somehow tbey had made no mark on the house. It was the sort of place where you expect to see a velvet rope across the doorways and neat little signs on each piece of furniture, telling where it could be purchased, as though both Kendall and Niki were transients, permitted to live here only if they exercised enormous care. No spots, please. No stains. No wear and tear. And leave everything just as you found it.

She came in, walking quickly. She wore a man's white shirt with the sleeves rolled up, and blue jeans with mud stains on the knees. Her hair was tied with a scrap of orange yarn and she carried work gloves and a small metal garden tool, like a green claw, in her left hand.

She shook hands firmly, leaned forward, and kissed me lightly on the cheek.

"Darn you, anyway, Gev. You didn't come back and you didn't phone. Pardon the way I look. I've been out grubbing." There was a smudge oo her chin.

THIS was a new Niki. I bad the odd feeling that cameras were focused on her and she'd stayed up most of the night memorizing the script.

"I didn't know you were a dirt farmer."

"I'm not good at it and I get bored too quickly. Make yourself a drink while I change. Bess can serve us lunch on tbe back patio."

"I just stopped by for a few moments, Niki."

She wrinkled her nose. "Tbe man I'm going to spend my life with, and he keeps dodging io aod out of here like a meter reader."

"You've got it all decided."

Her eyes darkened. "Haven't you?"

"Wasn't it left a bit up in the air?"

"We were both being silly, Gevan. This tension between us will go away."

"But we're trying to move too fast, Niki. It isn't right."

"Don't have a bad conscience about Ken. It wasn't really a marriage, for quite a long time. He would want botb of us to be happy. You know that."

"One of the easiest thiogs in tbe world is to excuse yourself by telling what tbe dead would want and like. They're not able to refute you. Something was tearing Ken apart. I'd like to know what it was."

"Loving and not being loved, perhaps."

"Please sit down, Niki. I want to talk to you."

She sat meekly on one of the couches and laid the work gloves on the floor near her feet. I had to admit to myself that her diagnosis of what had ailed Ken was partly plausible. Ken's drinking, weeping, his loss of interest in his work. Even his friendship with Hildy Devereaux. It would be completely plausible, if I hadn't grown up with Kendall Dean. He had mildness, but also a stubborn pride. He could be pushed further

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than most before exploding, but when he did explode, he was thorough.

"You look as if you want to quarrel," she said in a low tone.

"That will be up to you, Niki."

"In what way?"

I stopped pacing and faced her, planting my feet solidly. "I thought over what we said. I've tried to be honest with myself. My suspicion that Mottling is not the man to bead up Dean Products is completely separate from any idea of revenging myself on you or on Ken. I'm going to support Walter Granby and stay around long enough to get back the production men Mottling drove away. With their help, Walter can make it."

"But, Gevan—"

"Let me finish. I know Granby's limitations. Those gaps can be plugged. And I prefer the devil I know to the devil I don't."

"How can you be so completely blind?"

"How can you be so certain my judgment is wrong?"

"I knew we were going to quarrel," she said in a quiet voice. "And I hate it." She closed her eyes for a moment, and I saw how exhausted she looked.

"Why do you get so hot over all this, Niki? I don't get it. Just sit back and collect your dividends."

"You've already bad my answer to that."

"In the form of an ultimatum. Niki, it's just a case of you wanting your own way, regardless of cost."

"Can you think that about me?" She sounded shocked.

"What else do you leave me to think, Niki? You make me wonder what ax you're grinding. You have me thinking crazy things. Does Mottling have something on you? Have you been having an affair with him? Is he paying you to try to get me to back him?"

"Listen to me a moment, Gevan. Get those crazy thoughts out of your head. Take a look at yourself. It seems to me your attitude is—shall we say?—just a wee bit egocentric. This decision to throw Stanley Mottling overboard just when he's most needed is *your* decision. And are you quite competent to judge the man? Yes, you ran the company and you did well. But you didn't have problems like Stanley faces. He sent some of your friends away. Were they quite as good as you thought they were? Or did Stanley see that they were second-raters who had sold themselves to you? Gevan, you *must* think of such things."

I sat down slowly. She had put her finger directly on the source of all my uneasiness. I had decided to back Granby, and yet I couldn't be entirely certain that Mottling wasn't the man for the job. It was true that Karch and Uncle Alfred and Walter didn't think much of Mottling, but was their opinion free of personal feelings?

I HAD made a decision, and to train for it, I had spent four years in an idleness which could very probably have dulled the edge of my judgment. That fear had been in the back of my mind. It had caused my immediate rejection of the suggestion that I take over the firm. I felt that I was too stale to jump back in and take over. And, if I were too stale to take over, could I not also be too stale to make a proper decision as to who should take over?

In no other way could she have so successfully snatched the rug out from under me. In that moment, the desire to be back in Florida, back where there was no responsibility, no decisions, was almost a physical ache. Sooner or later, Niki could join me. I would look like a fool if I switched now and backed Mottling. The man had a reputation. If the production program wallowed under Granby's direction, there would be only one person to blame—Gevan Dean.

She said, leaning forward, her face earnest, "I know you're troubled, Gev. Just humor me and back Stanley. It won't cost you anything."

"What will it cost me if I don't?"

She lifted her chin. "Me," she whispered.

I stared at her, almost incredulously. She was completely sincere. Her eyes were cool, sober, knowing. Niki and Mottling—or neither. Just like that.

My moment of self-doubt gave way to anger. "In that case, it will certainly be Walter Granby."

She stood up. "You really are quite a small person, aren't you, Gevan?"

She walked out of the room without haste. I got my hat from the hallway and walked out to the car. As I started down the drive, Bess came running out with a note for me, written in a hasty scrawl.

Gevan—You may call my attitude willfulness or misplaced ethics or whatever you please. When you stop being absurd, darling, come back to your Niki.

As I drove away, I was trying, without success, to make her determination to win this point fit with what I had learned about her during the months of our engagement. She had seemed, long ago, to be a sane and balanced person, free of that sort of bullheadedness which becomes obsessive.

There was some fact, or some relationship, that I did not yet understand, that would make her attitude understandable.

I tried some conjectures, just for size. Ken needs help with the firm. Niki recommends Mottling, an old friend or flame. Mottling arrives. They have an affair. Ken learns of it, somehow. That is what is tearing him in half. He loves Niki too much to bring it to a showdown, for fear of losing her. At that point, the theory began to fall apart. Why would she make Mottling's keeping his job a condition of our getting together again?

After an insipid drugstore lunch, I wandered into a newsreel theater and sat for an hour. Over the trumpets of the sound track, I could hear thunder moving down the valley. I had the feeling that I was looking at the clutter of personalities and motivations from the wrong angle.

If I could only step out of the scene, climb up on a hypothetical box and look down at the participants from some new point of view . . .

It was Friday. One week ago, my brother had been alive in Arland, on his last day of life. From Detective Sergeant Portugal's point of view, it had been a random and accidental death. Yet everything pointed toward its having been a death carefully planned. The motive, once discovered, might be that ingredient which would make Niki's obsession understandable. The hunch that crawled up and down my spine told me that Ken had done some one thing, started one little chain reaction that had resulted in the explosion of a thirty-eight shell.

I left the movie. Rain was a gray, streaming curtain, fringed with silver where it danced high off the asphalt. I would become Ken. I would turn the calendar back, and I would do what he had done, go where he had gone, try to feel what he had felt. The plant was the place to catch up with him on that day, to catch up with a death-marked man moving inevitably toward an appointment by the gates.

THE lights were on in the offices. The reception girl gave me my pass when I signed the register. Dulled by the rain, the sound of the production floors filtered into the offices like the turgid beating of a hundred dozen great hearts.

Perry gave me a startled look as I went into Granby's outer office. "Did you see Alma?" she said.

"She didn't come in last night, so far as I can tell. The landlady thinks she was in for a few moments."

"Do you think that after she was with us she went to Colonel Dolson?"

"It wouldn't be bright."

"But the Acme files are gone."

"That may be the result of a little conversation I had with Dolson. I managed to scare him—out of all proportion to what I said. Perry, which office was my brother's?"

"He moved out of his office and gave it to Mr. Mottling. Do you remember where Mr. Mirrian used to be?"

"That one, eh. No one has taken it over?"

"I don't believe anyone bas even been in there since—a week ago, Gevan."

There were faint bluish shadows under her gray eyes. "Did I keep you up past your bedtime, Perry?"

"I—couldn't sleep. I just kept thinking and thinking. All of this doesn't make sense. There's something we don't know, Gevan. Something big. Something important, that would make it all fall into place."

"I did no good with Acme. It's just a mailing address, a cubbyhole. I'm going to Kendall's office and do—some thinking."

It was designed like the other executive offices, with the windowless outer office for the secretary. There was dust on the secretarial desk; there were no papers in the "in" basket. I opened the second door and went in. Pale paneling and green plaster and a gray steel desk. The room was as gray as the rain. I sat down in Kendall's chair and pressed the button on the fluorescent desk lamp. The bulb flickered, then shone steadily. The light slanted across the bottom half of a framed picture of Niki.

I sat there, trying to think as Kendall had thought on that last day. It began to turn into a rather childish game. I needed more clues to what had been troubling him.

There were pencils in the top drawer, and paper clips, and scratch pads. The other drawers were equally devoid of any hint of the personality of the user—a few cigars, pamphlets on the new tax laws, competitors' catalogues with penciled prices.

He had not wanted to be a big wheel. He would have been perfectly content to let me run things, do what I asked him to do, and do it soberly and well. And I had left him holding the bag. To be brutally honest, he had been an employee type. Responsibility made him fret.

His appointment pad was on the right corner of the desk. It was of the sort with a clock embedded in the middle, the dial showing through the circular hole in the cover, each page divided into wedge-shaped sections to correspond with the hours of the day as shown on the clock.

All the sheets had been torn off down to the previous Monday. And that sheet was blank. It took a few moments for me to begin to see that it was rather odd. Saturday was a working day. Assuming that he tore off the Friday sheet when he left the office on Friday, there was no reason for the Saturday sheet to be gone. I checked on the next week and found that there were sheets for Sunday also. So two sheets had been removed from the pad.

I picked up the pad and tilted it so that any indentations of previous notations would show up. The Monday sheet was perfectly blank. I looked at the pencils again. All number one. Very soft.

It bad to be all on the basis of assumption. Assuming that Kendall had made a notation on the pad for either Friday or Saturday, a notation of an appointment that someone did not want him to keep, then the removal of the incriminating sheet made his death a matter that was directly related to the appointment.

TAKE the assumption another step. If Joe Gardland and Hildy Devereaux and Bess had all given me the picture of a man facing a tremendous problem, was, then, the missing notation an indication that he had at last made up his mind, and thus could not be permitted to live?

The tremendous and almost insoluble problem involved some facet of Niki.

Uncle Alfred sensed something odd about her, involving motivation.

I had sensed that same oddness.

Niki knew why Kendall's life was close to unbearable.

Life became unbearable when the conflict was too great. What conflict? Love for Niki, versus—what? An old-fashioned word? Honor? Decency?

Niki had walked into our lives out of a December rain, and over a darkened table had showed me the shape of her mouth and the slant of her blue eyes. Niki Webb from Cleveland. I'd bullied Hilderman into taking her on, even though the office staff was being cut, not enlarged, four and a half years ago.

I picked up the telephone, then replaced it quickly. I went to Hilderman's office. Niki's personnel card had long since been placed in the storage file. It took the girl a full five minutes to find it. She seemed wary about letting me take it, a bit reluctant.

I carried it back to Kendall's office and studied it. The small picture was poor. It made her look gaunt, hard. It confirmed



COLLIER'S "Don't look around now, dear, but the tie I gave you is getting a lot of attention" LOUIS PRISCILLA

what she had told me of her past. Parents dead. No brothers or sisters. Business school. Job in Cleveland office. Palmer Mutual Life Insurance Company, Incorporated. Position—Secretary to Chief Adjuster. I saw a tiny smudge near the name of the company. I looked at it more closely. Someone had written in a small question mark, and then erased it. I closed the Manila folder and looked at the routing card affixed to the front of it. It had been a year since the card had been taken out. And I saw my brotber's scrawled initials opposite the date.

Why had Kendall taken that card out a year ago? There was one answer to that: Kendall had detected some inconsistency in Niki's history, and had taken the card out to check it. And it involved where she had worked.

I was no longer concerned with trying to spend the Friday as Kendall had spent his last day. I took the card and folder back to Personnel.

I made the telephone call from my suite at the hotel. I asked for anyone at Palmer Mutual Life in Cleveland.

THE switchboard girl, when I asked for the Chief Adjuster, said, "Are you reporting the death of a policy holder, sir?"

"No, this is another matter."

"One moment. Mr. Wilther is busy on another line."

"How long has Mr. Wiltber been Chief Adjuster, Miss?"

"Oh, a very long time, sir. Twelve years, I think. Something like that. He's through on the other line. Just a moment."

"Hello, Mr. Dean," a heavy voice said. "What's on your mind this time?"

"This time? Ob, my brotber must have phoned you."

"Sorry. Thought it was the same Mr. Dean calling from Arland again."

"Mr. Wilther, I want to ask you about a girl who worked for you some time ago. I believe she was your secretary five years ago. Miss Wehh. Niki Webh."

He chuckled. "What's the matter with you people over there? Can't you get together? That's what your hrother called me about."

"What did you tell him, Mr. Wilther?"

"That she was very satisfactory. An booest, likable girl. We were all sorry when she resigned. Some personal trouble, she said. We never learned the details."

"What did she look like, Mr. Wilther?"

"That question baffled me when your brother asked it. I suppose you won't give me any reason for asking it either."

"I may be able to, later."

"Well, here's just what I told your brother. Tall, dark-haired, and very pretty. A striking girl. Gray eyes and—"

"Blue-gray?"

"No. Plain gray. When your brother asked, I had to go check our records, but I remember it this time because it seemed to floor him. He thanked me in a shaky voice and hung up. What have you got over there, anyway?"

"A case of impersonation, I think. And I doo't know why, yet. Mr. Wilther, do you have an organization to investigate insurance frauds?"

"We have a small group, but we also use a national organization. However, I don't see how we could justify—"

"Suppose I pay the costs, with a bonus for speed?"

"Our business is the insurance business."

"Then call it a favor to a potential policy-bolder."

"How much of a policy?"

"Say a hundred thousand straight life. You can check up on me very easily."

He chuckled. "Don't have to. I checked on your brother after he phoned. You know, maybe this thing is beginning to interest me. What do you want done?"

"Put somebody on Niki Wehb. Check with the second cousins there in Cleveland. Get pictures and fingerprints if you can. Find out what happened when she left Cleveland. The impostor showed up bere in December of '47."



"Heck of a time to ask for a safe combination . . . 30 left — 10 right — 22 left — right to zero . . ."

COLLIER'S JERRY MARCUS

"Our records show she resigoed io early September of that year."

"You can phone me at the Hotel Gardland."

"Dkay, and I'll mail you the bill when we've finished. Do you know the reasoo behind the impersonation?"

"No. I haven't even got a hunch. But I don't think the Niki Webb who worked for you is alive."

"Doesn't that make it police business?"

"It could, if you find out anything."

"It'll get a priority, Mr. Dean."

I hung up. My hands were sweating. It suddenly became easier to put myself in Ken's shoes. Suppose you are married to a striking woman and deeply in love with her and find out she is oot what she pretends to be. By unmasking her, you may lose her. And suppose you can't face a life without her?

AFTER waiting a long time, I made a phone call that I should have made as soon as possible after meeting Stanley Mottling.

It took the operator a half hour to locate my friend Mort Brice. He had been one of the young assistants when I was at the husiness school. Since that time, be had formed a business in New York that was partly devoted to handling industrial-management prohlems on contract, and was engaged the rest of the time in actiog as a clearinghouse for executive personnel.

Mort said, "If it isn't the beachcomber! What are you doing—working again? Don't you know that turns you old and gray before your time? Sorry to read about the kid hrother, boy."

"One of those things. I'm home trying to get tbings straightened out."

"Can I interest you in a couple of nice eager young vice-presidents? Or some hot production men? I hear your dinky little family plant is a hot spot."

"No. I'm being pressured to let a citizen named Staoley Mottling stay in tbe saddle here. And I want your opinion of him, if you know him."

"I know him. But I doo't know if I'm qualified to judge."

"How so?"

"Personally, I don't like him. But he's brilliant, shrewd, able—all tbe adjectives."

"How about him driving away some of my pets during the time he's been here?"

"Then they needed driving, lad. Dne thing about that Mottling, hc can recognize talent and delegate responsibility."

"The hell you say! These were good men. One of them was Poulson. Your class at school."

"He resigned for a better offer."

"No, Mort. Mottling drove him out, and some other good men too."

"Were they undercutting him?"

"You know Poulson isn't the type. Neither were the others."

I HEARD an odd sound over the wire, and rememhered Mort's hahit of snapping his teeth witb his thumbnail. "Funny," he said.

"I pay a phone hill to hear you tell me something I already know."

"I'll tell you this much. If Mottling has done what you say he's done, then he has a very special reason. I couldn't say what. Think along these lines: Would fumbling your production picture for a while give him a chance to buy in anywhere? I mean, would it give him a whack at ownership interest hy driving down dividends to the point where he could pick up shares cheap here and there?"

"We're better than seventy per cent military," I reminded him.

"Then that wouldn't wash. But the guy bas means. A fat bundle from his pappy, who was one hell of a smart engineer. His pappy got the bundle from the Russkies for building them some very snappy tractor plants in the Urals during the twenties, and then getting them started on air-frame production. There was some sort of a tax dodge involved, according to rumor, and Uncle Sam got no slice of all the pay and honuses. It broke up when Mottling's mama got pink fever and got one of those ten-second Russky divorces. She stayed there and Pappy brought Sonny home in a huff. Let me see. I think that was about '25. Sonny must have been about fourteen. Then Cal Tech and Stanford School of Business Administration."

"No chance of his sympathies being with Mama, Mort? And chasing good men out of here to cripple our military production?"

"Stop taking it in the arm. He's heen investigated nine ways from Sunday. Hell, I happen to know he had a full year at Oak Ridge before he went back with National Electronics. Stay away from those B movies, bub."

"Well—thanks a lot."

"Watch him, if you have any douhts. He's pretty smooth. That bundle of his hasn't shrunk any since Pappy passed away."

"He'd have no need to get tangled up io any penny-ante chiseling, then?"

"Nothing to gain and everything to lose."

The afternoon was changing to an early dusk, and another thunderstorm was coming down the valley, like a black bowling hall down an echoing alley. I stretched out on the bed, ash tray beside me.

When a storm is on the way, it does something to the animal part of you, that very deep, dark place where all reasoning is instinctual. I've heard and read the neat little explanations. Variations in harometric pressure. Induced electrical potential that creeps along ahead of the charged clouds. But there's something else, too.

I remembered the feel of tbe air, the look of the sky the previous Sunday when I had headed the Vunderbar back toward Indian Rocks.

That storm-feeling was present with this so-pleasant group of people in Arland. There had been Niki, tbe bereaved wife;



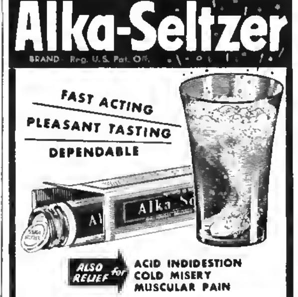
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Dolson, the colonel; Mottling, the executive. But a few gestures were not quite right; a few words were spoken with odd timing, and they became impostor, thief.

Perhaps Ken's death had been just the first hint of thunder beyond the horizon. Or that first wind, riffling the water, dying into weighted stillness. The hidden animal dreads the storm. I could feel the tingling at the back of my neck. Now the storm warnings had become more clear. Even the poorest sailor could now feel apprehension at the look of the emotional sky.

I sensed that I had passed the ball to Mottling. It was his move. Something was up, and, whatever it was, he had too much at stake to withdraw tamely and make a meek acknowledgment of defeat.

THE telephone rang. It was Sergeant Portugal calling from the lobby. I told him to come up. When I let him in, he smiled absently, walked over to the chair by the windows, and sat down heavily. I turned on a table lamp and asked him if he could use a drink. He said that a bottle of beer would go fine.

I was again conscious of his look of sickness, his heavy breathing.

"Mr. Dean, this is just you and me, not the department."

"How do you mean?"

"I've been in the business long enough to know that once the district attorney's office is satisfied with a file, I should stay to hell out. But this one came a little too quick and easy. I've been doing a little leg work. You weren't satisfied with Shennary, were you?"

"Not entirely."

"How did you feel after you saw his girl?"

"She made sense."

"You might have phoned and told me about that gun, Mr. Dean. After I cuffed it out of her, she told me she'd showed it to you. I took everybody in that fleabag motel, one at a time. Finally I find a girl that saw a trucker stop about midnight on Friday and go to the Genelli girl's door and then go away without knocking. She remembered the name of the van line. Gobert Brothers. I find they're in Philly and I check and find out the name of the guy who would be wheeling through here midnight last Friday. Joe Russo, his name is. I got him up here this morning. He says he was going to knock and he hears a guy in there talking to Lita. So I let him listen to five guys talking on the other side of a door. He picks out Shennary as the guy he heard, but that isn't good enough for a court. It's only good enough for me, I think."

"That was nice work."

"I wish to hell I hadn't done it, though."

"Why have you come to see me?"

"To see if I could save myself some time. I figure that if you weren't satisfied with Shennary, you've beeo looking around. If it wasn't Shennary, then it was a nice frame, all premeditated, and that means motive, and maybe you've got ao angle oo that. If you haven't got anything to give me, I can start digging on my own and see what turns up. That widow is a pretty woman, and she gets a nice bundle from your brother. The tipster was a man, so maybe she was playing around on the side. You've been thinking about it anyway, so I want to know what you've been thinking."

"Have you thought of aoy other motives, Sergeant?"

"I planned on asking the questions, but you might as well know how a cop's miod works on a thing like this. You get an upper-bracket murder, it is money, or it is sex, or it is a kind of blackmail. The victim is knocked off for what he's worth, or to get him out of somebody's bed, or to shut up his mouth about something he maybe will say to the wrong people. I have never seen an upper-bracket murder tbat comes out any different, at least when you got premeditation. Sometimes well-to-do people get drunk aod knock off somebody because the way they comb their hair isn't just right, but this isn't one of these. Something was nibbling on your brother, which was not hard to find out. It wasn't money, because he was doing fine, adding up his salary and the income from the stock he had. So what was it? Either sex trouble, or knowing something he wished maybe he didn't know."

"I think it was that last thing."

"What makes you think that?"

"Just by eliminating the other two."

"Mr. Dean, don't try to kid me. Look at it this way. Maybe four or five times in your life you try to conceal information that's important. I run into that problem twenty times a day. No amateur ever does much good bucking a pro."

"All right. I've been looking around. Something big is going on that Ken knew about. I think he knew, or guessed, for some time. It concerns the company, and somehow it concerns his wife. I don't know exactly what it is. But it is just beginning to take shape. I think Ken finally made up his mind to let cats out of bags, and that's why he was shot. But I'm not ready to tell you any more than that. I'm not trying to be the boy spy, but I want to be right, and I want to check my data. And I will come to you the momeot I have somethbing definite."

For long minutes he looked half asleep. Then he struggled to his feet. "Okay. I can't push you if you won't be pushed. I'll still nose around a little. But if it is big, like you hint, do one thing for me."

"Of course."

"Write out the guesses, address them to me, and put them in the hotel safe. Just in case. Do it right now. I already buried too many amateurs." He left me there, staring at the door he closed behind him, tbe back of my neck prickling oddly.

JUST as I sealed the envelope addressed to Sergeant Portugal, containing the absurd-sounding series of facts and assumptions, the telephone rang again.

"Mr. Dean? This is Martha Colsinger. A couple of my girls are home from work, and I just talked to them. Alma didn't come in at all yet."

"What did the girls say?"

"They live together in a front room, the biggest one, downstairs that used to be the living room. They were sitting up talking last night, sitting in the window seat that goes across the big bay window. They were talking because one of them has got love trouble and she is all depressed. Nice girls that go to the graduate school over at the college. Miriam, she comes from Albany, and she is the one that—"

"Did they see Alma Bradey?"

"I was coming to that. No, they didn't. They didn't see anybody come in, but around three they heard the front door close and a man goes off the porch real quiet and walks away. I've told the city people that we've got to have better lights on this street. If I told them once, I told them a hundred times. I feel responsible for these girls here, and with all the war work bringing a lot of people to town and with the sailors around from the naval training station, you never know—"

"What did the man look like?"

"I was telling you the lights aren't very good so they didn't see much of him except to say he was sort of a smallish man, dressed dark, walking quick and soft. So I was thinking that maybe it was him I heard in Alma's room, right over my head. It makes me nervous and I can't understand her never coming home since Thursday morning when she went to work. Do you think I better telephone the police?"

"I think that might be a good idea, Mrs. Colsinger."

"The girls didn't say anything to me because they thought it was just somebody had sneaked in a boy friend, and now they're nervous about it. I got a good lock on the front door, and wbenever a key gets lost, I get the lock changed, because I don't want just anybody having a key. And there is just one key for a girl, so that mao couldn't come in unless he had Alma's key. I'll phone the police right now."

"Mrs. Colsinger, I'd appreciate it if you didn't mention my interest in Alma Bradey. It's a company matter."

"Well," she said dubiously, "if they ask me if anybody was around asking for her or anything, what will I say?"

"In that case, I suppose you'd have to mention me. Just don't volunteer the information. I'd consider it a favor."

"Should I wire her people, Mr. Deao? They live in Junction City, Kansas."

"Why don't you wait on that? No need of alarming them when there's nothing they can do about it. Maybe she'll come in tonight."

"I certainly hope so. I hope nothing—bad happened to Alma."

I took the letter for Portugal down to the desk and told the clerk to put it into the safe and to give it to Sergeant Portugal if he should ask for it after I had checked out of the hotel.

As I turned away from the desk, Lester Fitch came toward me, his polished lenses reflecting the lobby lights.

"Ah, Gevan. So nice to see you."

"How are you, Lester?"

"A bit angry at the way you've been avoiding me, old boy. How about a cocktail? Niki, bless her, asked me to see if I could find you and talk to you like a Dutch uncle."

I let myself be steered to the Copper Lounge. We took stools at the bar. The place was beginning to fill up.

"This climate must be pretty repulsive after Florida, Gevan. Bet you're anxious to get back down there."

"Everybody seems anxious to *have* me get back down there."

"Now, we shouldn't develop a persecution complex, should we?"

"Are we?"

"You know, Gevan, if I may be permitted to diagnose, I think your trouble is hurt pride."

The current mask he was wearing was easy to identify. Fitch, the family lawyer. Just like a family doctor. This medicine may taste bad, old boy, but it's good for you, you know. Drink it down. His expression was just right. Lofty and noble.

I sipped my drink. "Indeed, Doctor?"

"It's just a case of being realistic. Certainly, in your heart, you know that Stanley Mottling is more highly qualified than you are to run a firm like Dean Products. Once you admit that, old boy, you can give up this dog-in-the-manger attitude that has us all so worried."

"Poor, poor old broken-down Granby."

"Exactly. Why, the old man wouldn't live six months in the job. It would kill him. By then Stanley would be in some other firm, and then where would we be?"

"Up the creek, just on account of my stupid pride."

HE LEANED closer to me, twisting his empty glass on the bar top. "You're hurting more than the company, Gevan. You're hurting Niki. Terribly. She's in love with you. And you're sabotaging her."

"No!" I said, half grinning at him. That was quite a word he had used. Sabotage. You get an image: greasy little men scuttling through warehouses and tossing incendiary pencils into dark corners, gelignite molded to bridge trusses. But how about another kind? Who can do the best job of sabotaging a school system? One grimy little boy, or the superintendent of schools?

"*Are* you listening to me, Gevan?"

"Sure. What were you sayiug?" Now, if the grimy little boy wanted to do a real job, he would have to lead such an exemplary life that he could become superintendent of schools without anyone ever suspecting that his sole motivation was to eventually kick down all the school buildings.

"Niki has her pride, too, Gevan. She wants Ken's plans to be carried out. And Ken's plans included Stanley Mottling. Ken forgot his pride aod handed the reins over to Stanley. You can prove that you're as big a man as Ken was."

"That's what's spoiling our lives. All that pride."

He edged even closer. "I know you're trying to make fun of me, Gevan. But remember Niki asked me to try to talk some sense into you." He lowered his voice, and there was a thin coating of slime on his words. "Now she didn't tell me this, but I'd be willing to bet that if you do things her way at the Monday meeting, she'll be glad to have you join her on the trip she plans to take. Oh, in a very discreet way, of course. So there'd be no talk."

I was suddenly very tired of Lester. And very tired of having Niki handed to me as a reward for good behavior. There is a limit to the number of handsprings you can turn for the bonus of a fair white body.

I took him by the wrist, tightening down with all my strength, holding him there. His mouth loosened and I saw the fright in his eyes, and I remembered Lester Fitch at Arland High School, fair game for kids half his size, loping along, bluhbering with fright. That had been before he had begun his collection of masks behind which he could hide.



"Nice of you fellows to come see me so often. What's happening in the nurses' quarters now?"

COLLIER'S LAFE LOCKE

"Don't—do anything silly," he said.

"I just want to tell you something, Lester. I want to tell you what I think. I think you've gotten into something that's way over your head. I think you're scared silly. I think maybe you'd like to get out and you can't."

He made a pitiful effort to pull on the handiest mask—indignation. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"I've got an advantage, Lester. I know you too well. I know that in your heart you want to get even with the world for not appreciating you properly. And I know you're a crook. That Army-surplus deal taught me that. I happen to know you're mixed up with Dolson. And he's a crook. You're a pair. Neither of you is worth a damn, separately or together. You were angled into something, Lester. Wouldn't you like to get out?"

His eyes wavered and went away from mine, wavered as they came back. "Let go of my wrist."

I let him go. He rubbed his wrist. No more masks. No thought of masks. Just Lester Fitch, naked. "It's too late to get out," he said, with such a tragic quaver in his voice that I knew he was dramatizing his self-pity.

"Or too profitable, maybe."

This time his eyes did not waver. They were like broken glass. I've never had anyone look at me like that before, with so much hate. "You've always had the breaks," he said hoarsely. "Every break. Handed right to you. All the things I've wanted. Keep prying, Gevan Dean. Keep tossing your weight around. I like it. I like to see you do it, because they're going to smash you like a bug on the wall. That's all you are. Just something buzzing around, and they swat it when they've had enough."

"Like they swatted Ken?"

Hate had tricked him into talking too much. My question apparently made him realize it. He turned away at once, leaving the bar, walking away from me with that so-carefully-cultivated look of a young man to watch, a comer.

After I had had another drink, I went up to the lobby and picked up a newspaper. Truman, Ike and the Russians hogged the headlines. There was a box on page one, near the bottom of the page. As I made sudden, startling sense to the words, I stopped so quickly that a man ran into me, grunted at me, and showed his teeth.

The box stated that the body of a young girl, taken from the river eleven miles south of the city at noon, had just been identified at press time as Miss Alma Bradey, civil service employee at the Army offices at Dean Products. Death was caused by drowning, and the suicide note found in the pocket of her red coat bolstered the police theory that she had leaped from one of the Arland bridges Thursday night. The note indicated that she had been depressed over a love affair.

Poor little chippy, tumbling down the river in her red coat. But not, I thought, a suicide type. Too much on the make, too full of that hunger for life. If Dolson faded out of the picture, she would start thinking of the next guy, not the river. There had been a certain vulnerability about her, but not enough to make for suicide. The more I pondered it, the more certain I became.

Ken had got involved, somehow. He had taken his gamble and lost. I mourned him, but his death did not give me the same degree of impersonal anger as the death of the fluffy little blonde did.

I TELEPHONED Joan Perrit's house from a booth in the lobby. Her mother, once I had identified myself, told me that Joan had called to say she was working late and would get her dinner across the street from the offices. I called the plant. The switchboard was closed. The night plug on the number I dialed was into a line to the engineering offices. They gave me the night number for Granby's office.

I did not realize the full extent of my own tension until the sound of Perry's voice came over the line. I sighed from my heels. "This is Gevan. Did you hear about it?"

"I'm just sick over it. I knew she was mad, but I didn't know it hit her so hard."

"That's the point. *Did* it hit her that hard?"

"What do you mean?"

"Perry, listen. I don't think she was a suicide. And you know just as much as she did. So do I. I'm coming out to get you and take you home."

She tried to laugh. "For Heaven's sake, do you think Colonel Dolson could—"

"It's more than Dolson. Have you eaten?"

"I just got back from across the street."

"What time are you leaving?"

"I should be through by about eight thirty, Gevan."

"You know the car. I'll be parked as close to the main entrance as I can get."

I hung up. It was a little after six by the lobby clock. I felt that the electric storm-lull was over. All the phony words had been said, all the untimed gestures made. Lester had talked his bate; he would report gladly that no persuasion would work on me. Now the storm could ride down the line of the wind. Sky of brass had turned to ink.

(To be concluded next week)



"But I don't understand it. You were the dashing, romantic hero in a movie we saw on television just last night!"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MR. AND MRS. JAMES LOCKE, popular young New York socialites. Discriminating in their choice of cigarettes, Mr. and Mrs. Locke say: "When we entertain, we always order extra cartons of Herbert Tareyton."

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THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Cattle Rush Down South

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

thousands. The old-timers say that the streets around the railroad stations were so crowded you couldn't get by. In 1912, the weevil got to Alabama, but it didn't do much damage until 1916. In that year moisture conditions were perfect for its increase.

The black belt of Alabama, where cotton grew up to the front door, suffered more in 1916 than any other part of the country. Men who were farming cotton in the area then say, "You could damn' near hear them weevils coming after our crops."

The pattern was repeated over and over. Farmers farther east in the line of march could see the weevils coming—they were desperately and futilely trying to prepare themselves. The weevil reached South Carolina in 1921. In 1920, there was a big cotton crop, and then the gray insects took over aod destroyed much of it.

The South was a bubbling caldron of poverty and despair. Farmers went bankrupt and labor went unpaid. Labor agents from Cleveland, Detroit and New York followed in the wake of the weevil with buodles of free one-way railway tickets North. Labor drained off across the whole Southeast.

In many areas there was not enough man power to raise cotton. If the farmers somehow managed to plant a crop, the weevil got it. And then, as the depression came in the early thirties, if the cotton wasn't destroyed, it didn't pay expenses. All forces seemed to he working for evil.

In desperation, farmers threw up fences around useless cotton fields, called them pastures and put cattle on them. But, at first, it was as difficult to raise cattle as it had been to raise cotton. A host of scourges were unleashed on the new cattle raisers.

Bang's disease, the screwworm and the Texas-fever tick attacked the cattle. In Florida there were Australian and other tropical ticks that were even more difficult to control than the Texas tick.

All Cow Ills Blamed on Dipping

Ticks were the greatest single menace, and a powerful combined effort to destroy them was launched. Georgia, Florida, Alahama and other Southern states inaugurated intensive tick-eradication programs by instituting compulsory dipping. But every time a cow died or went dry, some farmers said, "Dipping did it."

Dipping vats were dynamited in Alabama, two tick inspectors were caught and dipped in their own mixture in northern Georgia, and in 1924, in Escambia County, Florida, a number of state dip men were wounded in a pitched gun battle with the cattlemen who rose in revolt.

The cattlemen couldn't believe that ticks had anything to do with the fever. One grizzled old fellow came into Kissimmee, Florida, with a "gopher" or terrapio under his arm that had a tick on it.

"Look-a-here," he hollered, throwing it down oo the street. "They going to dip all the gophers io this here state?"

Finally, by the early thirties, the ticks were pretty well under control everywhere but in southern Florida. Florida was in and out of quarantine until 1936, when the ban was lifted against Florida cattle shipped from tick-free areas. Fencing laws had been instituted in most Southero counties, and once the cattle were fenced in and under close observation, it was easy to spot and treat screwworm infestations.

Old-time evangelists for cattle raising, like Dr. Milton P. Jarnagin of the University of Georgia's Agricultural College, got their teeth into the new future and hung on. Dr. Jarnagin, a ruddy-faced extrovert with a voice like a mule skinner, had come down from Virginia to Georgia in 1907, preaching cattle raising.

"When I got here," Dr. Jarnagin says, "people thought all livestock was good for was to add to the landscape. Farmers in Georgia joked about their 'Pole and China' cows. Said they were so weak they had to he propped up with a pine pole and so 'pore' you could milk them in a china cup.

"We've got a latitude," Dr. Jarnagin says, with almost a proprietary air, "where the right sort of pasture grasses and legumes will grow actively for as long as 11 months of the year. Since plant growth is not inhibited until the temperature of the earth goes below 45 degrees, we usually lose just one month—from December 15th through January 15th."

During the 1930s and the early forties, the agricultural colleges began to import and develop grasses and clovers that would be hardy through the hot summers and green through the mild winters. And the county agents, the field men for the colleges who know every farmer and every farm in their counties, tirelessly set about putting them across.

"I forgot the shopping list so I just got one of everything"

COLLIER'S — MORT WALKER

Crimson clover, white clover, ladino clover, and orchard grass, rye grass and Dallis grass were brought in. The University of Kentucky developed Kentucky 31 fescue in 1931; and in the early forties, the Coastal Plain Experiment Station of Georgia's Agricultural College developed Coastal Bermuda, a new strain of Bermuda grass that is a heavy and hearty producer, and well suited for the vast dry coastal plaios of the Southeast.

Ladino with Kentucky 31 or orchard grass, a permanent pasture clover-grass comhination, has become a miracle mixture for the Piedmont and other areas where the soils are reasonably moist and fertile.

From 1937 on, memhers of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service carried the word like a group of missionaries. Their local organizations put trained technicians at the disposal of the farmers in every county to advise on land use.

In discussing what can he done with improved pastures io the Southeast, Dr. Jarnagio says, "Georgia has put more weight on cows in pasture in the winter than some Illinois farms have in 12 months, and," he adds triumphantly, "Georgia can put two pounds of gain on her cattle from land that costs $40 an acre for every pound of gain that Illinois can put on from land that costs $400 an acre. And what you can do in Georgia, you can do pretty much in the rest of the Southeast."

During the early forties, grassland farming began to spread through the Southeast, and farmers began to put the latitude to work.

J. H. (Hop) Hopkins, county agent of Anderson County, South Carolina, started a county-wide winter-pasture program in 1946, the first in South Carolina. But some of Anderson's 6,000 active farmers were ahead of the band.

Bronzed, open-faced Manley McClure, who has 1,000 acres in the Williford Community near Anderson, had planted permanent pastures several years before. "In 1944," Mr. McClure says, "I chased the cows out of my barn. But, the next year, I did fill my silos, just in case the pastures didn't give enough food. The cows haven't been back in the harn yet, and this last spring, I gave the silage to a neighbor to fill up some holes in his land."

As Hopkins himself says, "Since 1946, we've done a few things. We have come up from almost no improved pasture to over 40,000 acres in the county. When we started, there were about 30 grade-A dairies, and now there are 162, and in addition, 450 farmers are selling grade-B or manufactured milk to a receiving station here in Anderson. We have been as high as 150,000 acres of cotton and now we are down to 50,000."

Hopkins says that the county income from dairying has risen from an almost negligihle revenue to $1,500,000 a year.

Each region, each soil presented a riddle. The right grasses and clovers with the right fertilizer would put a maximum quantity of meat on the heef cattle and bring a maximum quantity of milk from the dairy cattle at the cheapest possihle cost. The agricultural colleges working with the USDA set out in each region to determine what the secret ingredients were.

The University of Florida began to study soil deficiencies in their state back in the twenties. By 1931, they knew that most of the Florida soils were critically lacking in the minor elements—such minerals as copper and cobalt.

Dr. R. V. Allison, vice-director in charge of the university's Everglades Experiment Station, put this information to work in the mucklands of Palm Beach County, where, in spite of the fact that the soil was extremely rich, it had been almost impossible to raise healthy cattle.

"We discovered," Dr. Allison says, "that the mucklands needed three times the amount of copper that was needed in the rest of the state." The experiment station began to broadcast this fact, and the farmers hegan to put copper and cobalt directly into the soil and to feed them in a mineral mixture to the cattle. Within less than ten years, Palm Beach County went from comparatively few animals to over 40,000 head of healthy cattle.

Then the station pioneered in the hest grasses for the muckland. Using Florida grasses that had been especially adapted from the tropical climates of Africa and South America, along with Coastal Bermudas from Georgia, they ran a five-year experiment with St. Augustine, Carib, Pará, Coastal Bermuda and a three-year experiment with Pongola grass. By weighing the cattle on and off carefully fenced areas, they were able to determine exactly how many pounds of beef gaio were got from each acre of grass.

The results were in hy 1948, and they established what the Everglades Experiment Station helieves to he a world record.

Figuring Beef Gain per Acre

Each acre of St. Augustine grass produced an average yearly gain of 1,801.9 pounds of beef over a period of five years, and the top yearly gain on St. Augustine was 2,089 pounds. This is more than five times the gain you would expect from an acre of improved pasture on the better types of soil in the Southeast.

The muck soil around the experiment station was already incredibly rich—it had just lacked the necessary minerals. "This soil is naturally as pure carbon as coal," Dr. Allison says. "If you hurn it, there is only a 10 per cent ash. If you leave a live cigarette on the ground in a dry period, you will often find a charred spot as big as a dinner plate when you come back."

Herbert L. Speer, the assistant county agent of Palm Beach County, points out that the Everglades Experiment Station is not even on the hest land in the county. "The narrow band of custard-apple muck around the southeastern tip of Lake Okeechobee that was once covered with dense tropical jungle runs so high io nitrogen," he says, "that an application of it will fertilize the average soil."

The muck soil is not typical of Florida soils, and the gains registered there are unique, but so far as cattle raising is concerned, nothing seems to be average or typical in the state.

There were cattle in Florida before there were people in Texas, except for the Indians. On his second trip there in 1520, Ponce de León brought a few heifers from Cuba. This is the first authentic record of domestic stock heing introduced from ahroad, and from the time these first cattle swam ashore, cattle raising in Florida has been a hodgepodge of extremes and contradictions.

The cracker cowboy is one of the traditional figures in the state. Although the Florida "poke" is still practically a secret to the millions of tourists, he was herding "bow wows" or runty steers across the prairies during the Revolutionary War. The term cowboy actually developed in the colonies of Florida, Virginia and Carolina.

The area south of Lake Okeechobee in the Everglades area of south Florida is one of the last vast frontiers of undeveloped range in this country. Io the wilder sections, horse flies and mosquitoes round the cattle up instead of cowboys. When the insects are bad, and they have been known to kill 900-pound bulls, the cattle will bunch by the hundreds and switch their tails in unison. If they don't hunch, the country is so rough it is almost impossible to get them together from horseback.

In southern Florida there are a number

of 100,000-acre ranches, and several contain more than 200,000 acres.

One of the fabulous cattle empires of south Florida is owned by the Lykes Brothers, Inc., a family outfit. They have about 250,000 acres of fenced range in Highlands, Glades and Hendry Counties, and their cattle run on a mighty block of land from Brighton to Labelle, a distance of over 40 miles.

Big, rawboned Charlie Lykes, a vice-president, was comparing the Florida ranch with a 200,000-acre ranch the corporation owns in the Big Bend country of Texas. "Why, on our ranch in Texas," he says, "you can ride for a day sometimes and never see any grass.

"The cracker cowpuncher is going out," says Charlie Lykes sadly. "There's a new style cow-poke in now—wants to come home every night like a businessman. The old-timers would live on the range, but these young fellows today don't want to go out for a week in a truck that has a cook-stove on the back end."

The Lykes operation, like most of the other big ranch operations in south Florida, is based on breeding purebred Brahman and Angus bulls to Florida range cows. The range cows are an incredible mixture of breeds, but they are good mothers, and when bred to purebred bulls, they produce good commercial beef calves.

Just as Florida has developed her own strains of grasses, she has favored different breeds of cattle. The white-faced Hereford and the jet-black Aberdeen-Angus, popular beef breeds farther north, are outnumbered by the Brahmans. The Brahman with its hump and pendulous dewlap, the holy cow of India, has been bred with the Angus, Hereford and Shorthorn to create its own competitors, the Brangus, Braford and Brahorn or Santa Gertrudis. Many ranchers think that the future of the beef business in Florida rests with these hybrids.

Amazing Progress in Florida

The most conspicuous similarity between cattle raising in Florida and in the rest of the Southeast is the revolutionary growth and development of the last 10 years.

During the last decade, Florida has achieved a gain of 111 per cent in beef cattle marketing, according to the USDA. She has come up to twelfth position in the nation in the number of beef cattle, and there has been a rapid increase in per head value in Florida.

This increase in value is explained to a large extent by a jump in the number of purebred herds in the state from 25 in 1935 to over 500 today. In any region purebred bulls afford the only means of improving the original stock. Purebred herds are the backbone of the beef and dairy industries.

"Of course, there's several ways to look at it," one Florida farmer said. "A man can do just as well sometimes with poor fences as he can with good bulls. Mr. Johnson's Angus bull got over my south-pasture fence with my cows there, and Mr. Long's purebred Hereford bull broke through the east-pasture fence and mixed with the heifers I had there. Looks like I'm going to do all right with calves this spring."

There are some laggards, but the average cattle raiser is buying the best bull he can afford.

June Gunn, the tireless, sunburned county agent of Osceola County, has had a long view of the uphill climb. "When I came to this county, almost 30 years ago," Mr. Gunn says, "the average cow weighed about 400 pounds and brought about $10 a head. Fifteen dollars was an enormous price. Then we got rid of the ticks and got out of quarantine, and now the average cow weighs about 800 pounds and the price is about $175."

The cattle rush is on in Florida. Not only the tourists are coming down for the mild winters. On February 22, 1950, a group of prominent members of the Mormon Church began operating a 200,000-acre ranch, that had been incorporated as the Orlando Cattle Company.

TOUCH AND GO

When someone hits me for a loan
Why is it I can't learn to groan
And pitch a tale of abject sorrow
Like that I get when *I* would borrow?

—RAY ROMINE

Herber W. Meeks, resident general manager and secretary of the company, says, "There is no place in the United States where beef can be produced as cheaply as it can in Florida." The Mormons feel that Florida may be the top cattle-producing state of the nation in 15 or 16 years.

Brothers Inherit Vast Range

Two young brothers, Miles and Barron Collier, Jr., who inherited a 1,000,000-acre tract in the wild southeast corner of the state, are promoting the cattle industry vigorously. They have leased 300,000 acres for grazing and have started a ranch of their own, with 1,000 head of cattle.

All of the big operators in the Southeast are not on the tremendous ranches in Florida. Some of the most successful enterprises in the region are vest-pocket operations by comparison, involving total acreages that could be hidden in a single Florida pasture.

H. C. Blackwood, of Cleveland, Alabama, one of the biggest cattlemen in the state, has only about 1,000 acres in permanent pasture, does most of his work himself, and, far from depending on his pastures to produce enough food, spends as much as $1,500 a day on supplemental feed. There is almost nothing orthodox about the way Mr. Blackwood conducts his business, but he grosses over a million dollars a year.

Last summer, this writer and Luther Fuller, then head of the Farm Products Division for Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Company, flagged Mr. Blackwood down. He was driving past the Cleveland, Alabama, post office in his dusty, black pickup truck.

"Glad to see you," he said. "I'm 20 minutes behind schedule. Get in."

A wrinkled, gravel-voiced man of sixty-eight, who magnifies a look of intent concentration with steel-rimmed glasses, Blackwood managed to keep pretty well to his schedule and still get across his enthusiasm for the 3,500 grade Hereford steers on his place.

"Got half a million dollars' worth of cattle on this place now," he said. "Been in beef cattle for 12 years. Had this land in cotton with 15 families working it—cotton played out. Went into beef cattle 15 years ago—Bang's wiped me out. Went into dairy—Bang's wiped me out. Went back into dairy—labor played out."

Mr. Blackwood is still so sour on dairying that he doesn't even keep a milk cow on the place. "Too much trouble," he says.

Mr. Blackwood has a steer-feeding operation. He buys yearling steers, doubles their weight in less than 12 months and sells them. Too, he buys older cattle, puts 300 pounds on each steer in a hundred days and ships them to the packer. "In all," he says, "I run about 5,000 head through this place every year."

The 12 years of H. C. Blackwood's successful steer-feeding operation have been important years for Alabama.

Alabama's cash income from beef cattle was $7,605,000 in 1940. For each of the last two years, cattle and calves have brought in a revenue of over $37,000,000. In 1950, over 500,000 acres of permanent pasture were seeded in the state. Alabama is frequently called the showcase of the Southeast, and the black belt is the showcase of Alabama.

Luther Fuller, the round-faced, heavy-set, former head of TCI's Farm Products Division, is an indomitably gregarious fellow who makes it his business to know more farmers in Alabama than anybody else. "Ones I don't know, know me," Luther says. He characterizes himself by saying, "I like folks."

Although he is as Southern as potlicker, Luther lived in the North for a number of years, and he has to admit that he narrowly escaped becoming famous there.

"Joined everything in Illinois but the Ku Klux Klan and the Grand Army of the Republic," he says. "They was running me for the legislature—the devil could have been elected with Roosevelt that year. At the last minute, the opposition discovered I was still voting down in Montgomery, Alabama, by mail."

A New Use for an Old Speech

Luther was asked to make a speech in Milford, Illinois, on National Memorial Day, or "Yankee Memorial Day" as he calls it. His father had surrendered with General Lee and then walked home from the courthouse at Appomattox, Virginia, to Montgomery, Alabama. "I'd heard tell of a speech he made over the Confederate dead, so I sent for it," Luther says. "It came on parchment paper, and every place it said 'Confederate,' I scratched it out and put in 'Union.'"

Luther says that it was a tremendous success and that he gave it all over Illinois.

Mr. Fuller doesn't seem to have any lack of acquaintances anywhere in the country, much less in the 11 Southeastern states that constituted his territory, but when he gets into the black belt, it's like a family reunion.

"I remember when you couldn't get out the door for the cotton, and the whole black belt was broke as a bant," he says. "The most drastic change in the South is in the belt. Cattle raising is meaning better everything for everybody here."

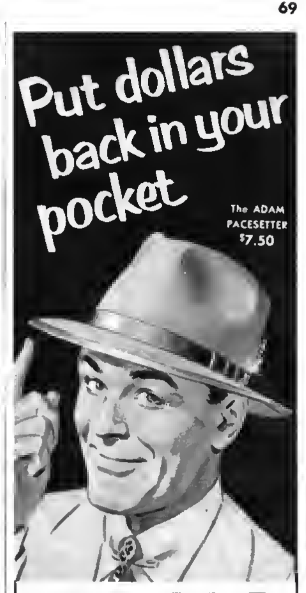
When he gets to talking about this region, he gets halfway on his feet with excitement. And the first farmers he's likely to mention as having converted from cotton to cattle are the Wadsworth brothers. "Salt of the earth," he says.

Few farmers have started deeper in the cotton field and come out faster with less lint on them than the Wadsworths on their farm on the edge of the black belt. Ed, Jack and Leonard Wadsworth own a 3,100-acre farm that their grandfather got as virgin land in 1870. By 1934, the little white farmhouse with its ginger-



"But if it isn't going to be worth a fortune someday, we'll be out forty bucks!"

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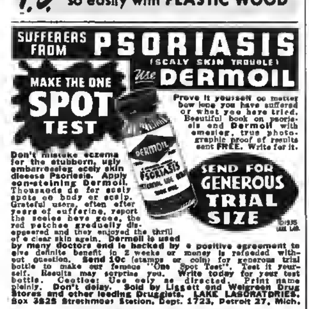
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bread front and the land were mortgaged for more than their worth.

"All we owe today," Jack Wadsworth says, "is the light bill."

Big, easygoing, slow-talking men, now in their forties, the brothers bought their first cattle in 1935 with the profits from a few litters of pigs. During 1951, they sold about $81,000 worth of cattle.

"For ten years," Ed states, "us three boys, our wives and a total of eight children lived in that little white house, and our mother lived with us for five of those years. It was a little crowded, but we had a wonderful time."

Three years ago the brothers built two additional houses, handsome brick bungalows, then all three of them rolled high dice to see who would get the new houses.

Jack lost, so he and his family are in the homestead, but the family agrees that they'll get a new house built for him when they get around to it.

All three brothers and their wives have a single bank account, and they all write checks on it. "Win $50 in a crap game," Ed says, "in it goes. Lose fifty, out it goes. Everybody's happy."

Farmers in the region say it's one of the closest, smoothest-working partnerships in the business—and it is certainly one of the most progressive. Last winter the Wadsworths had 800 cattle on 800 acres through the season with a negligible amount of supplemental feeding. They gained steadily.

The brothers weigh their cattle on and off the pastures and keep an accurate check on gains; and they have their own experimental pasture plots where they do their own research on grasses and legumes.

Alabama's next-door neighbor, Mississippi, has the toe of the black belt in her own borders. After sweeping east and west across Alabama, the band of gently rolling prairie country with its black and red clay soils twists north across the Mississippi line for 130 miles.

Henry Leveck, associate director of the Mississippi Experiment Station, State College, says that 32 counties in the black belt and the other cattle-raising areas of the state sold twice as many cattle in 1949 as they did in 1939. And during '49 and '50, Mississippi was seventh in the nation in percentage increase in number of cattle.

Where King Cotton Reigns

Unlike the rest of the deep South, Mississippi has not replaced cotton with cattle. She is growing as much cotton as she did in 1928-1932, but on 40 per cent less acreage. This has been accomplished by shifting cotton from the traditional to the ideal areas within the state. The results of this shift support the argument of cotton growers that it was not cotton that caused the downfall of the South, but the one-crop system that put cotton where it should not have been planted in the first place.

One cotton man says, "Cotton didn't prostitute the farmers, the farmers prostituted cotton. They grew it on hillsides that were too steep for it and on land that wouldn't support a crop."

Success doesn't seem to change most cattle raisers much. People like the Wadsworth brothers, Joe Hawkins, Mr. Blackwood and Blaney Franks live simply, work hard and put most of their profits back into the cattle and the land. They are a hospitable brotherhood, and they seem to have an unusual willingness to help one another.

In the black belt there has been a concentrated effort to help the Negro farmers improve the quality of their dairy cattle and their production of grade-B, or manufactured, milk. Last October 18th, seven black belt counties participated in the fifth regional All-Negro Dairy Show. The show was held outside Uniontown, Alabama, in a coliseum that the people of the community had built for this purpose. Before an audience of hundreds of members of Negro farm families, 160 entries won $1,650 worth of prizes. Because this sort of interest has been at work, over 1,500 Negro families in these seven counties are selling manufactured milk. The regular cash income, with checks every two weeks, has made a real difference to most of these families.

Throughout the Southeast, while grassland farming has been helping the people, it has also been helping the land. "Every year, land planted in grasses gets better and better rather than worse and worse," says Paul Chapman, associate dean of Georgia's College of Agriculture. "Row crops have been depleting the soil for over 100 years, and not until a new type of agriculture was established on the foundation of grass did this situation change."

The grasses stop erosion and keep the precious topsoil where it belongs on the land. The legumes like ladino clover, crimson clover and white Dutch take nitrogen from the air and put it in the soil. Nitrogen is an essential element for any sort of plant growth, and one of the most expensive to add through fertilization. Both grasses and legumes add a tremendous amount of organic matter to the soil.

Tap Bennett, a much-beloved livestock judge in the South, and Agricultural Director for the Central of Georgia Railway Company, says, "Grassland farming is preserving our heritage." Rufus Gartrell, a Negro farmer in Wilkes County, Georgia, has shown what sort of salvage work can be done. "Moved here in 1932," he says. "It was awful bad eroded—no dirt here. Guess it was about the poorest place in the county. I tried to sell the farm to a man for a thousand dollars."

He went to work planting improved pasture on his worn-out cotton land, and gradually built up a herd of high-grade Jerseys. Now he is milking 16 cows in a dairying operation that grosses about $200 a month, and, in addition, he sells about 16 steers a year.

"Any kind of a cow is better than cotton," Mr. Gartrell says. "I'm telling you the honest truth, you do everything in the world to cotton and it won't make a crop. I love to raise cotton," he adds. "I missed it the first year away, but you just can't beat cattle."

Last year the man who wouldn't buy Gartrell's farm in 1932 for $1,000 offered him $20,000 for it.

Still a New Frontier

The cattle rush in the Southeast isn't a private party. Ranchers from all over the country are coming in to look and to buy. Mr. Leveck of the State College Experiment Station in Mississippi, says that 100 new landowners have come into Noxubee County alone, and that most of them are from out of state. Farmcraft, a corporation in south Georgia that sells land and provides commercial management, is doing a booming business, and Westerners like the Mormons are settling over the whole region. But the Southeast is still a new frontier.

Southern cattlemen are not arrogant about their cattle or the advantages of the region. Most of them will admit that Texas still produces the best along with the most. In fact, just a few weeks ago, Virgil Johnson, manager of the Sears, Roebuck retail store in Savannah, Georgia, inadvertently produced evidence of the respect for Texas. He auctioned off one hair from the tail of a famous Texas bull to a group of Southerners and it was sold at $1.50.

But the region is tremendously optimistic, and with good reason.

Authorities in the Southern agricultural colleges say that beef production can be quadrupled without encroaching on other kinds of agriculture. And Associate Dean Paul Chapman of Georgia's Agricultural College says that the South has 40,000,000 additional acres to put into improved pastures—more than twice the available well-adapted acreage of all other regions of the nation combined.

Western cattle are being drawn off to feed the great new population centers in California, and the pressure of competition has been relaxed. But all questions about competition haven't been answered yet. There has been a ban on Mexican cattle since December of 1946, when the border was closed to prevent foot-and-mouth disease from spreading to the United States. When and if this ban is removed, there will be a lot of competition, but the West will feel it more keenly than the South.

Since there is an average regional rainfall of 52 inches in the Southeast as compared to 30 in Texas, and a grazing season of 9 to 10 months as compared with little more than six in the Northeast and Northwest, the future seems to be unlimited. It looks as if the mild winters and the gentle rains are going to mean green pastures for the biggest rural population in the country.

There could be no more fervent endorsement of cattle raising than the recent tribute paid by Montgomery, Alabama. In recent years, Montgomery has become one of the biggest cattle markets south of the Ohio River and east of Fort Worth, Texas.

Long fiercely proud of being known as the Cradle of the Confederacy, Montgomery now also calls itself the Cow Capital of the South.

THE END

Next Week



WHAT TAFT BELIEVES

America's Happy Hospital

Our Wonder Weapons

CONTINUEO FROM PAGE 17

combat missile firings at White Sands. The men work with high-voltage electricity and highly compressed air. Also, the missile is propelled by forcing aniline and nitric acid together. These are so-called "hypergolic fuels," which means that the instant they come in contact with each other, they produce violent explosions which give the missile its 700-mile-per-hour speed. Both substances are extremely dangerous. Aniline is a poison which, when absorbed by the body, can kill by reducing the number of red blood cells; and the tiniest drop of nitric acid can burn the skin.

Narrow Escapea from Injury

Recently, in fact, a tank of nitric acid did explode, and one man might have lost his arm if it hadn't been for prompt action by medics in the ambulance which stands by at all times. On another occasion, a jet booster unit blew up within seconds after the crew had taken cover behind sandbags, and an 85-pound steel fragment whizzed 300 yards through the air and smashed two automobiles, including the car of Lieutenant General LeRoy Lutes, then Fourth Army Commander, who was a spectator that day. Miraculously, no one was hurt.

I witnessed one of these firings at Fort Bliss, a few weeks after this near accident; once again, the most impressive single factor was the scholarship and training of the men involved. Supervising the shoot was thirty-three-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Fritz Freund, the operations officer of the First Guided Missiles Group and an outstanding contender for the title of Most Amazing Whiz Kid of All.

Colonel Freund, a serious, handsome young man from Scarsdale, New York, graduated from tbe U.S. Naval Academy. Before he switched to the Army during World War II, he got a B.S. in mechanical engineering at the University of Southern California, and later he returned to that same institution for an M.A. in aeronautics and guided missiles.

He speaks French and German; he is a licensed airplane pilot; he is the owner and operator of amateur radio station W5RVL; and he builds peanut-sized radio transmitters as a bobby. In the Army, he has commanded battalions of antiaircraft guns in combat in Europe, and he has served as an Information & Education specialist. In his spare time, he is an amateur archaeologist, and his office is graced by a 3,200-year-old mummified skull, removed from a tomb dating back to the Ramses II period in Egypt.

On the day of the firing, Colonel Freund and I arrived at the range—whicb is in the desert near Newman, New Mexico—at the height of a sandstorm. The missile already was mounted on its frail-looking launcher, ready to be fired. For all its morbid implications, it was almost beautiful as it pointed off into the desert at about a 20-degree angle. Its slim, graceful body was painted yellow. It had a silver nose, and at its tail was a silver-painted jet booster unit to help propel it into the air.

Two hoses were attached to the missile—an air hose to cool the electronic equipment until the take-off, and an "umbilical cable" to provide electric power and to start the missile (after which its own batteries would take over in flight). Botb cables, attached by magnetic devices, would drop off at the touch of a button inside the sandbagged semiunderground firing station, a few yards behind the launcher.

It all seemed very simple, but months of careful instruction had led up to this key moment for the members of the crew. Every man had gone through 15 weeks of basic training in guided missiles, during which, according to aptitude, the mechanical specialists were separated from the electronics specialists.

The mechanical people had taken a further four-week course on this training missile and were integrated immediately into the crew. But the electronics people had had to undergo 21 weeks of highly complicated training, much of it at the Antiaircraft and Guided Missiles Branch of the Artillery School at Fort Bliss. Even after that, the combined crew had spent backbreaking months assembling the "birds" (as they call all guided missiles), operating their motors, and searching for malfunctions deliberately built into the missiles by tbe instructors. Now, the actual firing was their final examination.

The missile had been uncrated nine days earlier at Fort Bliss. The mechanical crew, under twenty-eight-year-old Master Sergeant Donald W. Acord, of St. Louis (who, after World War II, had been a counterintelligence noncom on the border of the Soviet zone of Germany), then attached the wings and checked all the parts of the aniline-nitric acid power plant.

Then the electronics crew, under thirty-four-year-old Master Sergeant Richard F. Kidwell, of Washington, D.C., took over. Kidwell is an ex-Navy man who was chief warrant electrician aboard the aircraft carrier Essex during the war, handling fire control and intercommunication, and his principal job at this stage of preparation for the shoot was to check the control mechanism in the missile, the "Bird Brain" that automatically guides the flight of the projectile to the target.

When the missile had been completely checked, Acord and his crew had hauled it to the launching site. At 6:00 A.M. on the day of the shoot, they had carefully fueled the bird, wearing head-to-toe fueling suits of rubber fabric that made them look like men from Mars. With a fire truck standing by, they first pumped in the acid, then the aniline, and finally the compressed air. After that, the electronics people had taken over for a final checkup, and oow the missile was ready for firing.

A red banner went up on a flagpole, and all the crewmen were whisked away in trucks, except for a handful who went into the sandbagged firing station. Five miles away, on a knoll called Davis Dome, an "R-Cat" (a tiny pilotless target plane) was catapulted into the air. In a plotting van, 1,000 yards from the firing station, Captain Ralph LaRock watched a radar screen recording the position of the R-Cat in the air; when he saw that the target was about 7,000 feet high and 14,000 yards away, he spoke by phone to the firing station.

"When I say mark," he said, "it will be x-minus-twenty seconds."

Men Who Waited and Watched

In the firing station. Kidwell sat at a panel studying dials and meters, while Acord peered out of a periscope to observe the missile's pre-take-off behavior. With them were twenty-five-year-old Master Sergeant John H. Findley, of Springfield, Missouri, handling the phone, and thirty-year-old Master Sergeant Donald J. Moss, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, who watched a "synchroscope," a radar screen which was recording the same thing as tbe control mechanism in the missile.

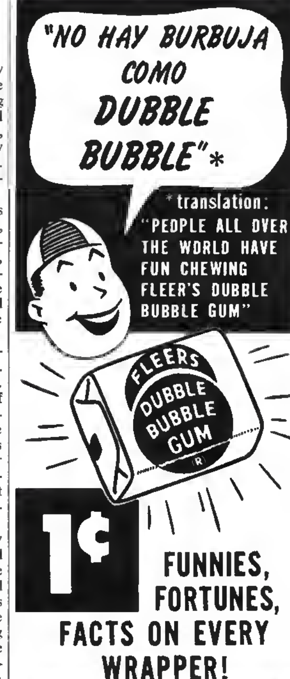
When the warning came over the phone from Captain LaRock, Kidwell, the firing chief, started the sequence. He pulled a switch throwing the missile onto the power of its own batteries. Five seconds later, he threw a second switch activating the missile's gyroscope, and a third switch releasing compressed air, which moves the missile's fins and steers it in flight.

At x-minus-ten, Kidwell pulled a switch releasing acid and aniline in the power plant. The two chemicals exploded on contact, and Acord, peering out through the periscope, reported that the flame was burning fine. Then, as fast as he could, Kidwell hit three switches in succession, releasing the umbilical cable, the air hose cable, and a safety device on the jet booster unit that catapults the missile into the air until its own rocket thrust cao take over. Everything was ready now. There was a moment of tension as Moss squinted through an-

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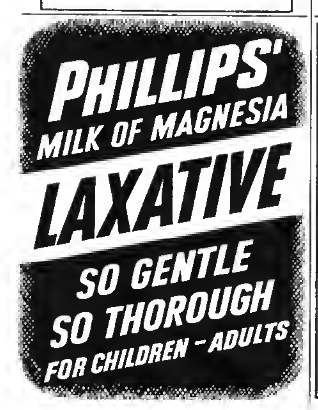
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other porthole to see if the hoses had dropped off safely. "Hoses away!" he yelled, and Kidwell hit the final switch.

The high whine that had filled the firing station was drowned out by an explosion, followed by a muffled roar. Dust and smoke poured into tbe sandbagged chamber. Througb the periscope, tbe missile could be seen slowly leaving the earth, and then—as the booster dropped away after about 100 yards—disappearing into the sky, leaving a trail of dirty smoke behind it as it accelerated to hundreds of miles per hour.

The work of tbe firing station was now completed. But back at the plotting van, Captain LaRock watched one radar that followed the course of the missile and another that showed where the target was. He had a "beep-box" on his lap, a small contraption with a miniature joy stick protruding from it, with which he could fly the missile by remote control if its automatic control went awry and beaded the "bird" toward civilization.

Rocket Blown Up in Flight

The captain peered at the two radar screens. Swiftly, the rocket approached the target. Then, moments before impact, he spoke to Lieutenant Daniel J. Finnegan: "Okay; destroy the bird." Lieutenant Finnegan snapped a switch on the end of a cable, and, 10 miles away, the missile blew up—in mid-air, where it could do no damage. There was a flasb and a spurt of flame on the horizon, and a vapor trail of acid marked the path of the wreckage to the ground, where the parts would later be salvaged.

The shoot was over. Another group of GIs had joined the growing cadre of Wonder Weapons experts.

Today, at Fort Bliss, and at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, every officer attending artillery school is being taught how to use these experts and tbeir Wonder Weapons when he sbows up on tbe battlefield. Every enlisted man and officer candidate student, moreover, is made to take elementary courses, to familiarize them with the revolutionary new developments.

This, presumably, is to avoid a repetition of a situation that cropped up late in World War II, when the VT proximity fuse first was sbipped to the U.S. Fifth Army in Italy. This remarkable device is a tiny radar for the nose of a shell whicb explodes the shell automatically as soon as it comes within a set distance of the target. Some sources have credited it with providing the margin of victory for the Allies. It was widely—and very effectively—employed in the Pacific, and later saw considerable action in France and Italy. But when the first shipments reached the latter front, field artillery battalions bad to be pulled out of the line at a crucial time to take VT fuse instruction.

There is little danger of a similar mix-up happening now. Fort Sill is plastered with posters proclaiming The Mission of the Field Artillery—a statement of principles composed by the Artillery Center and Artillery School commander, Major General Arthur McKinley Harper, whicb reads in part: "The Field Artillery . . . operates zealously to maintain its establisbed reputation as the greatest killer on the battlefield, whether by conventional projectile, atomic projectile, free rocket or guided missile." To convince the artillery officers further that they are operating in a Buck Rogers age, instructors at the school discuss the use of missiles and atomic war heads as nonchalantly as if they were talking about band grenades.

Recently, for instance, Lieutenant Colonel Harry Auspitz, of Chicago, was lecturing a group of high-ranking staff officers taking a refresber course before being shipped overseas. Auspitz is a forty-three-year-old lawyer and a University of Chicago graduate who entered the Army as a reservist in 1940 and elected to stay on as a Regular Army officer in 1946.

"Suppose," Auspitz asked his class, "you are in a corps headquarters and word comes from Intelligence that a group of 100 enemy tanks has been spotted in an assembly area 35 miles behind the lines. The tanks are not buttoned up and the men are standing around in the open, eating chow.

"Now, ordinarily, a request will come back to Army headquarters asking for an air attack, since the tanks are beyond the range of our heaviest artillery. But you, in corps headquarters, intercept the message. You know that a guided missiles battalion has just been attached to your corps, and you think to yourself: When the enemy troops hear the airplanes coming, many of them will have time to take cover. A guided missile is more expensive, but it will drop on them at supersonic speeds witbout warning. This target is worth it.

"So you decide to cancel the air request and put the guided missiles battalion on the mission. But then you have a further decision to make. Should you use a conventional high-explosive war head on the missile, to wreck as many tanks as possible? Should yon use a fragmentation war head to kill more men? Sbould you use a napalm war head to blanket the area witb flame?" Auspitz paused. "Or," he added, "is the target worth using another type of war head on your missile?" He paused again. "These are the questions, gentlemen, which you in the field will have to answer for yourselves."

In bis lectures, Auspitz sets up other dramatic possibilities. If enemy troops are pouring through a defile in the hills behind the lines and it is too foggy to use airplanes, the prescription calls for guided missiles. If we want to prevent the enemy from destroying a bridge a bundred miles or so ahead of us as we advance in an offensive, constant fragmentation fire from smaller guided missiles will keep the enemy engineers from setting demolition charges on the bridge, yet will not damage the bridge itself. If aircraft cannot fly in bad weather or through our own artillery barrages to bit targets immediately beyond—guided missiles can.

Loss of many of our heavy bombers from accurate antiaircraft fire is always possible wben they attack marshaling yards and ammunition dumps 100 miles or so behind enemy lines; but there is no known defense against supersonic free rockets, once they are airborne and zeroed on the target.

In World War II, it was a favorite Russian tactic to score a break-tbrough in the German line by attacking in great mass with three divisions lined up behind one another in a small area. Colonel Auspitz says, "German generals have told us that even the toughest SS troops cracked under this pile driver. Generally, they stopped the first two divisions, but they became too exhausted and sick of killing to withstand the third. Such a mass of men and equipment in the open is a perfect situation for the use of an atomic artillery shell or an atomic war head on a guided missile."

Lessons in Self-Preservation

Equally dramatic in his lectures is thirty-eight-year-old Lieutenant Colonel Harry Harden, of Dallas, Texas, a West Pointer and an atomic warfare expert. He teaches all students how to defend tbemselves when an atomic explosion occurs on the battlefield; to advanced officer-students who have been cleared for security he describes each atomic weapon in detail and what it can be expected to accomplish when used in combat. He points out, for instance, that more enemy soldiers will be killed by flying debris, when an atomic weapon goes off, than by the more-publicized flash, blast and radiation. Radiation is the least effective killing factor, from the military viewpoint.

In general, as this indicates, Harden and the other instructors are *not* members of the push-button school of warfare which claims that these new weapons are absolute and will replace all others. "On the contrary," says Colonel Marion P. Echols, former information officer for General Douglas MacArthur and now supervisor of instruction at the Artillery School, "our people constantly empbasize that the new weapons are only *additions* to the conventional weapons we use today, and that in

many cases it still is desirable to use the older weapons."

Colonel Harden, for instance, says that a man in a foxhole is pretty well protected from an atomic explosion, and that while the Nagasaki-type bomb had a killing area of one mile, a single division in the field is spread out over an area of from 10 to 50 miles. He says, "B-36s with fire bombs still may do more damage to a city than an atomic explosion."

Colonel Auspitz, too, insists that massed corps and division artillery, pounding the enemy hour after hour and day after day, still is preferable in many cases to occasional bits by guided missiles. "Also," he says, "guided missiles cannot escape the age-old artillery problem that beset Napoleon 150 years ago—you still have to find a target before you can hit it. They still cannot do the job of pilots in low-flying planes who can destroy hidden tanks and vehicles with individual aerial rockets and small bombs."

These feelings echo those of the Army's top commander, General J. Lawton Collins. The Chief of Staff recently told this writer: "What the Army is doing is integrating these arms—guided missiles, rockets, atomic artillery—into our own pattern of weapons. Where we put in a battalion capable of firing atomic artillery weapons, it will take the place of a regular artillery battalion. Similarly, where we use a guided missiles battalion, it will replace an antiaircraft or a field artillery battalion.

"But most of the older weapons will remain, for the time being. It doesn't seem possible, for example, that guided missiles can replace fast-firing automatic weapons against low-flying planes which duck in from behind terrain features before our radar can pick them up. Also, there are many things we don't know yet about guided missiles. Is the cost per plane-brought-down worth it? Can the electronic systems of the missiles be interfered with in flight by the enemy?

"Until questions like this are answered, we can say that the new weapons have great possibilities, especially in bad weather. But the public should not jump to the conclusion that they will replace conventional weapons overnight."

There are other experts who take issue with this conservative attitude, among them members of the Historical Section of the U.S. Air Force, and Drs. Walter Dornberger and Wernher von Braun, two German scientists, now in the United States, who headed the German V-2 project during the last war.

These experts point out that less than 3,500 of the comparatively primitive V-1 and V-2 missiles were fired against England, yet they killed or injured nearly 35,000 people and destroyed or damaged some 1,539,000 buildings. The V-weapons killed 5,000 Belgians in Antwerp alone, and the American consul general there estimated that the missiles destroyed or damaged nearly one fourth of the buildings in all of Belgium.

The Air Force experts don't think the Wonder Weapons should be underrated. They feel that Germany could have won the war if the V-missiles had been produced a year earlier. And they ominously point out that the Russians took over where the Germans left off in 1945 at the big research base at Peenemünde in the Baltic Sea in 1945, and that they may be ahead of us today in the missiles arms race.

And so the argument goes on, with its dark overtones of death and destruction. There is, however, one bright spot in the picture about which there is no controversy. And that is the Whiz Kids.

Because of the demands for scientific knowledge in the program, young college graduates with technical degrees are guided into their specialties by the Army, when they are drafted, and they are earmarked for scientific work.

"Then," as General Collins points out, "they have an opportunity to work at places like White Sands under some of the finest technicians and scientists in the United States. When they leave the Army, they can move into scientific jobs for which they would have had to prepare for many years in civilian life."

This is literally true. Sergeant Robert P. Alley, for instance, helped design washing-machine parts for General Electric before he was drafted. Now, after his work on the V-2 and other missiles, GE feels he will be qualified to move into one of the upper echelons of research. This is one of the factors of the Wonder Weapons program that most impresses General Collins, a genuine humanitarian whose basic interest in the welfare of his men is well known.

"We have had to develop these terrible weapons to defend ourselves," he says, "but out of this evil has come some good: we also are developing a large group of highly advanced young scientists who undoubtedly will better our lives, in peace as well as war." THE END



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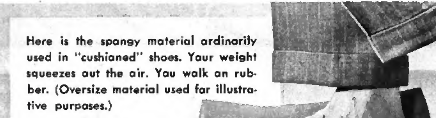
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HARRY DEVLIN

Shorten the Shouting

THIS WEEK we are going to make some political predictions. And ours, unlike a good many forecasts at this stage of the game, are going to be bold and confident. There will be no hedging, no quibbling and no reservations, because we're not afraid that actual events are going to upset our present prognostications.

We predict that the coming Presidential campaign will be conducted in a manner most unbecoming to the grave issues at stake. It will be too noisy. It will be too emotional. It will be full of intemperate charges and undignified name-calling. There will be too many irrational prophecies of national doom. It will, in short, be the usual quadrennial Donnybrook. And the chief reason why these predictions will come true is that the campaign will be too long.

There is a lapse of almost four months between the first of the party conventions and Election Day. Once upon a time, in the days of slow trains, dirt roads and horse-and-buggy travel, there may have been good reason for this time lapse. But there isn't now. Today it is simply a matter of custom and tradition. And the custom and tradition are not only outmoded, but definitely and positively harmful.

Devoting about one third of a Presidential year to a political campaign is a grievous waste of time and money. It slows down the wheels of government to a crawling pace. Congress is immobilized. The President, if he is a candidate, must neglect his duties in favor of politics for too long a time. A four-month campaign is a strain on the public temper and a drain on the candidates' strength. And in the end it becomes almost a mockery of the great event that follows it.

Today, more than ever, the election of a President of the United States is a solemn and momentous occasion. Its outcome has a profound effect on world history. And, as an example of popular sovereignty in action, it is of particular importance at a time when, for the third of mankind under Communist domination, the word "democracy" has become a cynical, perverted synonym for slavery.

Yet, in the weeks that precede this momentous occasion, the behavior of the popular sovereigns and their candidates is almost enough to shake one's faith in our free institutions. This behavior also provides altogether too much ammunition for the Communist propagandists, who play up the more bitter and senseless of election-year attacks as "proof" of disunity in the United States. The voters, instead of weighing the issues and the merits of the office seekers more carefully as Election Day approaches, are goaded into a state that has all the symptoms of mild hysteria. At the moment when they should be most calm and thoughtful, they have all but taken leave of their political senses.

We are convinced that this happens largely because the candidates have run out of sensible things to say. It seems to us that a man running for President should not need more than four major speeches to expound his political philosophy, propose and explain his foreign and domestic policies, and answer his opponents. And he should not need to repeat himself now that most of the country can see him as well as hear him when he speaks. But the politicians of both parties cling to the old idea that victory depends on the sheer number—though not necessarily the weight—of their candidates' words.

So the men who seek the world's highest office, and the men and women who back them, go on making too many speeches. And pretty soon somebody on one side lets go with a wild, emotional haymaker, and somebody on the other side responds in kind, and they're off again. It's an old American custom, and we can't say we admire it.

Maybe it's wishful thinking to hope that anything will be done about it. But something *can* be done, and something ought to be done before 1956—whether by resolution, legislation, or mutual agreement between the Democratic and Republican parties. The solution is simple, and the British have demonstrated that it is effective: keep the stumping season short. Britain limits the campaign to nine days—excluding Sundays and holidays—from nominations to voting day. Maybe that's a little drastic, but we can't see why the American political season couldn't be limited to 30 days from the first of the party conventions to election.

Now that network television has been added to the country's other means of communication, there is no earthly reason why Presidential candidates must stump the country in a campaign of baby kissing and back-platform platitudes. There is no reason why the electorate should be thrown into a prolonged emotional turmoil in order to make up its collective mind.

We believe that, before another four years pass, the major political parties should take steps to shorten the electioneering season and thus introduce an imperative measure of dignity and sanity into the culminating duty and privilege of American democracy.

Stamp of Peace

ON APRIL 4TH the Post Office Department is issuing a stamp to commemorate the third anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. This new issue and the occasion that inspired it are a reminder that if it weren't for stamps and letter writing, there might be no NATO today. When Italy and France seemed ready to go Communist in the immediate postwar elections, thousands of Americans wrote to relatives and friends in those countries on behalf of freedom and democracy. Their influence was unquestionably a strong factor in the defeat of the totalitarian left.

That defeat made today's Western alliance possible. But in spite of NATO's nearly three years of great progress, the job is only beginning. Part of that job lies with the people of the allied countries, who must realize fully the urgent tasks, great stakes and high hopes that they have in common. Perhaps another campaign of letters from America—with NATO stamps affixed—can once more strengthen the united front against the Soviet threat.



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